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ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS,

Sculptors and Architects,

AND

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

BY

S. SPOONER, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FINE ARTS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

With the progressive increase of wealth, leisure, and refinement in a country, the Fine Arts gradually and silently, but surely, assert their importance and take leading rank among the pursuits that diffuse a grace on worldly prosperity, and tend by their successful prosecution to heighten the measure of a nation's glory.

It is the privilege of affluence to protect and nourish Art, more often than to originate it. Its divine flame usually burns brightest and most unquenchably in bosoms whose aspirations every concurrence of external discouragement and uncongenial surroundings have had no power to chill. This truth every page of Art-History teaches us, and this fact it is that communicates the peculiar charm to Art-Biography, as exemplified in the career of its most exalted votaries.

The truthful incidents that illustrate the life-work of a great artist, possess an interest in their minutest details that fiction never can equal. There we find the daring devotion to a worthy object; the endurance that quails not at the long years of patient and self-denying toil undertaken to secure it; the faith and hope that keep the eye fixed singly on its great aim, and the heroic resolution that defies the seductions of present gratification to divert it from its lofty purpose.

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It was in the persuasion that such lessons were taught, and more effectually than in any other way, by example, that this collection of anecdotes was commenced. To select the salient facts and occurrences of each artist's experience, to mark the critical turning-point of his life when fortune and fame seem suspended on a trivial or accidental event, and to impart readily, information on a subject, familiarity with which distinguishes the gentleman and the man of cultivation—are its objects; and on their attainment no labor in consulting original and authentic sources of information has been spared.

For further biographic details of each artist's history, reference may be made to the author's "History of the Fine Arts," 2 vols. royal 8vo., issued by the same publisher.

New York, *January*, 1865.

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ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

EXTRACT FROM TEXT TO PLATE LIII OF THE AMERICAN EDITION OF BOYDELL'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

It is deemed appropriate to devote this page to the infelicities which often fall to the lot of men of genius, in hopes to strike a sympathetic chord; since to them the world owes all that is beautiful as well as useful in art. It is well known that men of fine imaginations and delicate taste, are generally distinguished for acute sensibilities, and for being deficient in more practical qualities; they are frequently eccentric, and illy adapted to contend with the coldness and indifference of the world, much less its sarcasm and enmity. The history of Art is full of melancholy examples.

When Torregiano, the cotemporary of Michael Angelo, had finished his exquisite group of the Madonna and Child for the Duke d'Arcos, with the as-

surance of a rich reward, the nobleman sent two servants, bearing two well-filled bags of money, with orders to bring the work to his palace. The sculptor, upon opening the bags, found nothing but brass maravedi! Filled with just indignation, he seized his mallet, in a moment of uncontrollable rage, and smashed the beautiful group into a thousand pieces, saying to the servants, "Go, take your base metal to your ignoble lord, and tell him he shall never possess a sculpture by my hand!" The infamous nobleman, burning with shame, resolved on a terrible revenge; he arraigned the unhappy artist before the Inquisition, on a charge of sacrilege for destroying the sacred images. Torregiano was imprisoned and condemned to death by torture; but to escape that awful fate, he destroyed himself in the dungeon.

It is not necessary to go back further than the history of this work, to find melancholy examples of the trials of genius. Thomas Banks vainly endeavored to introduce a lofty and heroic style of sculpture into his native country. He could obtain no commissions to execute in marble his most beautiful and sublime compositions, and was compelled to confine himself to monumental sculpture. James Barry, after struggling with poverty and neglect all his days, died in a garret, a raving maniac. A subscription had been started for his relief; but it was all expended in defraying his funeral expenses, and in erecting a monument to his memory in St. Paul's

Cathedral, with this inscription,—"The Great Historical Painter, James Barry. Died, Feb. 1806, aged 65"! His remains were laid out in state, in the Great Room of the Adelphi—the true and appropriate monument of his genius. The Society had requested the members of the Royal Academy to decorate their Room, and when all others declined, Barry nobly came forward, and offered his services gratuitously, which were gladly accepted. He spent seven long years in decorating this apartment with fresco paintings, which the Society publicly declared was "a national ornament, as well as a monument of the talents and ingenuity of the artist"; and Dr. Johnson said, "They shew a grasp of mind that you will find nowhere else." Observe the contrast: Cunningham says, that when he began this great work, he had but a shilling in his pocket, and during its execution he lived on the coarsest fare, in a miserable garret, subsisting by the sale of an occasional drawing, when he could find a purchaser!

The life of William Blake presents a picture no less melancholy. An eccentric and extraordinary genius, he seemed, in the flights of his wild imagination, to hold converse with the spirits of the departed; and in some of his works there is a truly wonderful sublimity of conception and grandeur of execution. Although not appreciated during his lifetime, he toiled on in abject poverty with indefatigable industry, reveling in visions of future fame. His Ancient of Days was his greatest favorite;

three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and touched it over and over with the choicest colors, in his happiest style; then held it off at arms' length, exclaiming, "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." Observing his wife in tears, he said, "Stay, Kate! keep just as you are; I will draw your portrait, for you have been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. He was cheerful and contented to the last. "I glory," said he, "in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katharine; we have lived happy and we have lived long; we have ever been together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death! Nor do I fear it. I have endeavored to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly." On the day of his death, Aug. 12, 1827, he composed and sung hymns to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his beloved Katharine, that she stood wrapt to hear him. Observing this, he said to her, with looks of intense affection, "My beloved, they are not mine---no, they are the songs of the angels."

Young Proctor, the sculptor, was a student of the rarest promise, in the Royal Academy. After obtaining two silver medals, the president, Benjamin West, had the suggestion conveyed to him, that he had better execute a historical composition. Accordingly, in the next year, Proctor produced his model of "Ixion on the Wheel," and in the following year, "Pirithous slain by Cerberus," both of which

excited great admiration. In the third year, he conceived a much bolder flight of imagination, "Diomed torn in pieces by Wild Horses," which was far more successful than his previous efforts, approaching, in the opinion of the best judges, the grandeur of Michael Angelo, and even the Phidian period of Greek design. But this noble emanation of high native talent could not find a purchaser, and at the close of the exhibition it was returned to the studio of the sculptor, who, stung to the heart by this severe disappointment, instantly destroyed his sublime creation. Derided by his more favored but less deserving cotemporaries, Proctor shunned society, and having exhausted all his means of support to produce this last work, he was reduced to the greatest straits. When Mr. West, after some time, succeeded in ascertaining the place of his obscure retreat, he stated the circumstance to the Academy, who unanimously agreed to send Proctor to Italy, with the usual pension, and fifty pounds besides, for necessary preparations. This joyful intelligence was immediately communicated to the despairing artist, but it came too late! his constitution, undermined by want and vexation, was unable to bear the revulsion of his feelings, and he shortly after breathed his last, "a victim," says his biographer, "to anti-national prejudices."

The life of Thomas Kirk, termed the "English Raffaelle," is another melancholy example of unappreciated genius. Chagrin and disappointment of

his ambitious hopes, consigned him to an untimely grave. Taylor, in his History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, says, that a few years ago, one of Hogarth's pictures brought at public sale in London, more money than the artist ever received for all his paintings together. Nollekens, the sculptor, bought two landscapes of Richard Wilson, for fifteen guineas, to relieve his pressing necessities. At the sale of the effects of the former after his decease, they brought two hundred and fifty guineas each!

Shall instances like these stain the annals of American Art, or will this free people accord to its gifted sons the encouragement they so richly deserve? May the sympathies of those who can perceive in painting and sculpture, most efficient means of mental culture, refinement, and gratification, be enlisted by these sad memories, to render timely encouragement to exalted genius! It adds to national and individual profit, pride, and glory. How much does America owe Robert Fulton and Eli Whitney? Millions, untold millions!

ADVANTAGES OF THE CULTIVATION OF THE FINE ARTS TO A COUNTRY.

The advantages which a country derives from the cultivation of the fine arts, are thus admirably summed up by Sir M. A. Shee, late President of the Royal Academy, London:—

"It should be the policy of a great nation to be

liberal and magnificent; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works. These are not the expenses that sap and mine the foundations of public prosperity, that break in upon the capital, or lay waste the income of a state; they may be said to arise in her most enlightened views of general advantage; to be amongst her best and most profitable speculations; they produce large sums of respect and consideration from our neighbors and competitors, and of patriotic exultation among ourselves; they make men proud of their country, and from priding it, prompt in its defense; they play upon all the chords of generous feeling, elevate us above the animal and the machine, and make us triumph in the powers and attributes of men."

Sir George Beaumont, in a letter to Lord Dover, on the subject of the purchase of the Angerstein collection by the government, speaking of the benefit which a country derives from the possession of the best works of art, says, "My belief is that the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, &c., are worth many thousands a year to the country that possesses them." When Parliament was debating the propriety of buying the Angerstein Collection for £60,000, he advocated the measure with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "Buy this collection of pictures for the nation, and I will give you mine." And this he nobly did, not in the form of a bequest, but he transferred them at once as soon as the galleries

were prepared for their reception, with the exception of one little gem, with him a household god, which he retained till his death. This picture was a landscape by Claude, with figures representing Hagar and her child, and he was so much attached to it that he took it with him as a constant traveling companion. When he died, it was sent to its place in the Gallery. The value of this collection was 70,000 guineas. Such instances of noble generosity for public benefaction, deserve to be held in grateful remembrance, and should be "written in letters of gold on enduring marble," for the imitation of mankind.

After the peace of Amiens, Benjamin West visited Paris, for the purpose of viewing the world's gems of art, which Bonaparte had collected together in the Louvre. He had already conceived a project for establishing in England a national institution for the encouragement of art, similar to that of the Louvre, and he took occasion one day, while strolling about the galleries in company with Mr. Fox, the British minister, and Sir Francis Baring, to point out to them the advantages of such an institution, not only in promoting the Fine Arts, by furnishing models of study for artists, but he showed the propriety, in a commercial point of view, of encouraging to a seven fold extent, the higher department of art in England. Cunningham relates that Fox was so forcibly struck with his remarks that he said, "I have been rocked in the cradle of

politics, but never before was so much struck with the advantages, even in a political bearing, of the Fine Arts, to the prosperity, as well as the renown of a kingdom; and I do assure you, Mr. West, if I ever have it in my power to influence our government to promote the Arts, the conversation which we have had to-day shall not be forgotten." Sir Francis Baring also promised his hearty coöperation. West was mainly instrumental in establishing the Royal British Institution. Taylor, in his History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, says, he battled for years against coldly calculating politicians for its accomplishment; at length, his plan was adopted with scarcely an alteration.

"The commercial states of the classic ages of antiquity held the arts in very high estimation. The Rhodians were deeply engaged in commerce, yet their cultivation of the arts, more especially that of sculpture, was most surprising. The people of Ægina were equally engaged in commercial pursuits, but they were also admired for the correctness and elegance of their taste and manners, as well as their sculpture. A more ancient people still, the Phœnicians, Tyrians, Tyrrhenians, Etruscans, or Carthagenians, who were all colonies from one race of men, long before the foundation of Rome, understood and taught others the working in metals, one instance of which is remarkable: Hiram, king of Tyre, cast the brazen sea, and other immense objects in metal, for Solomon's temple. Let us cast our

eyes on Argos, Athens, Corinth, and Sicyon, those ancient abodes of good taste and transcendent genius; each of them were commercial states and cities. The remains of their beautifully-sculptured marbles, which once were in profusion, and of which we now strive to possess even the fragments, at almost any cost, show evidently that their commercial pursuits and relations with other countries had not narrowed, if it had not rather developed, the powers, and given that elastic vigor to the human mind that can, under due encouragement, overcome the greatest difficulties, and produce the grandest or the most enchanting works of utility or imagination. The marble quarries of Paros and Pentelicus were by such encouragements transformed into the noblest temples and most exquisitely beautiful statues of deities, heroes, and men, that it is possible to conceive. Such was the case throughout all the cities on the coast of the Ægean sea and of the Cyclades. Their arts increased their commerce; this was the source of their wealth; and fully aware of these advantages, their wealth reacted again on their arts, and thus there was kept alive that healthful movement of the whole popular mind, directed to the useful and elegant purposes of life.

"Let us come down to much later times, and to states far less remote, and ask what it was that gave such wealth and consequence to Venice, Genoa, Holland, and Flanders, to Pisa, Florence, and Lucca, not one of which states possessed much extent

of territory, nor any large amount of population? The answer is, 'their commercial enterprise and industry did it for them.' True; but it is equally remarkable, that in all these states and cities the fine arts gave their powerful aid to those pursuits, as the splendid manufactures of these people testify. And where have the arts been fostered with more parental solicitude, or in what region have they shed more glory upon mankind, than they have done in these comparatively small territories? But it was the same principle that produced such splendid works in Greece: the cause and effect were precisely the same, the mode only was changed. But the principles are universal and eternal, and they may be brought to operate in other countries, to the fullest extent, and with as much grandeur, grace, and beauty, as they ever did attain, even in their most prosperous periods, under the guidance of Pericles, when they reached the highest splendor of Chryselephantine art, under the master minds of Phidias and Praxiteles, Callicrates and Ictinus, and at a later period displayed the equally resplendent genius of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Parrhasius, in the time of Alexander—those splendid epochs of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which shed an imperishable lustre upon the most enlightened states of the Hellenodic confederacy, and on the throne of the greatest conqueror of ancient times. We must not omit mentioning their palmy state in the Augustan age of Rome, and their still more glorious elevation there during the memorable *cinque cento*.

"But to reach these proud eminences of intellectual grandeur and extensive usefulness, the arts must be solicited, ample protection must be afforded to them; similar inducements to those which produced these great results must not only be offered, but substantially and permanently provided for their use. This garden of the human intellect must be regularly and assiduously cultivated with great care, and kept clear of the noxious weeds that would deform its beauties. Under genial treatment, all its charms develop themselves, and an endless variety of interesting and charming creations are called into existence, illustrating the high principles of religion, the noblest traits of moral and heroic conduct, and the sweetest dreams of the poetic muse: but the turmoils of war and high political contention are to them most injurious, blasting their fairest bloom, as the poisonous simoon of the desert withers the gardens of Palestine; and to these two causes, and these only, aided by anti-English prejudice, can we attribute the very slow advances which the arts had made among the natives of Britain until the auspicious period of which we are now treating"—time of George III.—*Taylor's History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain*, vol. ii, p. 150.

ANTIQUITY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Homer, who flourished about B. C. 900, gives a striking proof of the antiquity of the fine arts, in his description of that admirable piece of chased and

inlaid work—the shield of Achilles. Its rich design could not have been imagined, unless the arts necessary to produce it had arrived to a high degree of perfection in his country at the time he wrote, though we may doubt whether, at the period of the Trojan war, three hundred years before Homer, there existed artificers capable of executing it.

Within a century after the taking of Troy, the Greeks had founded many new colonies in Asia Minor, and the Heraclidæ finally regained their ancient seats in the Peloponnesus. It is worthy of remark that about that period, David built his house of cedars, and Solomon adorned Jerusalem with her magnificent first temple, and that Hiram, king of Tyre, sent to Solomon "a cunning man, endued with understanding," to assist him in the building of the temple, but more especially to superintend the execution of the ornaments. (1st Kings, vii, 13, and 2d Chron., ii, 14.)

THE PŒCILE AT ATHENS.

The stoa or celebrated Portico at Athens, called the Pœcile on account of its paintings, was the pride of the Athenians. Polygnotus, Mycon, and Pantænus adorned it with pictures of gods, heroes, benefactors, and the most memorable acts of the Athenians, as the incidents of the siege and sacking of Troy, the battle of Theseus against the Amazons, the battle between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians at Œnoe in Argolis, the battle of Marathon, and

other memorable actions. The most celebrated of these were a series of the Siege of Troy, and the Battle of Marathon by Polygnotus, more especially the latter, which eclipsed all the others, and gained the painter so much reputation that the Athenians offered him any sum he should ask, and when he refused all compensation, the Amphictyonic council decreed that wherever he might travel in Greece, he should be received with public honors, and provided for at the public expense.

According to Pausanias, Polygnotus represented the hero Marathon, after whom the plain was named, in the act of receiving Minerva, the patroness of Athens, accompanied by Hercules, about to be joined by Theseus, whose shade is seen rising out of the earth—thus claiming Attica as his native soil. In the foreground, the Greeks and Persians are combating with equal valor, but in extending the view to the middle of the composition, the barbarians were seen routed and flying to the Phœnician ships, which were visible in the distance, and to the marshes, while the Greeks were in hot pursuit, slaying their foes in their flight. The principal commanders of both parties were distinguished, particularly Mardonius, the Persian general, the insertion of whose portrait gratified the Athenians little less than that of their own commander, Miltiades, along with whom were Callimachus, Echetlus, and the poet Æschylus, who was in the battle that day. It is evident that the painter did not strictly follow his-

tory, but treated his subject in a grand poetic and heroic style, and that too, we may rest assured, with consummate skill, to have elicited such applause from a people too refined to be deceived by any meretricious trickery of art.

MOSAICS.

Mosaics are ornamented works, made in ancient times, of cubes of variously colored stones, and in modern, more frequently of glass of different colors. The art originated in the East, and seems first to have been introduced among the Romans in the time of Sylla. It was an ornament in great request by the luxurious Romans, especially in the time of the Emperors, for the decoration of every species of edifice, and to this day, they continue to discover, in the ruins of the Imperial Baths, and elsewhere, many magnificent specimens in the finest preservation. In Pompeii, mosaic floors and pavements may be said to have been universal among the wealthy.

In modern times, great attention has been bestowed to revive and improve the art, with a view to perpetuate the works of the great masters. In this way, Guercino's Martyrdom of St. Petronilla, and Domenichino's Communion of the dying St. Jerome, in St. Peter's Church, which were falling into decay, have been rendered eternal. Also, the Transfiguration of Raffaelle, and other great works. Pope Clement VIII. had the whole interior dome of St. Peter's ornamented with this work. A grand

Mosaic, covering the whole side of a wall, representing, as some suppose, the Battle of Platea; as others, with more probability, one of the Victories of Alexander, was discovered in Pompeii. This work, now in the Academy of Naples, is the admiration of connoisseurs and the learned, not only from its antiquity, but from the beauty of its execution. The most probable supposition is, that it is a copy of the celebrated Victory of Arbela, by Philoxenes.

Vasari says that the art of Mosaic work had been brought to such perfection at Venice in the time of the Bianchini, famous mosaic painters of the 16th century, that "it would not be possible to effect more with colors." Lanzi observes that "the church and portico of St. Mark remain an invaluable museum of this kind of work; where, commencing with the 11th century, we may trace the gradual progress of design belonging to each age, up to the present, as exhibited in many works in mosaic, beginning from the Greeks, and continued by the Italians. They consist chiefly of histories from the Old and New Testaments, and at the same time, furnish very interesting notices of civic and ecclesiastical history." There are a multitude of mosaic pictures in the churches, galleries, and public edifices of Italy, especially at Venice, Rome, Florence, Milan; and some of the greatest artists were employed to furnish the designs. In delicate ornamental work, the pieces are multiplied by sawing into thin slabs. Some spe-

cimens made of precious stones, are of incredible value.

In working, the different pieces are cemented together, and when dry the surface is highly polished, which brings out the colors in great brilliancy. The ancients usually employed different colored marbles, stones, and shells; the Italians formerly employed brilliant stones, as agate, jaspar, onyx, cornelian, &c., but now they employ glass exclusively.

THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

The Greek masters in sculpture have been happily designated as "Magicians in Marble." The taste which the Grecian people possessed for the beautiful, is well known. It stands among the chief of those characteristics by which they designated persons of great eminence. Their artists considered beauty as the first object of their studies; and by this means they surpassed all other nations, and have become models for all ages.

Of Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of Greece, the Athenians spoke with rapture which knew no bounds. Lucian says, "We adore Phidias in his works, and he partakes of the incense we offer to the gods he has made." Pausanias relates, that when this artist had finished his magnificent statue of the Olympian Jupiter, Jupiter himself applauded his labors; for when Phidias urged the god to show by some sign if the work was agreeable to him, the pavement of the Temple was immediately struck

with lightning. Such incidents though fabulous, are valuable, inasmuch as they serve to prove the exalted notions the people entertained of the objects to which they relate.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.

Eupompus, the painter, was asked by Lysippus, the sculptor, whom, among his predecessors, he should make the objects of his imitation? "Behold," said the painter, showing his friend a multitude of people passing by, "behold my models. From nature, not from art, by whomsoever wrought, must the artist labor, who hopes to attain honor, and extend the boundaries of his art."

APELLES.

Apelles, according to the general testimony of ancient writers, was the most renowned painter of antiquity; hence painting is termed, by some of the Romans, the Apellean art. He flourished in the last half of the fourth century before Christ. Pliny affirms that he contributed more towards perfecting the art than all other painters. He seems to have claimed the palm in elegance and grace, or beauty, the *charis* of the Greeks, and the *venustas* of the Romans; a quality for which, among the moderns, perhaps Correggio is the most distinguished; but in the works of Apelles, it was unquestionably connected with a proportionably perfect design; a combination not found among the moderns. Pliny re-

marks that Apelles allowed that he was equalled by Protogenes in all respects save one, namely, in knowing when to take his hand from the picture. From this we may infer that the deficiency in grace which he remarked in the works of Protogenes, was owing to the excessive finish for which that painter was celebrated. Lucian speaks of Apelles as one of the best colorists among the ancient painters.

Apelles was famed for his industry; he is said never to have allowed a day to pass without exercising his pencil. "*Nulla dies sine linea*," is a saying that arose from one of his maxims. His principal works appear to have been generally single figures, and rarely of more than a single group. The only large compositions of his execution that are mentioned by the ancient writers are, Diana surrounded by her Nymphs, in which he was allowed to have surpassed the lines of Homer from which he took the subject; and the Procession of the High Priest of Diana at Ephesus.

In portraits, Apelles was unrivalled. He is said to have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of painting Philip and Alexander the Great, both of whom he painted many times. In one of his portraits of Alexander, which was preserved in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, he represented him wielding the thunderbolts of Jupiter: Pliny says the hand and lightning appeared to start from the picture; and, judging from an observation in Plutarch, the figure of the king was lighted solely by the radiance of

the lightning. Apelles received for this picture, termed the Alexander Ceraunophorus, twenty talents of gold (about $20,000). The criticism of Lysippus, upon this picture, which has been approved by ancients and moderns, that a lance, as he had himself given the king, would have been a more appropriate weapon in the hands of Alexander, than the lightnings of Jupiter; is the criticism of a sculptor who overlooked the pictorial value of the color, and of light and shade. The lightning would certainly have had little effect in a work of sculpture, but had a lance been substituted in its place in the picture of Apelles, a totally different production would have been the result. This picture gave rise to a saying, that there were two Alexanders, the one of Philip, the invincible, the other of Apelles, the inimitable.

Competent judges, says Pliny, decided the portrait of Antigonus (king of Asia Minor) on horseback, the master-piece of Apelles. He excelled greatly in painting horses, which he frequently introduced into his pictures. The most celebrated of all his works was the Venus Anadyomene, which was painted for the people of Coös, and was placed in the temple of Æsculapius on that island, where it remained until it was removed by Augustus, who took it in lieu of 100 talents tribute, and dedicated it in the temple of Julius Cæsar. It was unfortunately damaged on the voyage, and was in such a decayed state in the time of Nero, that the Empe-

ror replaced it with a copy by a painter named Dorotheus. This happened about 350 years after it was executed, and what then became of it is not known. This celebrated painting, upon which every writer who has noticed it has bestowed unqualified praise, represented Venus naked, rising out of the ocean, squeezing the water from her hair with her fingers, while her only veil was the silver shower that fell from her shining locks. This picture is said to have been painted from Campaspe, a beautiful slave of Apelles, formerly the favorite of Alexander. The king had ordered Apelles to paint her naked portrait, and perceiving that the painter was smitten with the charms of his beautiful model, he gave her to him, contenting himself with the painting. He commenced a second Venus for the people of Coös, which, according to Pliny, would have surpassed the first, had not its completion been interrupted by the death of the painter: the only parts finished were the head and bust. Two portraits of Alexander painted by Apelles, were dedicated by Augustus, in the most conspicuous part of the forum bearing his name; in one was Alexander, with Castor and Pollux, and a figure of Victory; in the other was Alexander in a triumphal car, accompanied by a figure of War, with her hands pinioned behind her. The Emperor Claudius took out the heads of Alexander, and substituted those of Augustus. The following portraits are also mentioned among the most famous works of this great artist: Clitus

preparing for Battle; Antigonus in armor, walking by the side of his Horse; and Archelaus the General, with his wife and daughter. Pausanias mentions a draped figure of one of the Graces by him, which he saw in the Odeon at Smyrna. A famous back view of a Hercules, in the temple of Antonius at Rome, was said to have been by Apelles. He painted many other famous works: Pliny mentions a naked figure by him, which he says challenged Nature herself. The same author says he covered his pictures with a dark transparent liquid or varnish, which had the effect of harmonising the colors, and also of preserving the work from injury.

Pliny says Apelles was the first artist who painted tetrachromes, or paintings executed with four colors, viz.; lamp black, white chalk, ruddle, and yellow ochre; yet, in describing his Venus Anadyomene, he says she was rising from the green or azure ocean under a bright blue sky. Zeuxis painted grapes so naturally as to deceive the birds. Where got he his green and purple? There has been a great deal of useless disquisition about the merits of ancient painters, and the materials they employed. When we take into consideration their thorough system of education; that the sister arts had been brought to such perfection as to render them the models of all succeeding times; that these painters enjoyed the highest honors and admiration of their polished countrymen, who, it must be admitted, were competent to judge of the merits of

their works; that the Romans prized and praised them as much as the Greeks themselves; that there were in Rome in the time of Pliny many ancient paintings 600 years old, still retaining all their original freshness and beauty, it can scarcely be doubted that the paintings of the great Greek artists equaled the best of the moderns; that they possessed all the requisite colors and materials; and, if they did not possess all those now known, they had others unknown to us. It is certain that they employed canvass for paintings of a temporary character, as decorations; and that they treated every subject, both such as required those colors suitable to represent the solemnity and dignity of the gods, as well as others of the most delicate tints, with which to depict flowers; for the Venus of Apelles, and the Flower-Girl of Pausias must have glowed with Titian tints to have attracted such admiration. Colonel Leake, in his Topography of Athens, speaking of the temple of Theseus, says that the stucco still bears the marks or stains of the ancient paintings, in which he distinctly recognized the blue sky, vestiges of bronze and gold colored armor, and blue, green, and red draperies. What then becomes of the tetrachromes of Apelles, and the monochromes of previous artists? for Mycon painted the Theseum near 200 years before the time of Apelles.

APELLES AND THE COBBLER.

It was customary with Apelles to expose to public view the works which he had finished, and to

hide himself behind the canvass, in order to hear the remarks made by spectators. He once overheard himself blamed by a shoemaker for a fault in the slippers of some figure; having too much good sense to be offended with any objection, however trifling, which came from a competent judge, he corrected the fault which the man had noticed. On the following day, however, the shoemaker began to animadvert upon the leg; on which Apelles, with some anger, looked out from the canvass, and reproved him in these words, which are also become a proverb, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*"—"let the cobbler keep to his last," or "every man to his trade."

APELLES' FOAMING CHARGER.

In finishing a drawing of a horse, in the portraiture of which he much excelled, a very remarkable circumstance is related of him. He had painted a war horse returning from battle, and had succeeded to his wishes in describing nearly every mark that could indicate a high-mettled steed impatient of restraint; there was wanting nothing but a foam of bloody hue issuing from the mouth. He again and again endeavored to express this, but his attempts were unsuccessful. At last in vexation, he threw against the mouth of the horse a sponge filled with different colors, which produced the very effect desired by the painter. A similar story is related of Protogenes, in painting his picture of Jalysus and his Dog.

APELLES AND ALEXANDER.

Apelles was held in great esteem by Alexander the Great, and was admitted into the most intimate familiarity with him. He executed a portrait of this prince in the character of a thundering Jove; a piece which was finished with such skill and dexterity, that it used to be said there were "two Alexanders, the one invincible, the son of Philip, and the other inimitable, the production of Apelles." Alexander appears to have been a patron of the fine arts more from vanity than taste; and it is related, as an instance of those freedoms which Apelles was permitted to use with him, that when on one occasion he was talking in this artist's painting room very ignorantly of the art of painting, Apelles requested him to be silent lest the boys who ground his colors should laugh at him. On another occasion, when he had painted a picture of his famous war-horse, Alexander did not seem to appreciate its excellence; but Bucephalus, on seeing his own portrait, began to prance and neigh, when the painter observed that the horse was a better judge of painting than his master.

APELLES AND PROTOGENES.

Apelles, being highly delighted with a picture of Jalysus, painted by Protogenes of Rhodes, sailed thither to pay him a visit. Protogenes was gone from home, but an old woman was left watching a large piece of canvass which was fitted in a frame

for painting. She told Apelles that Protogenes was gone out, and asked him his name, that she might inform her master who had inquired for him. "Tell him," said Apelles, "he was inquired for by this person," at the same time taking up a pencil, and drawing on the canvass a line of great delicacy. When Protogenes returned, the old woman acquainted him with what had happened. The artist, upon contemplating the fine stroke of the pencil, immediately proclaimed that Apelles must have been there, for so finished a work could be produced by no other person. Protogenes, however, drew a finer line of another color; and as he was going away ordered the old woman to show that line to Apelles if he came again, and to say, "This is the person for whom you were inquiring." When Apelles returned and saw the line, he resolved not to be overcome, and in a color different from either of the former, he drew some lines so exquisitely delicate, that it was impossible for finer strokes to be made. Having done so, he departed. Protogenes now confessed the superiority of Apelles; flew to the harbor in search of him; and resolved to leave the canvass as it was, with the lines on it, for the astonishment of future artists. It was in after years taken to Rome, and was there seen by Pliny, who speaks of it as having the appearance of a large black surface, the extreme delicacy of the lines rendering them invisible, except on close inspection. They were drawn with different colors, the one upon

or rather within, the other. This picture (continues Pliny), was handed down, a wonder for posterity, but especially for artists; and, notwithstanding it contained only those three scarcely visible lines (*tres lineas*), still it was the most noble work in the Gallery, though surrounded by many finished paintings by renowned masters.

This celebrated contest of lines between Apelles and Protogenes, is a subject which has greatly perplexed painters and critics; and in fact, Carducci asserts that Michael Angelo and other great artists treated the idea with contempt. The picture was preserved in the gallery of the Imperial palace on the Palatine, and was destroyed by the first fire that consumed that palace, in the time of Augustus; therefore it could not have been seen by Pliny, and the account must have been related by him from some other work. In regard to its vagueness, one of the principal causes, undoubtedly, is a mutilation of the text; but the whole thing is told with obscurity. Suffice it to say, that in the opinion of Professor Tölken of Berlin, and the best modern critics, this wonderful piece could not have contained only *three simple lines*, as stated by Pliny, else how could it have been termed "the most noble work in the gallery, and the wonder of posterity."

At the time this occurrence took place, Protogenes lived in a state of poverty and neglect; but the generous notice of Apelles soon caused him to be valued as he deserved by the Rhodians. Apelles

acknowledged that Protogenes was even in some respects his superior; the chief fault he found with him was, that "he did not know when to take his hand from his work;" a phrase which has become proverbial among artists. He volunteered to purchase all the works he had by him, at any price he should name, and when Protogenes estimated them far below their real value, he offered him fifty talents, and spread the report that he intended to sell them as his own. He thus opened the eyes of the Rhodians to the merit of their painter, and they accordingly secured his works at a still higher price.

In Protogenes, the able rival of Apelles, the arts received one of the highest tokens of regard they were ever favored with; for when Demetrius Poliorcetes was besieging the city of Rhodes, and might have taken it by assaulting it on the side where Protogenes resided, he forbore, lest he should do an injury to his works; and when the Rhodians delivered the place to him, requesting him to spare the pictures of this admired artist, he replied, "that he would sooner destroy the images of his forefathers, than the productions of Protogenes."

ANECDOTES OF BENJAMIN WEST.

HIS ANCESTRY.

Cunningham says, "John West, the father of Benjamin, was of that family settled at Long-Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, which produced Colonel James West, the friend and companion in arms

of John Hampden. Upon one occasion in the course of a conversation in Buckingham palace, respecting his picture of the Institution of the Garter, West happened to make some allusion to his English descent, when the Marquis of Buckingham, to the manifest pleasure of the king, declared that the Wests of Long-Crendon were undoubted descendants of the Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Edward the Third and the Black Prince, and that the artist's likeness had therefore a right to a place amongst those of the nobles and warriors, in his historical picture."

WEST'S BIRTH.

Galt says Benjamin's birth was brought on prematurely by a vehement sermon, preached in the fields, by Edward Peckover, on the corrupt state of the Old World, which he prophesied was about to be visited with the tempest of God's judgments, the wicked to be swallowed up, and the terrified remnant compelled to seek refuge in happy America. Mrs. West was so affected that she swooned away was carried home severely ill, and the pains of labor came upon her; she was, however, safely delivered, and the preacher consoled the parents by predicting that "a child sent into the world under such remarkable circumstances, would assuredly prove a wonderful man," and admonished them to watch over their son with more than ordinary care.

HIS FIRST REMARKABLE FEAT.

The first remarkable incident recorded of the infant prodigy, occurred in his seventh year; when, being placed to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, he drew a sort of likeness of the child, with a pen, in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!" She took him in her arms, and kissed him fondly. This feat appeared so wonderful in the eyes of his parents that they recalled to mind the prediction of Peckover.

LITTLE BENJAMIN AND THE INDIANS.

When he was about eight years old, a party of Indians, who were always kindly treated by the followers of George Fox, paid their summer visit to Springfield, and struck with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, fruit, and flowers, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they stained their weapons and ornamented their skins; his mother added indigo, and thus he was possessed of three primary colors. The Indians also instructed him in archery.

HIS CAT'S TAIL PENCILS.

The wants of the child increased with his knowledge; he could draw, and had colors, but how to lay them on skillfully, he could not conceive; a pen would not answer, and he tried feathers with no bet-

ter success; a neighbor informed him that it was done with a camel's hair pencil, but as such a thing was not to be had, he bethought himself of the cat, and supplied himself from her back and tail. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was attributed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his parents and friends. His cat's tail pencils enabled him to make more satisfactory efforts than he had before done.

WEST'S FIRST PICTURE.

When he was only eight years old, a merchant of Philadelphia, named Pennington, and a cousin of the Wests, was so much pleased with the sketches of little Benjamin, that he sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Gribelin. The child was perfectly enraptured with his treasure; he carried the box about in his arms, and took it to his bedside, but could not sleep. He rose with the dawn, carried his canvass and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced work. So completely was he under this species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly, and without interruption, for several days, when the anxious inquiries of his schoolmaster introduced his mother into his *studio*, with no pleasure in her looks. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture, com-

posed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which, to her eyes, appeared wonderful. Galt, who wrote West's life, and had the story from the artist's own lips, says, "She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished. Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece, in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ Rejected (West's brother had sent it to him from Springfield), on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." A similar story is told of Canova, who visited his native place towards the close of his brilliant career, and looking earnestly at his youthful performances, sorrowfully said, "I have been walking, but not climbing."

WEST'S FIRST VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

In the ninth year of his age, he accompanied his relative Pennington to Philadelphia, and executed a view of the banks of the river, which so much pleased a painter named Williams, that he took him to his studio, and showed him all his pictures, at the sight of which he was so affected that he burst into

tears. The artist, surprised, declared like Peckover that Benjamin would be a remarkable man; he gave him two books, Du Fresnoy, and Richardson on Painting, and invited him to call whenever he pleased, to see his pictures. From this time, Benjamin resolved to become a painter, and returned home with the love of painting too firmly implanted to be eradicated. His parents, also, though the art was not approved by the Friends, now openly encouraged him, being strongly impressed with the opinion that he was *predestinated* to become a great artist.

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WEST'S AMBITION.

His notions of a painter at this time were also very grand, as the following characteristic anecdote will show. One of his school-fellows allured him, on a half holiday from school, to take a ride with him to a neighboring plantation. "Here is the horse, bridled and saddled," said the boy, "so come, get up behind me." "Behind you!" said Benjamin; "I will ride behind nobody." "Oh, very well," replied the other; "I will ride behind you, so mount." He mounted accordingly, and away they rode. "This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said his companion; "to-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor." "A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor?" "Indeed but I shall," replied the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?"

"A painter." "A painter! what sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of it before." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad," said the embryo tailor; "there are neither kings nor emperors in America." "Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?" "Indeed I do; there is nothing surer." "Then you may ride alone," said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; "I will not ride with one who is willing to be a tailor!"

WEST'S FIRST PATRONS.

West's first patron was Mr. Wayne, the father of General Anthony Wayne, who gave him a dollar a piece for two small pictures he made on poplar boards which a carpenter had given him. Another patron was Mr. Flower, a justice of Chester, who took young West to his house for a short time, where he was made acquainted with a young English lady, governess to Mr. Flower's daughters, who had a good knowledge of art, and told him stories of Greek and Roman history, fit for a painter's pencil. He had never before heard of the heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and historians of Greece and Rome, and he listened while the lady spoke of them, with an enthusiasm which he loved to live over again in his old age. His first painting which attracted much notice was a portrait of Mrs. Ross

a very beautiful lady, the wife of a lawyer of Lancaster. The picture was regarded as a wonderful performance, and gained him so much reputation, says Galt, "that the citizens came in such crowds to sit to the boy for portraits, that he had some trouble in meeting the demand." At the same time, a gunsmith, named Henry, who had a classic turn, commissioned him to paint a picture of the Death of Socrates. West forthwith made a sketch which his employer thought excellent, but he now began to see his difficulties, and feel his deficiencies. "I have hitherto painted faces," said he, "and people clothed. What am I to do with the slave who presents the poison? He ought, I think, to be painted naked." Henry went to his shop, and returned with one of his workmen, a handsome young negro man half naked, saying, "There is your model." He accordingly introduced him into his picture, which excited great attention.

WEST'S EDUCATION.

West was now fifteen years old. Dr. Smith, Provost of the College at Philadelphia, happened to see him at Lancaster, and perceiving his wonderful talents, and that his education was being neglected, generously proposed to his father to take him with him to Philadelphia, where he proposed to direct his studies, and to instruct him in all the learning most important for a painter to know.

WEST'S DEDICATION TO ART.

The art of painting being regarded by the Quakers as not only useless but pernicious, "in preserving voluptuous images, and adding to the sensual gratifications of man," Mr. West determined to submit the matter to the wisdom of the Society, before giving a positive answer. He accordingly sent for his son to attend the solemn assembly. The Friends met, and the spirit of speech first descended on John Williamson, who, according to Galt, thus spake: "To John West and Sarah Pearson, a manchild hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God hath bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The Quakers gave their unanimous consent, and summoned the youth before them. He came, and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand, his mother on his left, while around him gathered the whole assembly. One of the women first spake, but the words of Williamson, says Galt, are alone remembered. "Painting," said he, "has hitherto

been employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of men. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle but the mis-employment of painting. In wise and pure hands, it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment, and a devout dignity, worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is, let us not inquire—it will be manifest in His own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art; may it be demonstrated in his life and works, that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operations of our tenets, prove barren of religious and moral effect!" At the conclusion of this address, says Galt, the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head. The scene made so strong an impression on the mind of West, that he looked upon himself as expressly dedicated to art, and considered this release from the strict tenets of his sect, as enjoining on his part a covenant to employ his powers on subjects pure and holy. The grave simplicity of the Quaker continued to the last in his looks, manners, and deportment; and the moral rec

titude and internal purity of the man were diffused through all his productions.

WEST'S EARLY PRICES.

At about eighteen years of age, West commenced portrait painting as a profession in Philadelphia. His extreme youth, the pecular circumstances of his history, and his undoubted merit, brought him many sitters. His prices were very humble—$12.50 for a head, and $25 for a full-length; all the money he thus laboriously earned, he carefully treasured, to secure, at some future period, the means of travel and study; for his sagacious mind perceived that travel not only influenced public opinion, but was absolutely necessary for him if he wished to excel, especially in historical painting. There were no galleries in America; he knew that the masterpieces of art were in Italy, and he had already set his heart on visiting that delightful country. He made a copy of a picture of St. Ignatius, by Murillo, which had been captured in a Spanish vessel, and belonged to Governor Hamilton; he also painted a large picture for Mr. Cox, from the history of Susanna, the Elders, and Daniel, in which he introduced no less than forty figures. This work gained him great reputation, and West always considered it the masterpiece of his youth; it was afterwards unfortunately destroyed by fire. After having painted the portraits of all who desired it in Philadelphia, he proceeded to New York, where he opened a stu-

dio, and Dunlap says for eleven months he had all the portraits he could execute, at double the prices he had charged in Philadelphia. An opportunity now presented itself, which enabled him to gratify his long cherished desire of going to Italy. The harvest had partially failed in that country, and Mr. Allen, a merchant of Philadelphia, was loading a ship with wheat and flour for Leghorn. He had resolved to send his son as supercargo, to give him the benefit of travel, and West's invaluable friend, Provost Smith, made arrangements for the young painter to accompany the young merchant. It happened that a New York merchant, of the name of Kelly, was sitting for his portrait when this good news arrived, and West with joy spoke to him of the great advantage he expected to derive from a residence of two or three years in Italy. The portrait being finished, Mr. Kelly paid him ten guineas, and gave him a letter to his agent in Philadelphia, which, on being presented, proved to be an order from the generous merchant to pay him fifty guineas, as "a present to aid in his equipment for Italy."

WEST'S ARRIVAL AT ROME.

West arrived at Rome on the 10th of July, 1760, in the 22d year of his age. Cunningham thus describes his reception: "When it was known that a young American had come to study Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibitor of

this lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham the English ambassador, to whom West had letters. He invited West to dinner, and afterwards took him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Among the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. 'I have the honor,' said Lord Grantham, 'to present you a young American, who has a letter for your Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts.' The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived an American must needs be a savage. 'Is he black or white?' said the aged virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching, at least, this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled and said, 'he is fair—very fair.' 'What! as fair as I am?' exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of the churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair; and as they stood together, the company smiled. 'As fair as the Cardinal,' became for a while proverbial. Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage, and accordingly were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raffaelle would have upon him, and thirty of the most magnificent equipages in

the capital, filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, says Galt, conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, 'My God! a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West, perceiving the unfavorable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks, the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons, the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. 'I have seen them often,' he continued, 'standing in the attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been made. West was no longer a barbarian."

WEST'S EARLY FRIENDS.

The excitement to which West was subjected at Rome, his intense application, and his anxiety to distinguish himself, brought on a fever, and for a time, interrupted his studies; by the advice of his physicians, he returned to Leghorn, for the benefit of the sea air, where, after a lingering sickness of eleven months, he was completely cured. But he found his funds almost exhausted, and he began to des

pair of being able to prosecute his studies accord ing to the proposed plan. He called on his agents, to take up the last ten pounds he had in the world, when to his astonishment and joy, he was handed a letter of unlimited credit from his old friends in Philadelphia, Mr. Allen and Governor Hamilton; they had heard of his glorious reception at Rome, and his success with the portrait of Lord Grantham. At a dinner, one day, with Governor Hamilton, Mr Allen said, "I regard this young man as an honor to his country, and as he is the first that America has sent out to cultivate the Fine Arts, he shall not be frustrated in his studies, for I shall send him whatever money he may require." "I think with you, sir," replied Hamilton, "but you must not have all the honor to yourself; allow me to unite with you in the responsibility of the credit." Those who befriend genius when it is struggling for distinction, are public benefactors, and their names should be held in grateful remembrance. The names of Hamilton, Allen, Smith, Kelly, Jackson, Rutherford, and Lord Grantham, must be dear to all the admirers of West; they aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune, cheered him when he was drooping and desponding; and watched over his person and purse with the vigilance of true friendship. West always expressed his deepest obligation to these generous men, and it was at his particular request that Galt recorded their names, and their deeds.

WEST'S COURSE OF STUDY.

West now proceeded with redoubled alacrity, to execute the plan recommended by Mengs. He visited Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, and diligently examined everything worth studying. He everywhere received marks of attention, and was elected a member of the Academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma. In the latter city, he painted and presented to the Academy, a copy of the famous St. Jerome by Correggio, "of such excellence," says Galt, "that the reigning prince desired to see the artist. He went to court, and to the utter astonishment of the attendants, appeared with his hat on. The prince was familiar with the tenets of the Quakers, and was a lover of William Penn; he received the young artist with complacency, and dismissed him with many expressions of regard." West returned to Rome, where he painted two pictures which were highly commended, one of Cimon and Iphigenia, and the other of Angelica and Medora. At Venice, he particularly studied the works of Titian, and Cunningham says, "he imagined he had discovered his principles of coloring."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

As West was conversing one evening with Gavin Hamilton in the British Coffee House, at Rome, an old man, with a long and flowing beard and a harp in his hand, entered and offered his services as an

improvisatore bard. "Here is an American," said the wily Scot, "come to study the Fine Arts in Rome; take him for your theme, and it is a magnificent one." The minstrel casting a glance at West, who never in his life could perceive what a joke was, commenced his song. "I behold in this youth an instrument chosen by heaven to create in his native country a taste for those arts which have elevated the nature of man—an assurance that his land will be the refuge of science and knowledge, when in the old age of Europe they shall have forsaken her shores. All things of heavenly origin move westward, and Truth, and Art, have their periods of light and darkness. Rejoice, O Rome, for thy spirit immortal and undecayed now spreads towards a new world, where, like the soul of man in Paradise, it will be perfected more and more." The prediction of Peckover, the fond expressions of his beloved mother, and his solemn dedication to art, rushed upon West's memory, and he burst into tears; and even in his riper years, he was willing to consider the poor mendicant's song as another prophecy.

WEST'S FONDNESS FOR SKATING.

There are other minor matters, says Cunningham, which help a man on to fame and fortune. West was a skillful skater, and in America had formed an acquaintance on the ice with Colonel Howe. One day, the painter having tied on his skates at the Serpentine, was astonishing the timid practitioners of

London with the rapidity of his motions, and the graceful figure which he cut. Some one shouted "West! West!" It was Colonel Howe. "I am glad to see you," said he, "and not less so that you came in good time to vindicate my praises of American skating." He called to him Lord Spencer Hamilton, and some of the Cavendishes, to whom he introduced West as one of the Philadelphia prodigies of skating, and requested him to show them what was called "the Salute." He performed this feat so much to their satisfaction that they spread the praises of the American skater all over London. West was exceedingly fond of this invigorating amusement, and used frequently to gratify large crowds by cutting the Philadelphia Salute. Cunningham says, "Many to the praise of skating, added panegyrics on his professional skill, and not a few to vindicate their applause, followed him to his easel, and sat for their portraits."

WEST'S DEATH OF WOLFE.

A change was now to be effected in the character of British art. Hitherto, historical painting had appeared in a masking habit; the actions of Englishmen, says Cunningham, had all been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks and Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of "the Death of Wolfe." The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once, on its being exhibited

at the Royal Academy; but the lovers of old art, or of the compositions called *classical*, complained of the barbarism of boots, buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering rams. Lord Grosvenor was so pleased with the picture, that, disregarding the frowns of amateurs, and the cold approbation of the Academy, he purchased it. Galt says that the king questioned West concerning this picture, and put him on his defense of this new heresy in art. "When it was understood," said the artist, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovator incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian, should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the ac-

tion, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it, I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this, I must abide by truth. They went away, and returned again when I had finished the painting. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." "I wish," said the king, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture; but you shall make a copy for me."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo was descended from the noble family of Canosa. From his earliest infancy, he discovered a passion for drawing and sculpture. It is said that his nurse was the wife of a poor sculptor, or as some say, a mason. His father, Lodovico Simone Buonarotti, intended him for one of the learned professions, and placed him in a grammar school at Florence. Here young Angelo soon manifested the greatest fondness for drawing, and became quite intimate with the students in painting. The decided

bent of his genius induced his parents, against their wishes, to place him at the age of fourteen under the instruction of Domenico Ghirlandaio. He made such rapid progress, that he soon not only surpassed all his fellow disciples, but even his instructor, so that he was able to correct Domenico's drawing.

While pursuing his studies under Ghirlandaio, he was accustomed to visit the gardens of the Grand Duke, (Lorenzo the Magnificent) to study the antique. One day, when he was about fifteen years of age, he found a piece of marble in the garden, and carved it into the mask of a satyr, borrowing the design from an antique fragment. Lorenzo, on seeing the work, was struck with its excellence, and jestingly told the young Angelo that he had made a mistake in giving a full set of teeth to an old man. This hint was not lost; the next day it was found that the artist had broken one of the teeth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum to represent the cavity left by the lost tooth. The first work executed by Michael Angelo, on his return to Florence from Bologna, where he had fled on account of the disturbances in the former city, was a Sleeping Cupid, in marble, which considerably enhanced his reputation; but so great was the prejudice in favor of the antique, that by the advice of a friend, Michael Angelo sent his statue to Rome, to undergo the process of burial, in order to give it the appearance of a work of ancient art, before it should be submitted to public inspection. This fraud, like

many of a similar kind at this time practiced, succeeded completely; and the Cupid was eagerly purchased by the Cardinal St. Giorgio, for 200 ducats. It was not long before the Cardinal was told that a trick had been played upon him, and he sent a person to Florence, in order to ascertain, if possible the truth of the charge. The latter repaired to the studios of the different artists in that city, on the pretence of seeing their productions. On visiting the *atelier* of Michael Angelo, he requested to see a specimen of his work; but not having anything finished at the time, he carelessly took up a pen, and made a sketch of a hand. The Cardinal's messenger, struck by the freedom and grandeur of the style, inquired what was the last work he had executed. The artist, without consideration, answered at the moment, it was a Sleeping Cupid; and so minutely described the supposed antique statue, that there remained no doubt whose work it was. The messenger at once confessed the object of his journey, and so strongly recommended Michael Angelo to visit Rome, that he soon after went to that city, on the express invitation of the Cardinal St. Giorgio himself. Here he executed several admirable works, among which the Pietá, or dead Christ, has been highly extolled for the great knowledge of anatomy displayed in the figure. He afterwards returned to Florence, where he executed his celebrated marble statue of David.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS THE SECOND.

Julius the Second, a patron of genius and learning, having ascended the papal throne, Michael Angelo was among the first invited to Rome, and was immediately employed by the pope in the execution of a magnificent mausoleum. On the completion of the design, it was difficult to find a site befitting its splendor; and it was finally determined to rebuild St. Peter's, in order that this monument might be contained in a building of corresponding magnificence. Thus originated the design of that edifice, which was one hundred and fifty years in completion, and which is now the noblest triumph of architectural genius the world can boast. The completion of this grand monument was delayed by various causes during the pontificates of several succeeding popes, until the time of Paul III. It was not placed in St. Peter's, as originally intended, but in the church of S. Pietro, in Vincoli. On this monument is the celebrated colossal statue of Moses, which ranks Michael Angelo among the first sculptors, and has contributed largely to his renown.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Michael Angelo's greatest architectural work was the cupola of St. Peter's church. Bramante, the original architect, had executed his design only up to the springing of the four great arches of the central intersection. Giuliano di Sangallo, Giocondo, Raffaelle, Peruzzi, and Antonio Sangallo, had been

successively engaged, after Bramante's decease, to carry on the work; but during the inert sway of Adrian VI., and amid the catastrophes of Clement VII., little had been accomplished. At length Paul III. appointed Michael Angelo to the post of architect, much against his will, as he was then seventy-two years of age. He immediately laid aside all the drawings and models of his predecessors, and taking the simple subject of the original idea, he carried it out with remarkable purity, divesting it of all the intricacies and puerilities of the previous successors of Bramante, and by its unaffected dignity, and unity of conception, he rendered the interior of the cupola superior to any similar work of modern times. He was engaged upon it seventeen years, and at the age of eighty-seven he had a model prepared of the dome, which he carried up to a considerable height; in fact, to such a point as rendered it impossible to deviate from his plan; and it was completed in conformity with his design, by Giacomo della Porta, and Domenico Fontana. The work was greatly delayed in consequence of the want of necessary funds, or else Michael Angelo would have himself completed this great monument of his taste and skill. If we are indebted to Bramante for the first simple plan of the Greek Cross of St. Peter's, and the idea of a cupola to crown the centre, still it must be allowed that to Michael Angelo is due the merit of carrying out the conception of the original architect, with a beauty of proportion, a simplicity and unity of form,

a combination of dignity and magnificence of decoration, beyond what even the powers of Bramante could have effected.

Such was the unparalleled eminence which this wonderful genius attained in the three sister arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting. His chief characteristics were grandeur and sublimity. His powers were little adapted to represent the gentle and the beautiful; but whatever in nature partook of the sublime and the terrible, were portrayed by him with such fidelity and grandeur as intimidates the beholder. Never before nor since has the world beheld so powerful a genius. The name of Michael Angelo will be immortal as long as the peopled walls of the Sistine chapel endure, or the mighty fabric of St. Peter's rears its proud dome above the spires of the Eternal city.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S FIRST PATRON.

Lanzi says that Lorenzo the Magnificent, desirous of encouraging the statuary art, then on the decline in his country, had collected in his gardens many antique marbles, which he committed to the care of Bertoldo. He requested Ghirlandaio to send him a talented young man, to be educated there, and he sent him Michael Angelo, then a youth of sixteen. Lorenzo was so pleased with his genius that he took him into his palace, rather as a relative than a dependent, placing him at the same table with his own sons, with Poliziano and other learned men who

graced his residence. During the four years that he remained there, he laid the foundation of all his acquirements.

THE CARTOON OF PISA.

According to Condivi, Michael Angelo devoted twelve years to the study of anatomy, with great injury to his health, and this course "determined his style, his practice, and his glory." His perfect knowledge of the human body was best shown in his famous Cartoon of the Battle of Pisa, prepared in competition with Lionardo da Vinci, in the saloon of the public palace at Florence. Angelo did not rest satisfied with representing the Florentines, cased in armor, and mingling with their enemies in deadly combat; but choosing the moment of the attack upon the van, while bathing in the river Arno, he seized the opportunity of representing many naked figures, as they rushed to arms from the water, by which he was enabled to introduce a prodigious variety of foreshortenings, and attitudes the most energetic—in a word, the highest perfection of his peculiar excellence. Cellini observes of this work, that "when Michael Angelo painted in the chapel of Julius II., he did not reach half that dignity;" and Vasari says that "all the artists who studied and designed after this cartoon, became eminent."

This sublime production has perished, and report, though not authenticated, accuses Baccio Bandinelli of having destroyed it, either that others might

not derive advantage from its study, or, because of his partiality to Vinci and his hatred to Buonarotti, he wished to remove a subject of comparison that might exalt the reputation of the latter above that of the former.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT.

Lanzi says, "In the succeeding pontificates (to that of Julius II.) Michael Angelo, always occupied in sculpture and architecture, almost wholly abandoned painting, till he was induced by Paul III. to resume the pencil. Clement VII. had conceived the design of employing him in the Sistine chapel, on two other grand historical pictures—the Fall of the Angels, over the gate; and the Last Judgment, in the opposite façade, over the altar. Michael Angelo had composed designs for the Last Judgment, and Paul III. being aware of this, commanded, or rather entreated, him to commence the work; for he went to his house, accompanied by ten Cardinals, —an honor, except in this instance, unknown in the annals of the art." This sublime work was finished by Michael Angelo in eight years, and was exhibited in 1541. Vasari says that at the suggestion of Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, the Pope desired that it should be painted in oil; but Michael Angelo positively declined to undertake it, except in fresco, saying "that oil painting was an employment only fit for women, or idlers of mean capacity." Varchio in his funeral oration says, "Such was the delicacy

of his taste that no artist could please him; and as in sculpture, every pincer, file, and chisel which he used, was the work of his own hands, so in painting, he prepared his own colors, and did not commit the mixing and other necessary manipulations to mechanics and boys."

Lanzi says that Michael Angelo must be acknowledged supreme in that peculiar branch of the profession (the nude), at which he aimed in all his works, especially in his Last Judgment. "The subject appeared rather *created* than selected by him. To a genius so comprehensive, and so skilled in drawing the human figure, no subject could be better adapted than the Resurrection; and to an artist who delighted in the awful, no story more suitable than the day of supernal terrors. He saw Raffaelle preëminent in every other department of the art; he foresaw that in this alone could he expect to be triumphant; and perhaps he indulged the hope that posterity would adjudge the palm to him who excelled all others in the most arduous walk of art."

"The Last Judgment," says Lanzi, "was filled with such a profusion of nudity that it was in great danger of being destroyed, from a regard to the decency of the sanctuary. Paul IV. proposed to whitewash it, and was hardly appeased with the correction of its most glaring indelicacies, by some drapery introduced here and there by Daniello da Volterra, on whom the facetious Romans, from this circumstance, conferred the nickname of the

Breeches-maker." Other corrections were proposed by different critics, and some alterations made. Angelo was censured for mixing sacred with profane history; for introducing the angels of revelation with the Stygian ferryman; Christ sitting in judgment, and Minos assigning his proper station to each of the damned. To this profanity, he added satire; in Minos, he portrayed the features of the Master of Ceremonies, who in the hearing of the pope, had pronounced this picture more suitable for a Bagnio than a church; and an officious Cardinal, he placed among the damned, with a fiend dragging him by the testes down to hell.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S COLORING.

The coloring of Michael Angelo has been generally criticised as being too cold and inharmonious, but the best critics now consider that it was admirably adapted to his design. His chief characteristics were grandeur and sublimity, and whatever partook of the sublime and the terrible, he portrayed with a fidelity that intimidates the beholder. It is an error to suppose that he could not color delicately and brilliantly when he chose. During his residence at Florence, he painted an exquisite Leda for Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. Michael Angelo was so much offended at the manner of one of the courtiers of that prince, who was sent to bring it to Ferrara, that he refused to let him have it, but made it a present to his favorite pupil, Antonio Mini, who car-

ried it to France. Vasari describes it as "a grand picture, painted in distemper, that seemed as if it breathed on the canvass"; and Mariette, in his notes on Condivi, affirms that he saw the picture, and that "Michael Angelo appeared to have forgot his usual style, and approached the tone of Titian." D'Argenville informs us that the picture was destroyed by fire in the reign of Louis XIII. Lanzi says, "In chiaro-scuro, Michael Angelo had not the skill and delicacy of Correggio; but his paintings in the Vatican have a force and relief much commended by Renfesthein, an eminent connoisseur, who, on passing from the Sistine chapel to the Farnesian gallery, remarked how greatly in this respect the Caracci themselves were eclipsed by Buonarotti."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S GRACE.

"It is a vulgar error," says Lanzi, "to suppose that Michael Angelo had no idea of grace and beauty; the Eve in the Sistine chapel turns to thank her Maker, on her creation, with an attitude so fine and lovely, that it would do honor to the school of Raffaelle. Annibale Caracci admired this, and many other naked figures in this grand ceiling, so highly that he proposed them to himself as models in the art, and according to Bellori, preferred them to the Last Judgment, which appeared to him to be too anatomical."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OIL PAINTINGS.

It has long been a disputed point whether Michael Angelo ever painted in oil; but it has been ascertained by Lanzi that the Holy Family in the Florentine gallery, which is the only picture by him supposed to be painted in oil, is in reality in distemper. Many of his designs, however, were executed in oil by his cotemporaries, especially Sebastiano del Piombo, Jacopo da Pontormo, and Marcello Venusti. Fresco painting was better adapted to the elevated character of his composition, which required a simple and solid system of coloring, rather subdued than enlivened, and producing a grand and impressive effect, which could not have been expressed by the glittering splendor of oil painting. There are many oil paintings erroneously attributed to him in the galleries at Rome, Florence, Milan, the Imperial gallery at Vienna, and elsewhere. (See Spooner's Dict. of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects; table of *Imitators*.)

MICHAEL ANGELO, HIS PROPHETS, AND JULIUS II.

When Michael Angelo had finished the works in the Sistine chapel which Julius II. had commanded him to paint, the Pope, not appreciating their native dignity and simplicity, told him that "the chapel appeared cold and mean, and there wanted some brilliancy of coloring, and some gilding to be added to it." "Holy father," replied the artist, "formerly men did not dress as they do now, in gold and sil-

ver; those personages whom I have represented in my pictures in the chapel, were not persons of wealth, but saints, who were divinely inspired, and despised pomp and riches."

BON-MOTS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo was a true poet. He was endowed with a ready wit and consummate eloquence His bon-mots, recorded by Dati, rival those of the Grecian painters, and he was esteemed one of the most witty and lively men of his time.

When he had finished his statue of Julius II. for the Bolognese, the Pope thought it too severe, and said to him, "Angelo, my statue appears rather to curse than to bless the good people of Bologna." "Holy father," replied the artist, "as they have not always been the most obedient of your subjects, it will teach them to be afraid of you, and to behave better in future."

Under the pontificate of Julius III., the faction of San Gallo went so far, as to prevail upon the Pope to appoint a committee to examine the fabric. Angelo paid no attention to the cavils of his enemies. Finally the Pope summoned him before him, and told him that a particular part of the church was too dark. "Who told you that, holy father?" said Angelo. "I did," interrupted the Cardinal Marcello. "Your eminence should consider, then," said the artist, casting at the prelate a look of cool contempt. "that besides the window

there is at present, I have designed three more in the ceiling of the church!" "You did not tell me that," replied the Cardinal. "No indeed, I did not, sir. I am not obliged to tell you; nor would I ever consent to be obliged to tell your eminence, or any person whomsoever, anything concerning it. Your business is to take care that money is plenty at Rome; that there are no thieves there; to let me alone; and to permit me to go on with my plan as I please."

When asked why he did not marry, he replied that "his art was his mistress, and gave him trouble enough." Again, that "an artist should never cease to learn." When told that some one had performed a remarkable feat in painting with his fingers, he said, "Why don't the blockhead use his brush?" When shown Titian's Danaë, he observed, "What a pity these Venetians do not study design." Of the Gates of Ghiberti, he said, "they are fit to adorn the portals of Paradise."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost

desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from heaven. His heart, all at once, seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of "Angel Uriel," regarded by the artist as one of his masterpieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold. "Can it be possible? Not sold! Where is it to be had?" "In this very room. Here it is," producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale—but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated—and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers. I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate

recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine." The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford; and he became, from that moment, one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him Mr. A. was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry; and he became one of the most favored among the many gifted minds that adorned the circle, in which he was never fond of appearing often.

The instantaneous relief thus afforded by the liberality of this noble visitor, was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings which became a prominent trait in his character."—*Boston Atlas.*

ALLSTON'S DEATH.

"Notwithstanding the general respect which is manifested to the memory of this distinguished artist, there are unsympathising, ice-hearted men of the world who yet reproach him for uncontrollable events in his career.

The actions of the painter, the poet, and the musician, are dictated often by other motives than those impelling the arm of the mechanic, or the tongue of the advocate. Men of genius are of a more delicate organization than those possessing inferior abilities, and are swayed by emotions the most lofty that can actuate humanity. The world's neglect,

the contempt of critics, depressed spirits induced by pecuniary embarrassments, blast their hopes, enervate their energies, and deprive them of the potency to cope with the heartless world.

Men there are who would visit the generous Allston with censure, because, while laboring under disappointments, ill health, and crushed anticipations, he failed to finish his painting of Belshazzar's Feast, a theme that possibly became uncongenial to his pencil. May their ill feeling be forgotten, and, if the fountain of their sympathies be not wholly dried up, may it yield a little lenity towards one of America's noblest sons.

It may not be inappropriate to insert a tribute to the memory of Allston, which will serve to vindicate his character from his aspersers, and exhibit it as traced by one for many years connected with him by the dearest ties of friendship:

'PARIS, November, 1843.

The Duke de Luynes, a French nobleman, has lately given a commission to Monsieur Ingres, the painter, recently Director of the French Academy of Arts in Rome, to decorate his palace at Dampierre with a series of pictures, the subjects of which I have not heard. One hundred thousand francs are allowed to the artist for this work. M. Ingres was a student at Rome, pensioned by his government, at the time Mr. W. Allston and my-

self were there pursuing the same studies—not, however, aided by a government.

When the melancholy news of the death of my much regretted friend and fellow artist reached here, which was about the time the above favor was granted to M. Ingres, I could not but reflect on the less fortunate destiny of our highly accomplished countryman, whose muse, alas! was doomed to linger out a languid existence in a state of society unfavorable to the arts, or at least where there was little to encourage and sustain them, compared with the capitals in Europe where he had lived and studied. Such an indifference to the arts is not confined to one section of our country, but pervades the whole United States.

It is indeed a subject of regret that so highly-gifted an artist should not have been commissioned to ornament some public building, or private mansion of opulence, with a series of pictures in the free style of fresco, comprising poetical designs and landscapes, in which he was so superior, instead of being subjected to finish a picture which, from some cause, he had become dissatisfied with, for the prosecution of which he found himself debarred of even the advantages of models and costume, not to mention those of a less material nature—the absence of all the great models of art to kindle and inspire his genius, etc. A work of the kind before suggested would admit of a free execution, independent in a degree of models and costume. Such a commis

sion, I am persuaded, would have cheered up his spirit, and called forth fresh images from his fancy. It is ever to be regretted that he was not employed in this way; had he been, our country would no doubt have had a beautiful creation from a highly cultivated and poetic mind, now forever lost.

No one who was ever acquainted with the subject of this notice, but must feel sincere regret, also, that so fair and amiable a character was not soothed in his latter years with all the ease and comfort of mind and body that the world could bestow, which thus far has been seldom if ever the lot of his profession in our country. How many there are who have not undergone half the fatigue, physical or mental, endured by Mr. Allston—not to mention the far greater amount of time and money expended in the acquisition of his profession than in most other pursuits—yet have secured to themselves the means to reach the decline of life in a condition to assure ease and comfort. Such is the unequal compensation of the world.

When I look back some five or six-and-thirty years, when we were both in Rome, and next-door neighbors on the *Trinita del Monte*, and in the spring of life, full of enthusiasm for our art, and fancying fair prospects awaiting us in after years—and few certainly had more right than my worthy colleague to look towards such a futurity—it is painful to reflect how far these hopes have been from being realized. Such may be the lot of a great

many; still we may believe and hope that so melancholy an example rarely occurs.

J. VANDERLYN.'

The Art-Union of New-York have struck a commemorative medal, with Allston's face on the obverse side; and thus is the great artist rewarded.

Genius, that breaks the fetters encircling the mind, is fated to drink life's bitterest cup to the dregs. After earth has flung the gem away, she proclaims its value.

Reformers must be martyrs. Every Socrates must quaff his hemlock—every Burns pine in unpitied poverty. In life, the artist appears on the reverse side of the world's medal—in death, on the obverse."—*Dewey Fay.*

AMERICAN PATRONAGE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The writer has frequently heard our artists bitterly complain of the meanness of their countrymen in patronizing everything foreign, not only at home but abroad. It is mortifying enough to them to see the palaces of many of our merchant princes *disgraced*, not *adorned*, with a multitude of modern flashy French pictures, without a single piece by a native artist. How cutting then must be the slight to those young artists, who, having gone to Italy for improvement, are visited in their studios, by their countrymen, who, desirous of bringing home some copies of favorite pictures, give their commissions to foreigners. Our young artists, during their resi-

dence abroad, are generally poor, and frequently undergo every privation to enable them to achieve the object of their ambition. Weir says that at one time during his residence at Rome, he was obliged "to live on ten cents a day for a month." Greenough, during his second visit to Italy, was almost driven to despair. Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper found him in this deplorable state in 1829, and gave him a commission for his beautiful group of Chanting Cherubs. He had already distinguished himself by several admirable busts of John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, and others, but this was the first commission he had ever received for a group. The grateful sculptor says in a letter to Mr. Dunlap, "Mr. Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair, after my second return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and has, up to this moment, been a father to me in kindness."

Mr. Cooper, in a letter published in the New-York American, April 30, 1831, says:

"Most of our people, who come to Italy, employ the artists of the country to make copies, under the impression that they will be both cheaper and better, than those done by Americans, studying here. My own observation has led me to adopt a different course. I am well assured that few things are done for us by Europeans, under the same sense of responsibility, as when they work for customers near home. The very occupation of the copyist, in

fers some want of that original capacity, without which no man can impart to a work, however exact it may be in its mechanical details, the charm of expression. In the case of Mr. Greenough, I was led even to try the experiment of an original. The difference in value between an original and a copy is so greatly in favor of the former, with anything like approach to success, that I am surprised that more of our amateurs are not induced to command them. The little group I have sent home, (the Chanting Cherubs) will always have an interest that can belong to no other work of the same character. It is the first effort of a young artist who bids fair to build for himself a name, and whose life will be connected with the history of the art in that country which is so soon to occupy such a place in the world. It is more; it is probably the first group ever completed by an American sculptor."

When this beautiful group had been exhibited a sufficient time in the United States, to bring its merits before the public, Mr. Cooper, in the hope of influencing the government to employ Greenough on a statue of Washington, wrote to the President, and to Mr. McLane the Secretary of the Treasury, strongly urging the plan of a statue of the "Father of his Country," by the first American sculptor who had shown himself competent to so great a task. He was successful, and Congress commissioned Greenough to execute a statue of Washington for the Capitol. The sculptor received the intelligence

with transports of delight, but when he had had time for reflection, he modestly began to doubt his ability to do justice to his subject, and "answer all the expectations of his friends." "When I went," says he, "the other morning, into the large room in which I propose to execute my statue, I felt like a spoiled boy, who, after insisting upon riding on horseback, bawled aloud with fright, at finding himself in the saddle, so far from the ground!"

Is it not a burning shame, that the most gifted artists of this great and glorious country should be compelled to go abroad to seek both fame and bread, not fortune? What merchant prince will set his countrymen an example, and, like Sir George Beaumont, bribe Congress and his fellow citizens to form a national gallery, by giving a collection of casts from the antique, first class paintings and engravings, rare works of art, and a library on art, worth 70,000 guineas? It is a mistaken opinion, entertained by many, that the fine arts are of little importance to our country. On the contrary, every person is directly interested. A foreign writer observes that, "silver-plating in the United States, is what tin-smithery is in Paris." Fuseli terms Venice "the toy-shop of Europe;" better Paris. What a multitude of people are supported in that great city by the manufacture of ten thousand fabrics, exquisitely designed and executed. The Parisians have a keen perception of the beautiful, simply from being educated in a city abounding with galleries

and the best models of art, or as Reynolds terms it, "the accumulated genius of ages."

RAFFAELLE SANZIO DI URBINO.

By the general approbation of mankind, this illustrious artist has been styled "the prince of modern painters." He is universally acknowledged to have possessed a greater combination of the excellencies of art than has fallen to the lot of any other individual. It is a remarkable fact, mentioned by many artists and writers, that the most capital frescoes of Raffaelle in the Vatican, do not at first strike the beholder with surprise, nor satisfy his expectations; but as he begins to study them, he constantly discovers new beauties, and his admiration continues to increase with contemplation.

RAFFAELLE'S AMBITION.

Raffaelle was inspired by the most unbounded ambition; the efforts of Michael Angelo to supplant him only stimulated him to greater exertions; and, on his death-bed, he thanked God he was born in the days of Buonarotti. He was instructed in the principles of architecture for six years by Bramante, that on his death he might succeed him in superintending the erection of St. Peter's. He lived among the ancient sculptures, and derived from them not only the contours, drapery, and attitudes, but the spirit and principles of the art. Not content with what he saw at Rome, he employed

able artists to copy the remains of antiquity at Pozzuolo, throughout all Italy, and even in Greece. It is also probable that he derived much assistance from living artists, whom he consulted in regard to his compositions. The universal esteem which he enjoyed, his attractive person, and his engaging manners, which all authors unite in describing as incomparable, conciliated the favor of the most eminent men of letters, as Bembo, Castiglione, Giovio, Navagero, Ariosto, Fulvio, Calcagnini, etc., who set a high value on his friendship, and were doubtless ready to supply him with many valuable hints and ideas.

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

"Michael Angelo, his rival," says Lanzi, "contributed not a little to the success of Raffaelle. As the contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius was beneficial to both, so the rivalship of Buonarotti and Sanzio aided the fame of Michael Angelo, and produced the paintings in the Sistine chapel; and at the same time contributed to the celebrity of Raffaelle, by producing the pictures in the Vatican, and not a few others. Michael Angelo, disdaining any secondary honors, came to the combat, as it were, attended by his shield-bearer, for he made drawings in his grand style, and then gave them to Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, the scholar of Giorgione, to execute; and, by this means, he hoped that Raffaelle would never be able to rival his productions, either

in design or color. Raffaelle stood alone, but aimed at producing works with a degree of perfection beyond the united efforts of Michael Angelo and F. Sebastiano, combining in himself a fertile imagination, ideal beauty founded on a correct imitation of the Greek style, grace, ease, amenity, and a universality of genius in every department of art. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, and allowed him no respite. It also animated him to surpass both his rivals and himself in every new work."

RAFFAELLE'S TRANSFIGURATION.

"This great artist" (Michael Angelo), says Vasari, "had felt some uneasiness at the growing fame of Raffaelle, and he gladly availed himself of the powers of Sebastiano del Piombo, as a colorist, in the hope that, assisted by his designs, he might be enabled to enter the lists successfully with his illustrious antagonist, if not to drive him from the field. With this view, he furnished him with the designs for the Pietà in the church of the Conventuali at Viterbo, and the Transfiguration and Flagellation, in S. Pietro in Montorio, at Rome, which, as he was very tedious in the process, occupied him six years." It was at this juncture that the Cardinal de Medici commissioned Raffaelle to paint a picture of the Transfiguration, and in order to stimulate the rivalry, he engaged Sebastiano to paint one of the Resurrection of Lazarus, of precisely the same dimensions

for his Cathedral of Narbonne. That Sebastiano might enter the lists with some chance of success, he was again assisted by Buonarotti, who composed and designed the picture. On this occasion, Raffaelle exerted his utmost powers, triumphed over both his competitors, and produced that immortal picture which has received the most unqualified approbation of mankind as the finest picture in the world. Both pictures were publicly exhibited in competition, and the palm of victory was adjudged to Raffaelle—the Transfiguration was pronounced inimitable in composition, in design, in expression, and in grace. This sublime composition represents the mystery of Christ's Transfiguration on Mount Tabor. At the foot of the Mount is assembled a multitude, among whom are the Disciples of our Lord, endeavoring in vain to relieve a youth from the dominion of an evil spirit. The various emotions of human doubt, anxiety, and pity, exhibited in the different figures, present one of the most pathetic incidents ever conceived; yet this part of the composition does not fix the attention so much as the principal figure on the summit of the mountain. There Christ appears elevated in the air, surrounded with a celestial radiance, between Moses and Elias, while the three favored Apostles are kneeling in devout astonishment on the ground. The head and attitude of the Saviour are distinguished by a divine majesty and sublimity, that is indescribable.

DEATH OF RAFFAELLE.

With his incomparable work of the Transfiguration, ceased the life and the labors of Raffaelle; he did not live to entirely complete it, and the few remaining parts were finished by his scholar, Giulio Romano. While engaged upon it, he was seized with a fever, of which he died on his birth-day, Good Friday, April 7th, 1520, aged 37 years. His body lay in state in the chamber where he had been accustomed to paint, and near the bier was placed the noble picture of the Transfiguration. The throngs who came to pay their respects to the illustrious artist were deeply affected; there was not an artist in Rome but was moved to tears by the sight, and his death was deplored throughout Italy as a national calamity. The funeral ceremony was performed with great pomp and solemnity, and his remains were interred in the church of the Rotunda, otherwise called the Pantheon. The Cardinal Bembo, at the desire of the Pope, wrote the epitaph which is now inscribed on his tomb.

CHARACTER OF RAFFAELLE.

All cotemporary writers unite in describing Raffaelle as amiable, modest, kind, and obliging; equally respected and beloved by the high and the low. His beauty of person and noble countenance inspired confidence, and strongly prepossessed the beholder in his favor at first sight. Respectful to the memory of Perugino, and grateful for the instructions he

had received from him, he exerted all his influence with the Pope, that the works of his master in one of the ceilings of the Vatican might be spared, when the other paintings were destroyed to make room for his own embellishments. Just and generous to his cotemporaries, though not ignorant of their intrigues, he thanked God that he had been born in the days of Buonarotti. Gracious towards his pupils, he loved and instructed them as his own sons; courteous even to strangers, he cheerfully extended his advice to all who asked it, and in order to make designs for others, or to direct them in their studies, he had been known to neglect his own works, rather than refuse them his assistance.

LA BELLA FORNARINA.

Raffaelle was never married, though by no means avérse to female society. The Cardinal da Bibiena offered him his niece, which high alliance he is said to have declined because the honors of the purple were held out to him by the Pope, who favored him greatly, and made him groom of his chamber. Early in life he became attached to a young woman, the daughter of a baker at Rome, called by way of distinction, La Bella Fornarina, to whom he was solely and constantly attached, and he left her in his will sufficient for an independent maintenance. The rest of his property he bequeathed to a relative in Urbino, and to his favorite scholars, Giulio Romano, and Gio. Francesco Penni.

THE GENIUS OF RAFFAELLE.

Raffaelle possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary to constitute a preëminent painter. When we consider the number of his paintings, and the multitude of his designs, (it is said he left behind him 287 pictures, and 576 cartoons, drawings, and studies) to which he devoted so much study, as is shown in his numerous sketches of Madonnas and Holy Families, &c., and especially his great works in the Vatican, in which, in many cases, he drew all the figures naked, in order the better to adapt the drapery and its folds to their respective attitudes; and further, his supervision of the building of St. Peter's church, his admeasurements of the ancient edifices of Rome with exact drawings and descriptions, the preparation of designs for various churches and palaces, with several collateral tasks, it seems incredible that even a long life were sufficient for their execution; and when we further reflect that he accomplished all this at an age when most men only begin to distinguish themselves, we are struck with astonishment at the wonderful fecundity of his genius.

RAFFAELLE'S MODEL FOR HIS FEMALE SAINTS.

"His own Fornarina," says Lanzi, "assisted him in this object. Her portrait by Raffaelle's own hand was formerly in the Barberini Palace, and it is repeated in many of his Madonnas, in the picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna, and in many female heads."

RAFFAELLE'S OIL PAINTINGS.

"Of his oil paintings," says Lanzi, "a considerable number are to be found in private collections, particularly on sacred subjects, such as the Madonna and Child, and other compositions of the Holy Family. They are in three styles, which we have before described: the Grand Duke of Florence has some specimens of each. The most admired is that which is named the Madonna della Seggiola. Of this class of pictures it is often doubted whether they ought to be considered as originals or copies, as some of them have been three, five, or ten times repeated. The same may be said of other cabinet pictures by him, particularly the St. John in the Desert, which is in the Grand Ducal gallery at Florence, and is found repeated in many collections both in Italy and other countries. This was likely to happen in a school where the most common mode was the following:—The subject was designed by Raffaello, the picture prepared by Giulio, and finished by the master so exquisitely, that one might almost count the hairs of the head. When pictures were thus finished, they were copied by the scholars of Raffaello, who were very numerous, and of the second and third order; and these were also sometimes retouched by Giulio and by Raffaello himself. But whoever is experienced in the freedom and delicacy of the chief of this school, need not fear confounding his productions with those of the scholars, or Giulio himself; who, besides having a more

timid pencil, made use of a darker tint than his master was accustomed to do. I have met with an experienced person, who declared that he could recognize the character of Giulio in the dark parts of the flesh tints, and in the middle dark tints, not of a leaden color as Raffaello used, nor so well harmonized; in the greater quantity of light, and in the eyes designed more roundly, which Raffaello painted somewhat long, after the manner of Pietro Perugino."

PORTRAITS OF POPE JULIUS II.

There are no less than eight portraits of Julius II. attributed to Raffaelle. 1. The original, by Raffaelle's own hand, is in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the best of all; 2. a scarcely inferior one in the Tribune of the Florentine Gallery; 3. one in the English National Gallery, from the Falconieri Palace at Rome; 4. a very fine one, formerly in the Orleans Gallery; 5. an inferior one in the Corsini Palace at Rome; 6. a very fine one in the Borghese Gallery at Rome; 7. one at Berlin, from the Giustinian Gallery; 8. one in the possession of Count Torlonia at Rome. Most of these are doubtless copies by Raffaelle's scholars, some of them finished by himself. The original cartoon is preserved in the Corsini Palace at Florence.

MANNERS OF RAFFAELLE.

Raffaelle had three manners; first, that of his instructor, Pietro Perugino, hence many exquisite pic-

tures in the style of that master are erroneously attributed to him; second, the same, modified by his residence and studies at Florence, which continued till his completion of the Theology in the Vatican, though constantly improving; and the third, his own grand original manner, commencing with the school of Athens. For a very full life of Raffaelle, with Lanzi's admirable critique, see Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

This preëminent painter, accomplished scholar, and skillful diplomatist, was born at Antwerp in 1577, on the feast day of St. Peter and St. Paul, for which reason he received at the baptismal font the names of those Apostles. Rubens, in his earliest years, discovered uncommon ability, vivacity of genius, literary taste, and a mild and docile disposition. His father, intending him for one of the learned professions, gave him a very liberal education, and on the completion of his studies, placed him as a page with the Countess of Lalain, in order that his son might acquire graceful and accomplished manners, so important to success in a professional career. His father dying soon afterwards, young Rubens obtained the permission of his mother, to follow the bent of his genius. He studied under several masters, the last of whom was the celebrated Othe Venius. He made such extraordinary progress,

that when he had reached his twenty-third year, Venius frankly told him that he could be of no further service to him, and that nothing more remained for his improvement but a journey to Italy, which he recommended as the surest means of ripening his extraordinary talents to the greatest perfection.

RUBENS' VISIT TO ITALY.

Rubens having secured the favor and patronage of the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, for whom he executed several pictures, set out for Italy, with letters from his patron, recommending him in the most honorable manner to the Duke of Mantua, that at his court he might have access to his admirable collection of paintings and antique statues. He was received with the most marked distinction by the Duke, who took him into his service, and appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, an honor which was the more acceptable to Rubens, as it gave him greater facility for studying the great works of Giulio Romano in the Palazzo del Te, which were the objects of his particular admiration.

RUBENS' ENTHUSIASM.

Giulio Romano's masterly illustrations of the sublime poetry of Homer excited Rubens' emulation in the highest degree. One day, while he was engaged in painting the history of Turnus and Æneas, in order to warm his imagination with poetic rapture,

he repeated with great energy, the lines of Virgil, beginning,

"Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet," &c.

The Duke, overhearing his recitations, entered the apartment, and was surprised to find the young painter's mind richly stored with classical literature. Rubens remained in the service of the Duke of Mantua, who had conceived the strongest attachment to him, nearly eight years, visiting Venice, Rome, Genoa, and other cities, executing many commissions, and leaving everywhere superb specimens of his magic pencil. In 1605, the Duke having occasion to send an envoy to the court of Spain, employed Rubens as a person eminently fitted for the delicate mission. He successfully accomplished the negotiations confided to him, painted the portrait of Philip III., and received from that monarch the most flattering marks of distinction.

RUBENS' RETURN TO ANTWERP.

In 1608, after an absence of eight years, Rubens was suddenly recalled to Antwerp by the severe illness of his mother, who died before his arrival. The loss of his dearly beloved parent was a severe affliction to him. He had proposed to return to Italy, but the Archduke Albert, and the Infanta Isabella, induced him to settle at Antwerp, where he married, built a magnificent house, with a saloon in the form of a rotunda, which he embellished with a rich collection of antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures

by the greatest masters. This collection he sold many years afterwards to the Duke of Buckingham for £10,000. Amidst these select productions of art, he passed about twelve years in the tranquil exercise of his great abilities, producing an astonishing number of admirable pictures for the churches and public edifices of the Low Countries.

RUBENS' HABITS.

In order to continue his mental improvement, to enjoy the sweets of friendly intercourse, and to economize his precious time, Rubens regulated his affairs with a precision which nothing was permitted to derange. He received company at stated times, took regular exercise out of doors, usually on horseback, and it is said that he never painted without having some one to read to him from a classic work of history or poetry. He possessed an extraordinary memory, and understood the ancient and several modern languages, writing and speaking them with ease and fluency. His familiar acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources.

RUBENS' DETRACTORS.

Rubens' great popularity naturally excited envy, and created enemies. Generous and affable to all, and a liberal encourager of art, he found himself assailed by those who were most indebted to him for assistance. With the most audacious effrontery,

they insinuated that he owed the best part of his reputation in the great variety of his works, for which he was celebrated, to the talents of two of his disciples, Snyders and Wildens, whom he employed occasionally in forwarding the animals and landscapes in his pictures. The principal of these vilifiers were Abraham Janssens, Cornelius Schut, and Theodore Rombouts; the first had the hardihood to challenge him to paint a picture in competition with him. Rubens treated these attacks with a dignity and philanthropy that shows his exalted mind, and the goodness of his heart; he relieved the necessities of his accusers, and exposed his immortal production of the Descent from the Cross.

THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

In 1620, Mary of Medicis commissioned Rubens to decorate the gallery of the Luxembourg with a series of emblematical paintings, in twenty-four compartments, illustrative of the principal events of her life. The series was painted at Antwerp, except two pictures, which he finished at Paris in 1623, when he arranged the whole in the gallery. These great works, executed in less than three years, are alone sufficient to attest the abundant fertility of his genius, and the wonderful facility of his hand.

RUBENS SENT AS AMBASSADOR TO THE COURTS OF SPAIN AND ENGLAND.

In 1628, the Infanta Isabella despatched Rubens on a delicate political mission to the court of Spain,

relative to the critical state of the government of the Low Countries, and for instructions preparatory to a negotiation of peace between Spain and England. On his arrival at the Spanish capital, he was received in the most gracious manner by Philip IV., acquitted himself of his diplomatic mission to the entire satisfaction of the Infanta and the King, and completely captivated that monarch, and his minister, the Duke de Olivares, by the magnificent productions of his pencil. He executed several great works, for which he was munificently rewarded, received the honors of knighthood, and was presented with the golden key, as a Gentleman of the Royal Bed-Chamber.

In 1629 he returned to Flanders, and was immediately despatched to England by the Infanta, on a secret mission, to ascertain the disposition of the government on the subject of peace. The king, Charles I., an ardent lover of the fine arts, received the illustrious painter with every mark of distinction, and immediately employed him in painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where he represented the Apotheosis of his father, James I., for which he received £3,000. Here Rubens showed himself no less skillful as a diplomatist than as a painter. In one of the frequent visits with which the king honored him during the execution of the work, he alluded with infinite delicacy and address to the subject of a peace with Spain, and finding the monarch not averse to such a measure, he

immediately produced his credentials. Charles at once appointed some members of his council to negociate with him, and a pacification was soon effected. The King was so highly pleased with the productions of his pencil, and particularly with his conduct in this diplomatic emergency, that he gave him a munificent reward, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, Feb. 21, 1630. On this occasion, the king presented Rubens with his own sword, enriched with diamonds, his hat-band of jewels, valued at ten thousand crowns, and a gold chain, which Rubens wore ever afterwards.

DEATH OF RUBENS.

Rubens, after having successfully accomplished the objects of his missions to the courts of Spain and England, returned to Antwerp, where he was received with all the honors and distinction due to his services and exalted merit. He still continued to exercise his pencil with undiminished industry and reputation till 1635, when he experienced some aggravated attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject, succeeded by an infirmity and trembling of the hand, which obliged him to decline executing all works of large dimensions. Though he had now reached his fifty-eighth year, and was loaded with deserved honors and wealth, he nevertheless continued to instruct his pupils, to correspond with his cherished friends, and to paint easel pictures when his torturing malady would permit, till his

death, in 1640, aged 63 years. He was buried with extraordinary pomp and solemnity in the church of St. James, under the altar of the private chapel, which he had decorated with one of his finest pictures. A superb monument was erected to his memory.

RUBENS' NUMEROUS WORKS.

The number of works executed by Rubens is truly astonishing; Smith, in his Catalogue raisonné, vols. ii. and ix., describes about eighteen hundred considered genuine by him, in the different public and private collections of Europe. There can be no doubt that a great number of these were executed by his numerous scholars and assistants, under his direction, from his designs, and then finished by himself. It is well known that he employed his pupils in forwarding many of his pictures, and that Wildens, van Uden, and Mompers, in particular, assisted him in his landscapes, and Snyders in his animals. His principal scholars were Anthony Vandyck, Justus van Egmont, Theodore van Thulden, Abraham Diepenbeck, Jacob Jordaens, Peter van Mol, Cornelius Schut, John van Hoeck, Simon de Vos, Peter Soutman, Deodato Delmont, Erasmus Quellinus, Francis Wouters, Francis Snyders, John Wildens, Lucas van Uden, and Jodocus Mompers. Several other distinguished Flemish painters of the period, who were not his pupils, imitated his style; the most eminent of whom were Gerard Seghers,

Gaspar de Crayer, and Martin Pepin. Besides the genuine paintings of Rubens, there are a multitude of doubtful authenticity, attributed to him, most of which were executed by his pupils and imitators. Many such, fine pictures, are in the United States. There are upwards of twelve hundred engravings after works attributed to Rubens; some of which, however, are of doubtful authenticity. Those executed by the Bolswerts, Paul Pontius, and other cotemporary engravers who worked under Rubens' supervision, are undoubtedly genuine. There are a great number of his works in England in the public galleries and the collections of the nobility; there are nine in the National gallery, fourteen in the Dulwich gallery, and others at Windsor, Hampton Court, and Whitehall. The enormous value set upon his works at the present time, may be seen by referring to the catalogue of the National gallery; thus, the Brazen Serpent cost £1260; a Landscape, called Rubens' Chateau, £1500; Peace and War, £3000; the Rape of the Sabines, £3000; and the Judgment of Paris, 4000 guineas. Many of the works of Rubens, like those of other great masters, have suffered greatly from the effects of time, but more from improper cleaning and unskillful restoration, especially in retouching injured parts, by which the original harmony of coloring has been destroyed. Thus his pictures in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, have been three times cleaned, repaired, and painted over, so that little of the original splendor of coloring remains.

THE FIRST PICTURE BROUGHT TO ROME.

The first picture carried to Rome from Greece, according to Pliny, was the famous Bacchus and Ariadne, painted by Aristides of Thebes. It was painted on a heavy panel, and King Attalus offered for it, its weight in gold, which excited the suspicion of the Consul Mummius that it contained some secret charm. He accordingly broke off the bargain, and took it himself to Rome, where he dedicated it in the temple of Ceres. After this example, every Roman commander seems to have been ambitious of adorning the city with the finest pictures and statues of Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Sicily. Julius Cæsar enshrined the two exquisite pictures of Medea and Ajax, by Timomachus, in the Temple of Venus. Augustus hung his forum with pictures of the horrors of war, and the glories of a triumph; and he adorned the temple which he dedicated to the deified Julius with many choice pictures, the most beautiful of which was the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles. Another, scarcely less celebrated, by the same painter, was one of Alexander in triumph, leading War, bound and manacled. This picture was afterwards defaced by Claudius, who caused the head of Alexander to be scraped out, and that of Augustus to be inserted. Another picture of especial note, in the same temple, was one of Castor and Pollux.

Augustus also placed in the Comitium some excellent works, by Nicias of Athens, and others. The

Temple of Peace was rich in pictures of the highest class. There was placed the most valued of all the works of Protogenes, the hunter Jalysus with his dogs and game, the Cyclops of Timanthes, and the sea-monster Scylla, by Nicomachus.

In the Temple of Concord, there was a precious picture by Zeuxis—that of Marsyas bound to a Tree; and the Muses and the Helen of the same painter adorned some of the private villas at Rome.

In the Temple of Minerva, on the Capitol, was the Theseus of Parrhasius, with the Rape of Proserpine, and a Victory by Nicomachus.

In the shrine of Ceres, where Mummius had placed the Bacchus and Ariadne of Aristides, were several other works by the same painter.

The Portico of Octavia was adorned with pictures of Greek mythology and history by Antiphilus; and that of Pompey boasted a rare fragment by Polygnotus, of a Soldier upon a Scaling Ladder, probably a part of some great battle-piece, which that illustrious painter had executed in honor of his countrymen. Some suppose it to have been taken from the Pœcile at Athens, where the pictures were not painted in fresco, but on panels. The Portico of Pompey was still further adorned with pictures by Nicias, among which were a large portrait of Alexander, a picture of Calypso, and some animals, which were much prized. There was also a beautiful picture of Hyacinthus, by the same artist, which was so highly valued by Augustus, that, after his

death, Tiberius consecrated it to his memory, in the temple dedicated to him.

The Romans did not hesitate to carry off everything appertaining to the fine arts in the countries they conquered. The greatest influx of Greek pictures into Rome, at any one time, was during the edileship of Scaurus, when, on account of a real or pretended debt owing by the people of Sicyon to Rome, all the valuable pictures in that city were seized and conveyed to Italy. Such were a few of the many pictures, the spoils of war, which were carried to Rome, to adorn the temples, palaces, and public places, not to speak of those which decorated the villas of persons of rank and taste.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE.

The Romans were so fond of Etruscan statues that they collected them from all quarters. At the taking of Volsinum (now Bolsena), they removed two thousand bronze statues to Rome. The Etruscans were also much employed by the Romans to make bronze statues of their divinities and great personages. One of the most ancient remaining works executed by them for Rome, is the bronze Wolf, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," preserved in the Capitol, and of which Micali has given an excellent figure. There was a colossal Etruscan Apollo, fifty feet high, placed in the library of the Temple of Augustus, "the bigness of which," says Pliny, "is not so remarkable as the material and the

workmanship; for hard it is to say whether is most admirable, the beautiful figure of the body, or the exquisite temperature of the metal." There was also a colossal Jupiter of the Capitol, cast by Corovillius out of the brazen armor taken from the dead bodies of the conquered Samnites. Pliny says the first bronze statue cast in Rome, was that of the goddess Ceres, the expense of which was defrayed by the forfeited goods of Spurius Capius, who was put to death for aspiring to the dignity of king.

CAMPUS MARTIUS.

The Campus Martius was a large plain without the city of Rome, which was adorned with a multitude of statues, the spoils of war; also with columns, arches, and porticos. The public assemblies were held there, the officers of state chosen, and audience given to foreign ambassadors; there, also, the Roman youths performed their exercises, learned to wrestle and box, to throw the discus, hurl the javelin, ride a horse, drive a chariot, etc.

ELECTIONEERING PICTURES AT ROME.

The Roman commanders made a singular use of painting to advance their interests. Their inordinate love of military fame discovered a mode of feeding that ruling passion by means of this charming art. According to Valerius Maximus, Massala was the first who, when he offered himself for the consulship, instead of sitting in the market-place,

dressed in the white robe of humility, and pointing to his wounds like Coriolanus,

> "Show them the scars that I would hide,
> As if I had received them for the hire
> Of their breath only,"

caused a picture to be hung up in the portico Hostilia, representing the battle of Messana, where he had vanquished both the Carthagenians and Syracusans. The picture told the story of his achievements to the best advantage, and secured his election. Scipio Africanus was greatly incensed against his brother, Lucius Scipio, for placing in the Capitol a picture of the battle near Sardis, which won him the title of Asiaticus, but in which, his nephew, the son of Africanus, was taken prisoner. Again, Scipio Emilianus was highly offended at the display of a picture of the Taking of Carthage, exhibited in the market-place by Lucius Hostilius Mancinus. It appears that Mancinus was the first to enter the city, and on his return to Rome, being desirous of the consulship, he had a picture painted, representing the situation of the town, its strong fortifications, all the machines used in the attack and defense, and the actions of the besiegers, in which care was taken that those of Mancinus should be most conspicuous. This he hung up in the Forum, and personally explained to the people in such a manner, that he won their good will, and gained the consulship. We learn from Quintilian that the

lawyers of Rome often made use of pictures in their pleadings for the purpose of moving the judges.

DRAMATIC SCENERY AT ROME.

It is related that when Claudius Pulcher, during his edileship, exhibited dramas publicly at Rome, the scenery, representing trees, houses and other buildings was so naturally depicted, that the ravens and other birds came to perch upon them. Many such anecdotes are related as having occurred in all ages of the history of the art, but they are not so sure a test of excellence as people generally imagine, for animals are easily deceived. The writer has made experiments to satisfy himself on this point; he has seen a whiffet dog bark obstreperously at the portrait of a person it disliked; birds approach a picture of fruit, and bees one of flowers. He has a picture of three dogs, so naturally painted, that almost every dog, admitted into the room, not only looks at it, but endeavors to *smell of it.* Every sportsman knows that it is easy to decoy wild ducks with an artificial one.

APELLES OF EPHESUS AND PTOLEMY PHILOPATOR.

During a voyage in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, Apelles was driven into Alexandria, in Egypt, by stress of weather. Not being in favor with king Ptolemy, he did not venture to appear at the court; but some of his enemies suborned one of the royal buffoons to invite him to supper in the

king's name. Apelles attended accordingly, but Ptolemy, indignant at the intrusion, demanded by whom he had been invited; whereupon the painter, seizing an extinguished coal from the hearth, drew upon the wall the features of the man who had invited him, with such accuracy that the king, even from the first lines, immediately recognized the buffoon, and thenceforth received Apelles into his favor.

APELLES' FAMOUS PICTURE OF CALUMNY.

According to Lucian, the reputation of Apelles, and the favor he enjoyed at the court of Ptolemy, excited the jealousy of Antiphilus, a celebrated Egyptian painter, who unjustly accused him of having participated in the conspiracy of Theodotus of Tyre. Apelles was thrown into the dungeon, and treated with great severity, but his innocence being clearly established, Ptolemy endeavored to make reparation, presented him with one hundred talents, and condemned Antiphilus to be his slave. Apelles, however, was not satisfied with this reparation, and on returning to Ephesus, painted in retaliation his famous picture of Calumny, in which Ptolemy acted a principal part. Lucian saw this picture, and thus describes it:

"On the right, is seated a person of magisterial authority, to whom the painter has given ears like Midas, who holds forth his hand to Calumny, as if inviting her to approach. He is attended by Ig-

norance and Suspicion, who stand by his side. Calumny advances in the form of a beautiful female, her countenance and demeanor exhibiting an air of fury and hatred; in one hand she holds the torch of discord, and with the other, she drags by the hair a youth personifying Innocence, who, with eyes raised to heaven, seems to implore succor of the gods. She is preceded by Envy, a figure with a pallid visage and emaciated form, who appears to be the leader of the band. Calumny is also attended by two other figures who seem to excite and animate her, and whose deceitful looks discover them to be Intrigue and Treachery. At last follows Repentance clothed in black, and covered with confusion at the discovery of Truth in the distance, environed with celestial light."

This sketch has been regarded as one of the most ingenious examples of allegorical painting which the history of the art affords. Raffaelle made a drawing from Lucian's description, which was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Modena, and was afterwards transferred to the French Museum.

Professor Tölken, of Berlin, has shown that this Apelles was not the great cotemporary of Alexander, for the persons mentioned in connection with the story, lived more than a hundred years after the death of Alexander—or about the 144th Olympiad. This reconciles many contradictory statements with regard to Apelles, both by ancient and modern

writers. See Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Soon after Kneller's arrival in England, he painted the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, who was so much pleased with it that he persuaded the king, his father (Charles II.) to have his portrait painted by the *new artist*. The King had promised the Duke of York his portrait, to be painted by Sir Peter Lely, and unwilling to go through the ceremony of a double sitting, he proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time. Lely, as the king's painter, took the light and station he liked; but Kneller took the next best he could find and went to work with so much expedition, that h had nearly finished his portrait, when Lely had only laid in his dead coloring. This novelty pleased, and Lely himself had the candor to acknowledge his merit. Kneller immediately found himself in the possession of great reputation and abundant employment, and the immense number of portraits he executed, proves the stability of his reputation. He was equally patronized by Kings Charles, James, and William, and he had the honor of painting ten sovereigns. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted in 1692, and presented with a gold chain and medal, worth £300. In the latter part of this reign, he painted the portraits

of the members of the famous Kit-cat Club, forty-two in number, and the several portraits now in the gallery of the Admirals. He lived to paint the portrait of George I., who made him a Baronet. He died in 1723. His body lay in state, and he was buried at his country-seat at Wilton; a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey

KNELLER AND JAMES II.

It was while sitting to this artist, that James the Second manifested a most surprising instance of coolness and shrewdness united. Kneller was painting his portrait as a present to Pepys, when suddenly intelligence arrived of the landing of the Prince of Orange. The artist was confounded, and laid down his brush. "Go on, Kneller," said the king, betraying no outward emotion; "I wish not to disappoint my friend Pepys."

KNELLER'S COMPLIMENT TO LOUIS XIV.

When Kneller painted the portrait of Louis XIV., the monarch asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him; whereupon he modestly answered that he should feel honored if his Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might execute a drawing of his face for himself. The request was granted.

Kneller painted Dryden in his own hair, in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work; to which the poet responded in an epistle

containing encomiums such as few painters deserve.

> "Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
> That nature seems obedient to thy will,
> Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught,
> Lives there, and wants but words to speak the thought."

KNELLER'S WIT.

The servants of his neighbor, Dr. Radcliffe abused the liberty of a private entrance to the painter's garden, and plucked his flowers. Kneller sent him word that he must shut the door up, whereupon the doctor peevishly replied, "Tell him he may do any thing with it but paint it." "Never mind what he says," retorted Sir Godfrey; "I can take anything from him but physic." He once overheard a low fellow cursing himself. "God damn *you*, indeed!" exclaimed the artist in wonder; "God may damn the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he will ever take the trouble of damning such a scoundrel as you?" To his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil, he said, "Dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No, God Almighty only makes painters." He gave a reason for preferring portraiture to historical painting, which forms an admirable *bon-mot*, for its shrewdness, truthfulness, and ingenuity. "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live till

they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live!"

KNELLER'S KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

In a conversation concerning the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James II., some doubts having been expressed by an Oxford Doctor, Kneller exclaimed, with much warmth, "His father and mother have sat to me about thirty-six times apiece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Mein Gott! I could paint King James *now* by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature of his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken; nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's, the queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines."

KNELLER AS A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Sir Godfrey acted as a justice of the peace at Wilton, and his sense of justice induced him always to decide rather by equity than law. His judgments, too, were often accompanied with so much humor, as caused the greatest merriment among his acquaintance. Thus, he dismissed a poor soldier who had stolen a piece of meat, and fined the butcher for purposely tempting him to commit the crime. Hence Pope wrote the following lines:

> "I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
> Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,
> And punished him that put it in his way."

Whenever he was applied to by paupers, he always inquired which were the richest parishes, and settled them there. He could never be induced to sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man, who could not pay a tax, and he took pleasure in assisting the honest poor with his advice and purse. He disliked interruption, and if the case appeared trivial, or was the result of a row, he would not be disturbed. Seeing a constable coming to him one day, with two men, having bloody noses, and a mob at his heels, he called out to him, "Mr. Constable, do you see that turning? Go that way, and you will find an ale-house—the sign of the King's Head Go and make it up." A handsome young woman came before him one day to swear a rape; struck with her beauty, he continued examining her as he sat painting, till he had taken her likeness. Perceiving from her manner that she was not free from guilt, he advised her not to prosecute her suit, but seek some other mode of redress. These instances show the goodness of his heart, and refute the many absurd and malicious stories that are told of him.

KNELLER AND CLOSTERMANS.

When Clostermans, an inferior artist, sent a challenge to Kneller to paint a picture in competition with him for a wager, he courteously declined the contest, and sent him word that "he allowed him to be his superior."

THE CAVALIERE BERNINI.

Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, whose renown filled all Europe in the seventeenth century, was called the Michael Angelo of his age, because, like that great artist, he united in an eminent degree, the three great branches of art—painting, sculpture, and architecture, though he was chiefly renowned in the two last.

BERNINI'S PRECOCITY.

Bernini manifested his extraordinary talents almost in infancy. At the age of eight years, he executed a child's head in marble, which was considered a wonder. When he was ten years old, his talents had become so widely known, that Pope Paul V. wished to see the prodigy who was the astonishment of artists, and on his being brought into his presence, desired him to draw a figure of St. Paul, which he did in half an hour, so much to the satisfaction of the pontiff that he recommended him to Cardinal Barberini, saying, "Direct the studies of this child, who will become the Michael Angelo of this century."

BERNINI'S STRIKING PREDICTION.

During Bernini's distinguished career, Charles I. of England endeavored in vain to allure him to visit his court. Not succeeding in this, he employed Vandyck to paint two excellent portraits of himself, one in profile and the other in full face, and sent

them to Bernini, to enable him to execute his bust. The sculptor surveyed them with an anxious eye, and exclaimed, "Something evil will befall this man; he carries misfortune in his face." The tragical termination of the monarch's career, verified the sculptor's knowledge of physiognomy. Bernini made a striking likeness, with which the king was so much pleased, that, in addition to the stipulated price, six thousand crowns, he made him a present of a diamond ring, worth six thousand more.

BERNINI AND LOUIS XIV.

Bernini received the most flattering and pressing invitations from Louis XIV. to visit Paris. At length, he was persuaded by the great Colbert to undertake the journey, and having with great difficulty obtained permission of the Pope, he set out for France, at the age of sixty-eight, accompanied by one of his sons, and a numerous retinue. Never did an artist travel with so much pomp, and under so many flattering circumstances. By order of the King, he was received everywhere on his way with the honors due to a prince, and on his arrival at Paris, he was received by the king with every mark of distinction, and apartments assigned to him in the royal palace. Louis defrayed all the expenses of his journey, and to immortalize the event, had a medal struck, with the portrait of the artist, and on the reverse, the Muses of the Arts, with this in

scription, "*Singularis in singularis ; in omnibus, unicus.*" When he returned to Rome, Louis presented him with ten thousand crowns, gave him a pension of two thousand, and one of four hundred to his son, and commissioned him to execute an equestrian statue of himself, in marble, of colossal proportions. The statue was executed in four years, and sent to Versailles, where it was afterwards converted into *Marcus Curtius*, and where, as such, it still remains.

BERNINI'S WORKS.

Bernini designed and wrought with wonderful facility; his life was one of continued exertion, and he lived to the great age of eighty-two years, so that he was enabled to execute an astonishing number of works. Richly endowed by nature, and favored by circumstances, he rose superior to the rules of art, creating for himself an easy manner, the faults of which he knew well how to disguise by its brilliancy; yet this course, as must ever be the case, did not lead to a lasting reputation. "The Cav. Bernini," says Lanzi, "the great architect and skillful sculptor, was the arbiter and dispenser of all the works at Rome, under the pontificates of Urban VIII. and Innocent X. His style necessarily influenced those of all the artists, his cotemporaries He was affected, particularly in his drapery. He opened the way to caprice, changed the true principles of art, and substituted for them the false. At

different times, the study of painting has taken the same vicious course; above all, among the imitators of Pietro da Cortona, some of whom went so far as to condemn a study of the works of Raffaelle, and even to decry, as useless, the imitation of nature." Bernini lived in splendor and magnificence, and left a fortune of 400,000 Roman crowns (about $700,000), to his children.

BERNINI AND THE VEROSPI HERCULES.

When the Verospi statue of Hercules killing the Hydra was first discovered, some parts of it, particularly the monster itself, were wanting, and were supplied by Bernini. Some years after, in further digging the same piece of ground, they found the hydra that originally belonged to it, which differs very much from Bernini's supplemental one; yet the latter is given in Maffei's Statues, and other books of prints, as the antique. The statue was removed from the Verospi palace to the Capitol, where it now is; and the original hydra, with a horned sort of a human face, snakes for hair, and a serpentine body, is there also, in the same court.

FANATICISM DESTRUCTIVE TO ART.

Queen Elizabeth was a bitter persecutor of art; she ordered all sacred pictures in the churches to be utterly destroyed, and the walls to be white-washed, so that no memorial of them might remain. In her reign, it became fashionable to sally forth

and knock pictures and images to pieces. Flaxman says, "The commands for destroying sacred paintings and sculpture prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise to the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded a prison or a stake, and reduced him to the lowest drudgery in his profession. This extraordinary check to our national art occurred at a time which offered the most essential and extraordinary assistance to its progress." Flaxman proceeds to remark, "the civil wars completed what fanaticism had begun, and English art was so completely extinguished that foreign artists were always employed for public or private undertakings."

Charles I. was a great lover and patron of the fine arts, and during his reign they made rapid advances in England; but the blind zeal of the Puritans dispersed his splendid gallery, and destroyed almost every vestige of art. In the Journal of the House, July 23d, 1645, it is "Ordered, that all pictures having the second person of the Trinity, be burnt." Walpole relates that "one Blessie was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the painted windows in Croydon church." One *Dowsing* was employed from June 9th, 1642, to October 4th, 1644, in this *holy* business, and by calculation it is found that he and his agents had destroyed about 4660 pictures, evidently not all glass, because when they were glass he so specified them.

"The result of this continued persecution," says

Haydon, "was the ruin of high art, for the people had not taste enough to feel any sympathy for it independently of religion, and every man who has pursued it since, who had not a private fortune, and was not supported by a pension, like West, became infallibly ruined."

PAINTINGS EVANESCENT.

"Few works are more evanescent than paintings. Sculpture retains its freshness for twenty centuries. The Apollo and the Venus are as they were. But books are perhaps the only productions of man coeval with the human race. Sophocles and Shakspeare can be produced and reproduced forever. But how evanescent are paintings, and must necessarily be! Those of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more, and perhaps they have the same relation to Homer and Æschylus, that those of Raffaelle and Guido have to Dante and Petrarch.

"There is however, one refuge from the despondency of this contemplation. The material part, indeed, of their works must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances of them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations, and the systems of philosophers are modeled to gentleness by their contemplation; opinion, that legislator, is infected with their influence; men become better and wiser; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent than that from which they fell."—*Shellcy.*

There is at least another *refuge*. Paintings are now rendered as permanent as books by engraving, or statuary, by mosaics. In the time of Pliny, there were Greek paintings in Rome 600 years old. There is a painting at Florence dated 886. It is also to be hoped that christianity and civilization have made such advances, that no more Goths, Vandals, Turks, and fanatics, will take pleasure in demolishing works of art as in ages past.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL GALLERY.

"A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's theory of matter and spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colors. Everything seems palpable to feeling as to sight; substances turn to shadows by the arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances; 'the eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest.' The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial, or at least we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is an enchanting deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvass; a thin evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead reappear by means of this so potent art!

"What hues (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter! What forms are there

woven into the memory! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of ancient art! The works are various, but the names the same; heaps of Rembrandts frowning from their darkened walls—Rubens' glad gorgeous groups—Titian's more rich and rare—Claude always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare—Guido's endless cloying sweetness—the learning of Poussin and the Caracci—and Raphael's princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound a miracle of skill and beauty starts to view.

"Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind,—to con over the relics of ancient art bound up 'within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed, (if it were possible) with baser matter.' A life passed among pictures, in the study and love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream: or rather it is to dream and to be awake at the same time, for it has all 'the sober certainty of waking bliss,' with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essence of things, and he who knows of these delights, 'to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!'"—*Hazlitt.*

THE NUDE FIGURE.

"It is difficult to discover any settled rules of propriety in the different modes of dress, as all ages and nations have fluctuated with regard to their notions and fashions in this matter. The Greek statues of the Laocoön, Apollo, Melcager, Hercules; the Fighting and Dying Gladiator, and the Venus de Medicis, though altogether without drapery, yet surely there is nothing in them offensive to modesty, nothing immoral: on the contrary, looking on these figures, the mind of the spectator is taken up with the surprising beauty or sublimity of the personage, his great strength, vigorous and manly character or those pains and agonies that so feelingly discover themselves throughout the whole work. It is not in showing or concealing the form that modesty or the want of it depends; *that* rises entirely from the choice and intentions of the artist himself. The Greeks and other great designers came into this practice (of representing the figure undraped) in order to show in its full extent the idea of character they meant to establish. If it was beauty, they show it to you in all the limbs; if strength, the same, and the agonies of the Laocoön are as discernible in his foot as in his face. This pure and naked nature speaks a universal language, which is understood and valued in all times and countries, where the Grecian dress, language, and manners are neither regarded or known. It is worth observing also that many of the fair sex do sometimes be-

tray themselves by their over-delicacy (which is the want of all true delicacy) in this respect. But I am ashamed to be obliged to combat such silly affectations; they are beneath men who have either head or heart; they are unworthy of women who have either education or simplicity of manner; they would disgrace even waiting-maids and sentimental milliners."—*Barry.*

"There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. The accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy."—*A. W von Schlegel.*

DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF PAINTING COMPARED

"The painters of the Roman school were the best designers, and had more of the antique taste in their works than any of the others, but generally they were not good colorists. Those of Florence were good designers, and had a kind of greatness, but it was not antique. The Venetian and Lombard schools had excellent colorists, and a certain grace, but entirely modern, especially those of Venice; but their drawing was generally incorrect, and their knowledge in history and the antique very little. And the Bolognese school of the Caracci is a sort of composition of the others; even Annibal himself

possessed not any part of painting in the perfection which is to be seen in those from whom his manner is composed, though, to make amends, he possessed more parts than perhaps any other master, and all in a very high degree. The works of those of the German school have a dryness and ungraceful stiffness, not unlike what is seen amongst the old Florentines. The Flemings were good colorists, and imitated nature as they conceived it—that is, instead of raising nature, they fell below it, though not so much as the Germans, nor in the same manner. Rubens himself lived and died a Fleming, though he would fain have been an Italian; but his imitators have caricatured his manner—that is, they have been more Rubens in his defects than he himself was, but without his excellencies. The French, excepting some few of them (N. Poussin, Le Sueur, Sebastian Bourdon), as they have not the German stiffness nor the Flemish ungracefulness, neither have they the Italian solidity; and in their airs of heads and manners they are easily distinguished from the antique, how much soever they may have endeavored to imitate it."—*Richardson.*

THE OLD MASTERS.

"The duration and stability of the fame of the old masters of painting is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every chord of sympathetic approbation."—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

PRICES OF GALLERIES.

The prices given for the three great collections of paintings sold in England within the last century, may perhaps not be uninteresting. The Houghton gallery, of two hundred and thirty-two pictures, collected by Sir Robert Walpole, was sold to the Empress Catharine of Russia for £43,500. The Orleans gallery of two hundred and ninety-six pictures was sold in London, in 1798, for £43,555; and the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures was bought by the British government, in 1823, for £57,000. This last purchase was the commencement of the English National Gallery.

LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.

Quintin Matsys, called the Blacksmith of Antwerp, was bred up to the trade of a blacksmith or farrier, which business he followed till he was twenty years of age, when, according to Lampsonius, his love for a blue-eyed lass, whose cruel father, an artist, refused her hand to any one but a painter, caused him to abandon his devotion to Vulcan, and inspired him with the ambition to become a worshipper at the shrine of the Muses. He possessed uncommon talents and genius, applied himself with great assiduity, and in a short time produced pictures that gave promise of the highest excellence, and gained him the fair hand for which he sighed. The inscription on the monument erected to his memory in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, re

cords in a few expressive words the singular story of his life:

"*Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.*"

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS.

Jarvis, though a wayward and eccentric man, unfortunately for himself and the world too much given to strong potations, was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," whose "gambols, songs, and flashes of merriment were wont to set the table on a roar." He was a merry wag, and an inimitable story-teller and mimic. Some of his stories were dramatized by Dunlap, Hackett, and Matthews, the best of which is the laughable farce of Monsieur Mallet. Dunlap says, "Another story which Matthews dressed up for John Bull, originated with Jarvis. From a friend I have what I suppose to be the original scene. My friend was passing the painter's room, when he suddenly threw up the window, and called him in, saying, 'I have something for your criticism, that you will be pleased with.' He entered, expecting to see a picture, or some other specimen of the fine arts, but nothing of the kind was produced—he was, however, introduced with a great deal of ceremony, to Monsieur B——, 'celebrated for his accurate knowledge of the English language, and intimate critical acquaintance with its poetry—particularly Shakspeare.' Mr. A——, as I shall call my friend, began to understand Jarvis' object in calling him in. After a lit-

tle preliminary conversation, Jarvis said, 'I hope, Monsieur B——, you still retain your love of the drama?' 'O certainly, sir, wid my life I renounce it.' 'Mr. A——, did you ever hear Monsieur recite?' 'Never.' 'Your recitations from Racine, Monsieur B——, will you oblige us?'

"The polite and vain Frenchman was easily prevailed upon to roll out several long speeches, from Racine and Corneille, with much gesticulation and many a well-rounded *R*. This was only to introduce the main subject of entertainment. 'Monsieur B—— is not only remarkable, as you hear, for his very extraordinary recitations from the poets of his native land, but for his perfect conquest over the difficulties of the English language, in the most difficult of all our poets—Shakspeare. He has studied Hamlet and Macbeth thoroughly—and if he would oblige us—do, Monsieur B——, do give us, "To be, or not to be." ' 'Sur, the language is too difficult—I make great efforts to be sure, but still the foreigner is to be detected.' This gentleman's peculiarities were in extreme precision and double efforts with the *th* and the other shibboleths of English. The unsuspecting and vain man is soon induced to give Hamlet's soliloquy, the *th* forced out as from a pop-gun, and some of the words irresistibly comic. 'But, Monsieur B——, you are particularly great in Macbeth—*that* "if it were done, when it is done," and "peep through the blanket," —come, let us have Macbeth.' Then followed

Macbeth's soliloquies in the same style. All this was ludicrous enough, but upon this foundation Jarvis raised a superstructure, which he carried as high as the zest with which it was received by his companions, his own feelings, or other circumstances prompted or warranted. The unfortunate Monsieur B—— was imitated and caricatured with most laugh-provoking effect; but to add to the treat, he was made not only to recite, but to comment and criticise. 'If it were done,' 'peep through the blanket,' and, 'catch with the sursease, success,' gave a rich field for the imaginary critic's commentaries—then he would expose, and overthrow Voltaire's criticisms, and give as examples of the true sublime in tragedy, the scene of the witches in Mac beth.

"'Huen shall we thtree meet aggen?' but, 'mounched, and mounched, and mounched,' was a delicious feast for the critic—and 'rrump fed rronion,' gave an opportunity to show that the English witch was a true John Bull, and fed upon the 'rrump of the beef,' 'thither in a sieve I'll sail and like a rat without a tail, I'll do—I'll do—I'll do,' being recited in burlesque imitation, gives an opportunity for comment and criticism, something in this manner. 'You see not only how true to nature, but to the science of navigation all this is. If the rat had a tail, he could steer the sieve as the sailor steer his ship by the rudder; but if he have no tail, he cannot command the navigation, that is, the course of the sieve; and

it will run round—and round—and round—that is what the witch say—"I'll do—I'll do—I'll do!" But how can the humor of the story-teller be represented by the writer—or how can I dispose my reader to receive a story dressed in cold black and white—in formal type—with the same hilarity which attends upon the table, and the warm and warming rosy wine? The reader has perceived the want of these magical auxiliaries in the above."

Jarvis was equally ludicrous in his readings from Shakspeare, in imitation of the stutterer and lisper. The venerable Dr. C. S. Francis, who was intimately acquainted with the painter, says, "Dr. Syntax never with more avidity sought after the sublime and picturesque, than did Jarvis after the scenes of many-colored life; whether his subject was the author of Common Sense or the notorious Baron von Hoffman. His stories, particularly those connected with his southern tours, abounded in motley scenes and ludicrous occurrences; there was no lacking of hair-breadth escapes, whether the incidents involved the collisions of intellect, or sprung from alligators and rattlesnakes. His humor won the admiration of every hearer, and he is recognized as the master of anecdote. But he deserves to be remembered on other accounts—his corporeal intrepidity and his reckless indifference of consequences. I believe there have been not a few of the faculty who have exercised, with public advantage, their professional duties among us for a series of years, who never be-

came as familiar with the terrific scenes of yellow fever and of malignant cholera as Jarvis did. He seemed to have a singular desire to become personally acquainted with the details connected with such occurrences; and a death-bed scene, with all its appalling circumstances, in a disorder of a formidable character, was sought after by him with the solicitude of the inquirer after fresh news. Nor was this wholly an idle curiosity. Jarvis often freely gave of his limited stores to the indigent, and he listened with a fellow feeling to the recital of the profuse liberality with which that opulent merchant of our city, the late Thomas H. Smith, supplied daily the wants of the afflicted and necessitous sufferer during the pestilence of 1832.

"We are indebted to Jarvis for probably the best, if not the only good drawing of the morbid effects of cholera on the human body while it existed here in 1832. During that season of dismay and danger our professional artists declined visiting the cholera hospitals, and were reluctant to delineate when the subject was brought to them. But it afforded a new topic for the consideration of Jarvis, and perhaps also for the better display of his anatomical attainments, he with promptitude discharged the task. When making a drawing from the lifeless and morbid organs of digestion, to one who inquired if he were not apprehensive of danger while thus employed, he put the interrogatory, 'Pray what part of the system is affected by the cholera?' 'The di

gestive organs,' was the reply. 'Oh no, then,' said Jarvis, 'for now you see I am doubly armed—I am furnished with two sets.' "

THE BIGGEST LIE.

Jarvis resided a long time at Charleston, S. C., where his convivial qualities made him a great favorite. On one occasion, at a large dinner party, after the wine had freely circulated, banishing not only form, but discretion, some one of the company proposed that they should make up a prize to the man who would tell the greatest and most palpable *lie*. It was purposely arranged that Jarvis should speak last. The President began. They

> "Spoke of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field."

Lie followed lie; and as it is easy to heap absurdity upon absurdity, and extravagance on enormous exaggeration; and as easy to excite laughter and command applause, when champaigne has been enthroned in the seat of judgment, each lie was hailed with shouts of approbation and bursts of merriment. One of the company, who sat next to Jarvis, had exceeded all his competitors, and unanimous admiration seemed to ensure him the prize. The *lie* was so monstrous and palpable, that it was thought wit or ingenuity could not equal it. Still, something was expected from the famous story-teller, and every eye was turned on the painter. He rose, and

placing his hand on his breast and making a low bow, gravely said, "Gentlemen, I assure you that I fully and unequivocally believe every word the last speaker has uttered." A burst of applause followed, and the prize was adjudged to the witty artist.

JARVIS AND BISHOP MOORE.

Jarvis painted the portrait of Bishop Benjamin Moore, who used to relate one of his quick strokes of humor with great glee. The good Bishop, during one of the sittings, introduced the subject of religion, and asked Jarvis some questions as to his belief or practice. The painter, with an arch look, but as if intent upon catching the likeness of the sitter, waved his hand and said, "Turn your face more that way, Bishop, and *shut your mouth.*"

JARVIS AND COMMODORE PERRY.

When Jarvis painted the portrait of Commodore Perry, he wished to infuse into the likeness of the hero the fire which supposed animated him during the terrible contest on Lake Erie. During two or three sittings he tried in vain to rouse him by his lively conversation; he would soon sink into a reverie; it was evident that his thoughts were far away. The painter now had recourse to artifice. He deliberately laid down his palette and pencils got up, and seizing a chair, swung it over his head in a menacing manner. This strange conduct instantly brought Perry to his feet, his eyes flashing

fire, and every feature lit up with the desired expression. "There, that will do," said the painter; "please sit just as you are." The result was the admirable picture which now adorns our City Hall, representing the hero standing in his boat, with his flag in one arm, triumphantly waving his sword, as he left the dismantled St. Lawrence for the Niagara, to renew the contest, resolved to conquer or die.

JARVIS AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Jarvis was a great wag as well as an inimitable story-teller. Whenever he met with an eccentric genius, he delighted to make him indulge in strong potations, and then engage him on his favorite hobby. On one such occasion, a gentleman who had a smattering of Zoology, declared it as his opinion, that it was possible to change the nature of animals; for instance, that by cutting off the end of dogs' or monkeys' tails for a few generations, they would become tailless. "That is capital logic," said Jarvis, "I wonder that the Jews have now any *tails!*" The philosopher shot out of the room amidst shouts of laughter

JARVIS AND DR. MITCHELL.

Jarvis could not forbear to crack a joke on the learned Dr. Mitchell, whose profundity sometimes led him to analyze cause and effect in a hyper-philosophical manner. "Can you tell," said he one day to the learned Doctor, who was sitting for his portrait,

"why white sheep eat more than black ones?" "But is it a fact?" enquired the Doctor. "Most assuredly," said the painter, "as every farmer will tell you." The Doctor then went on to give sundry philosophical reasons why white sheep might require more food than black ones. "Your reasons are excellent—but I think I can give you a better one. In my opinion the reason why white sheep eat more than black ones is, because there are more of them!"

JARVIS' HABITS.

Jarvis, in his more prosperous days, was always improvident and recklessly extravagant. Dunlap says, "when he went to New Orleans for the first time, (in 1833) he took Henry Inman with him. To use his own words,—'my purse and my pockets were empty; (when he went to N. O.) I spent $3000 there in six months, and brought $3000 to New York. The next winter I did the same.' He used to receive six sitters a day. A sitting occupied an hour. The picture was then handed to Inman, who painted upon the background and drapery under the master's directions. Thus six portraits were finished each week." His prices at this time were $100 for a head, and $150 for head and hands.

"Mr. Sully once told me," says Dunlap, "that calling on Jarvis, he was shown into a room, and left to wait some minutes before he entered. He saw a book on the table amidst palette, brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, and other heterogeneous af-

fairs, and on opening it, he found a life of Morland. When Jarvis came into the room, Sully sa with the book in his hand. 'Do you know why I like that book?' said Jarvis. 'I suppose because i is the life of a painter,' was the reply. 'Not merely that,' rejoined the other, 'but because I think he was like myself.'" What a commentary! Moreland was a man of genius, and might have shone as a bright star in the history of art, had he not degraded himself by dissipation, almost to a level with the pigs he delighted to paint. The glory of both Stuart and Jarvis is obscured by the same fatal passion. "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

"Jarvis," says Dunlap, "was fond of notoriety from almost any source, and probably thought it aided him in his profession. His dress was generally unique. His long coat, trimmed with furs like a Russian prince, or a potentate from the north pole, and his two enormous dogs which accompanied him through the streets, and often carried home his market basket, must be remembered by many."

ROBERT FULTON.

It is not generally known that this celebrated engineer was in his early life a practical painter.—From the age of 17 to 21, he painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia. In his 22d year, he

went to England to prosecute his studies under West, who received him with great kindness, and was so much pleased with his genius and amiable qualities, that he took him into his own house, as a member of his family. After leaving West, he seems to have made painting his chief employment for a livelihood for several years, though at this time, his mind was occupied with various great projects connected with engineering. In 1797, he went to Paris in prosecution of these projects, and to fill his empty coffers, he projected the first panorama ever exhibited in that city. He was a true lover of art, too, and endeavored to induce the citizens of Philadelphia to get up a subscription to purchase some of West's choicest pictures, which then could have been bought very cheap, as the commencement of a gallery in that city.

AN EXALTED MIND AND A TRUE PATRIOT.

Robert Fulton, after years of toil, anxiety, and ridicule, thus writes to his friend, Joel Barlow, immediately after his first steam-boat voyage from New York to Albany and back:

'New York, August 2, 1807.

"My dear Friend—My steam-boat voyage to Albany and back, has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty hours; the lat-

ter is five miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners, beating to windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

"The power of propelling boats by steam, is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not, perhaps, thirty persons, who believed that the boat would move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way you know, in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

"Having employed much time, money, and zeal, in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure, to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandize on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen. Although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages my country will derive from the invention."

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

This preëminent portrait painter was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, in 1756. He received his

first instruction from a Scotch painter at Newport, named Alexander, who was so much pleased with his talents and lively disposition, that he took him with him on his return to Scotland. His friend dying soon after, the youth found himself pennyless in a strange country, but undismayed, he resolved to return home, and found himself obliged to work his passage before the mast. He had already made considerable progress in art, and on his return commenced portrait painting, although without meeting much encouragement. He was in Boston at the time of the Battle of Lexington, but immediately left that city and went to New York, where he painted the portrait of his grandmother from memory, though she had been dead about ten years, which is said to have been a capital likeness, and gained him some business. About this time he painted his own portrait, the only one he ever took of himself, to the excellence of which his friend Dr. Waterhouse bears ample testimony. He says, "it was painted in his freest manner, and with a Rubens' hat," and in another place, that "Stuart in his best days, said he need not be ashamed of it."

STUART GOES TO LONDON.

Not meeting with any adequate encouragement, and the country being in a deplorable state, in the midst of the Revolution, Stuart set sail for London in 1778, at the age of twenty-two, to try his fortunes n that city. He was a wayward and eccentric

genius, proud as Lucifer withal; and on his arrival in that metropolis, he found himself full of poverty, enthusiasm, and hope,—often a painter's only capital. He expected to have found Waterhouse, who would have helped him with his advice, and purse if necessary, but he had gone to Edinburg. Instead of going directly to West, as he should have done, he wandered about the "dreary solitude" of London, as Johnson used to characterize the busy hum of that crowded city to the poverty-stricken sons of genius, till he had expended his last dollar.

STUART AN ORGANIST.

Stuart had a great taste for music, which he had cultivated, and was an accomplished musician. One day, as he was passing a church in Foster-Lane, hearing the sound of an organ, he stepped in, and ascertaining that the vestry were testing the candidates for the post of organist, he asked if he might try. Being told that he could, he did so, and succeeded in getting the place, with a salary of thirty guineas a year!

STUART'S INTRODUCTION TO WEST.

During all this time, for some unknown reason, Stuart never sought the acquaintance of West, but the moment that excellent man heard of the young painter and his circumstances, he immediately sent a messenger to him with money to relieve his necessities, and invited him to call at his studio. "Such

was Stuart's first introduction," says Dunlap to the man from whose instruction he derived the most important advantages from that time forward; whose character he always justly appreciated, but whose example he could not, or would not follow." Stuart himself says, "On application to West to receive me as a pupil, I was welcomed with true benevolence, encouraged and taken into the family, and nothing could exceed the attentions of the great artist to me—they were paternal." He was twenty-four years old when he entered the studio of West. Before he left the roof of his benefactor and teacher, he painted a full-length portrait of him, which elicited general admiration. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the young painter paid frequent visits to the exhibition rooms. It happened that one day, as he stood near the picture, surrounded by artists and students (for he had fine wit, and was an inimitable story-teller), West came in and joined the group. He praised the picture, and addressing himself to his pupil, said, "you have done well, Stuart, very well; now all you have to do is to go home and do better." Stuart always expressed the obligations he was under to that distinguished artist. When West saw that he was fitted for the field, prepared for and capable of contending with the best portrait painters, he advised him to commence his professional career, and pointed out to him the way to fame and fortune. But Stuart did not follow this wise counsel, preferring to indulge his

own wayward fancy. He had a noble, generous, and disinterested heart, but he was eccentric, improvident, and extravagant, and consequently he was always in necessitous circumstances.

STUART AND WEST.

"I used often to provoke my good old master," said Stuart to Dunlap, "though, heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the closet at the bottom of his painting-room. One day, Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing, I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his easel. I was a giddy, foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure of three. "Here, Trumbull," said I, "do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition,—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—" How much the sum would have amounted to, I can't tell, for just then in stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. "Very well, Mr. Stuart"—he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear*, when she wishes him to the d——l,—"Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well indeed!" You may

believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture, without my making any reply. But when the head was finished, there were no *figures of three in the hair*."

"Mr. West," says Stuart, "treated me very cavalierly on one occasion; but I had my revenge. My old master, who was always called upon to paint a portrait of his majesty for every governor-general sent out to India, received an order for one for Lord ——. He was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, and thought he could turn over the king to me. He could never paint a portrait.

"'Stuart,' said he, 'it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted; let me have it for Lord ——. I will retouch it, and it will do well enough.' '*Well enough!* very pretty,' thought I; 'you might be civil, when you ask a favor.' So I *thought;* but I *said*, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' says he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another; let me have it; I can't satisfy myself with that head.'

"I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I

don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else. Here, take the palette, and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't?' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is; but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morrow; so he made me promise to do it early next morning.

He never came down into the painting room until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* (Raphael West, the master's son) and I began to fence; I with my maul-stick, and he with his father's. I had just driven Rafe up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery, or open the door. 'There, you dog,' says I to Rafe, 'there I have you, and nothing but your back-ground *relieves* you.'

The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' says he, 'is this the way you use me?" 'Why! what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the background.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to

morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?'

"'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the easel. I have finished the picture: please to look at it.' He did so, complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his, 'It will do well enough.'"

STUART'S SCHOLARSHIP.

Trumbull, speaking of Stuart as he knew him in London, says, "He was a much better scholar than I had supposed he was. He once undertook to paint my portrait, and I sat every day for a week, and then he left off without finishing it, saying, 'he could make nothing of my d———d sallow face.' But during the time, in his conversation, I observed that he had not only read, but remembered what he had read. In speaking of the character of man, he said, 'Linnæus is right; Plato and Diogenes call man a biped without feathers; that's a shallow definition. Franklin's is better—a tool-making animal; but Linnæus' is the best—homo, animal mendax, rapax, pugnax.'"

STUART'S RULE OF THE PAYMENT OF HALF PRICE AT THE FIRST SITTING.

Stuart thus explains how he came to adopt a custom, which, when practicable, commends itself to others. "Lord St. Vincent, the Duke of Northumberland, and Colonel Barre, came unexpectedly into my room, one morning after my setting up an inde-

pendent easel, and explained the object of their visit. They understood that I was under pecuniary embarrassment, and offered me assistance, which I declined. They then said they would sit for their portraits; of course I was ready to serve them. They then advised that I should make it a rule that half the price must be paid at the first sitting. They insisted on setting the example, and I followed the practice, ever after this delicate mode of their showing their friendship."

STUART'S POWERS OF PERCEPTION.

Stuart read men's characters at a glance, and always engaged his sitters on some interesting topic of conversation, and while their features were thus lit up, he transferred them to his canvas, with the magic of his pencil. Hence his portraits are full of animation, truth, and nature. This trait is well illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the portrait was finished, and the general had sailed, the Earl called for the picture, and on examining it, he seemed disturbed, and said, "This picture looks strange, sir; how is it? I think I see insanity in that face!" "I painted your brother as I saw him," replied the painter. The first account Lord Mulgrave had of his brother was, that insanity, unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends, had driven him to commit suicide. Washington

Allston, in his eulogium on Stuart, says, "The narratives and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and the world had stored his memory, and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way, and with an address peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely, while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvass, not with the appearance of mere general life, but with that peculiar, distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise and speak on the surface."

STUART'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

Dr. Waterhouse relates the following anecdote of Stuart. He was traveling one day in an English stage-coach, with some gentlemen who were all strangers, and at first rather taciturn, but he soon engaged them in the most animated conversation. At length they arrived at their place of destination, and stopped at an inn to dine. "His companions," says the Doctor, "were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Dr. Franklin may have said a half century ago about the question-asking propensity of his countrymen, I never noticed

so much of that kind of traveling curiosity in New England as in Britain. To the round-about inquiries to find out his calling or profession, Stuart answered with a grave face and serious tone,

"'I sometimes dress gentlemen's and ladies' hair' (at that time, the high craped, pomatumed hair was all the fashion).

"You are a hair-dresser, then?'

"'What,' said he, 'do I look like a barber?'

"'I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, I may take the liberty to ask you what you are then?'

"'Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.'

"'O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?'

"'A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.'

"'O, you are a tailor?'

"'A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.'

By this time they were all in a roar.

"'What are you, then?' said one.

"'I'll tell you,' said Stuart. 'Be assured, all I have told you is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service.'

"'O, ho! a boot and shoemaker after all!'

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I told you is true.'

"'We may as well give up guessing.

"'Well then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.'

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions,—

"'Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter!* If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *a la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you.'"

STUART'S SUCCESS IN EUROPE.

Stanley, in his edition of Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, says, "He rose into eminence, and his claims were acknowledged, even in the life time of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His high reputation as a portrait painter, as well in Ireland as in England, introduced him to a large acquaintance among the higher circles of society, and he was in the road of realizing a large fortune, had he not returned to America."

STUART IN IRELAND.

"The Duke of Rutland," says Dunlap, who had the story from the artist himself, "invited Stuart to his house in Dublin. Stuart got money enough together somehow to pay his passage to Ireland; but when he got there, he found that the duke had died the day before. If any body else had gone there, the duke would have been just as sure to live, for something extraordinary must happen to Stuart, of course. He soon got into the debtors' prison again; but he was a star still. He would not let people give him money. Rich people and nobles *would* be painted by him, and they had to go to jail to find the painter. There he held his court; flashing equipages of lords and ladies came dashing up to prison, while their exquisite proprietors waited for their first sitting. He began the pictures of a great many nobles and men of wealth and fashion, received half price at the first sitting, and left their

Irish lordships imprisoned in effigy. Having thus liberated *himself*, and there being no law that would justify the jailor in holding half-finished peers in prison, the painter fulfilled his engagements, more at his ease, in his own house, and in the bosom of his own family; and it is propable the Irish gentlemen laughed heartily at the trick, and willingly paid the remainder of the price."

STUART'S RETURN TO AMERICA.

Miss Stuart, the daughter of the painter, says, "he arrived in Dublin in 1788, and notwithstanding the loss of his friendly inviter, he met with great success, painted most of the nobility, and lived in a good deal of splendor. The love of his own country, his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, was the *only* inducement to turn his back on his good fortunes in Europe." Accordingly, in 1793, he embarked for New York, where he took up his abode for some months, and painted the portraits of Sir John Temple, John Jay, Gen. Clarkson, John R. Murray, Colonel Giles, and other persons of distinction.

STUART AND WASHINGTON.

In 1794, Stuart proceeded to Philadelphia, for the purpose of painting a portrait of Washington, who received him courteously. He used to say that when he entered the room where Washington was, he felt embarrassed, and that it was the first time

in his life he had ever felt awed in the presence of a fellow man. Washington was then standing on the highest eminence of earthly glory, and the gaze of the world was steadily fixed upon the man, whom Botta terms "the Father of Freedom." To leave to posterity a faithful portrait of the Father of his country, had become the most earnest wish of Stuart's life. This he accomplished, but not at the first time; he was not satisfied with the expression, and destroyed the picture. The President sat again, and he produced that head which embodies not only the features but the soul of Washington, from which he painted all his other portraits of that great man. This picture is now in the Boston Atheneum.

STUART'S LAST PICTURE.

After the removal of Congress to Washington, Stuart followed, and resided there till 1806, when he went to Boston, and passed there the rest of his days. He painted a great many portraits, which are scattered all over the country. The last work he ever painted was a head of the elder John Quincy Adams. He began it a full-length; but he was an old man, and only lived to complete the head, which is considered one of his best likenesses, and shows that the powers of his mind and the magic of his pencil continued brilliant to the last. The picture was finished by that eminent and highly gifted artist, Thomas Sully, who would not touch the head, as he said, "he would have thought it little

less than sacrilege." He died in 1828, in the seventy fifth year of his age.

STUART'S REPUTATION.

As a painter of heads, Stuart stands almost unrivalled in any age or country; beyond this he made no pretentions, and indeed bestowed very little care or labor. He used to express his contempt for fine finishing of the extremities, or rich and elegant accessories, which he used to say was "work for girls." Whether these were his real sentiments, or affectation, it is difficult to determine. He was, however, totally deficient in that academic education which is necessary to success in the highest branch of the art—historical painting. He had genius enough to have distinguished himself in any branch, but he could not, or would not, brook the necessary toil.

STUART'S DRAWING

Stuart never had patience to undergo the drudgery necessary to become a skillful draughtsman. His kind instructor, Mr. West, urged upon him its importance and necessity, and advised him to frequent the Royal Academy for this purpose, which he neglected to do. Trumbull relates that Fuseli, on being shown some of his drawings, observed in his usual sarcastic manner, "young man, if this is the best you can do, you had better go and make shoes."

STUART A PUNSTER.

Stuart was an inveterate punster. Mr. Allston, calling on him a short time before his death, asked him how he was. "Ah!" said he, drawing up his pantaloons, and showing his emaciated leg, which in his youth had been his pride, "you can judge how much I am *out of drawing*."

STUART BORN IN A SNUFF-MILL.

Stuart was an inordinate snuff-taker. He used to jocosely apologise for the habit, by saying that "he was born in a snuff-mill," which was literally true, for his father was a manufacturer of snuff. He said a pinch of snuff has a wonderful effect upon a man's spirits." An old sea captain once observed to him, "you see, sir, I have always a nostril in reserve. When the right becomes callous after a few weeks' usage, I apply for comfort to the left, which having had time to regain its sense of feeling, enjoys the *blackguard* till the right comes to its senses." "Thank you," said Stuart, "it's a great discovery. Strange that I should not have made it myself, when I have been voyaging all my life in these channels."

STUART'S NOSE.

Stuart always maintained that a likeness depended more on the *nose*, than any other feature, and in proof of his theory, he would put his thumb under his own large and flexible proboscis, and turning it

up, exclaim, "who would know my portrait with such a nose as this?" Therefore he is said to have generally painted a likeness, before *putting in* the eyes. On one occasion, a pert young coxcomb, who was sitting for his portrait, stole a glance at the canvas and exclaimed, "why, it has no eyes!" Stuart coolly observed, "It is not nine days old yet," referring of course to the time when a *puppy* first opens its eyes.

STUART'S SITTERS.

A portrait was once returned to Stuart with the grievous complaint, that the muslin of the cravat was too coarsely executed. Stuart indignantly observed to a friend, "I am determined to glue a piece of muslin of the finest texture on the part that offends their *exquisite* judgment, and send it back again." A lady once sat to him dressed in the extreme of fashion, loaded with jewelry and gewgaws, besides an abundance of hair powder and rouge. Stuart, being *hard up* for cash, consented to "raise a monument to her folly." After the picture was completed, he observed to a friend, "There is what I have all my life been endeavoring to avoid,—vanity and bad taste."

A gentleman of note employed Stuart to paint his own portrait and that of his wife, who, when he married her, was a very rich widow, but a very ordinary looking person. The husband was handsome, and of a noble figure, and the painter *hit him*

off, to admiration. Not so with the lady; he flattered her as much as he could without destroying the likeness, but the husband was not satisfied, expressed his dissatisfaction in polite terms, and requested him to try again. He did so, without any better success. The husband now began to fret, when the painter losing his patience, jumped up, laid down his palette, took a huge pinch of snuff, and stalking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, "What a d——d business is this of a portrait painter —zounds, you bring a *potato* and expect him to paint you a peach."

STUART'S MARK.

Stuart, it is said, never signed but one picture in his life, and that was his own portrait, before mentioned, on which he wrote *Gilbert Charles Stuart.* Dr. Waterhouse says, "his parents named him after his father, and Charles the Pretender, but Stuart soon dropt the Charles, as he was a staunch republican. When asked why he did not sign his pictures, he replied, "I mark them all over."

STUART AND HIS DOG.

In the early part of Stuart's career as a portrait painter in London, he had for his attendant a wild boy, the son of a poor widow, who spent half his time in frolicking with a fine Newfoundland dog belonging to his master. The boy and dog were inseparable companions, and when Tom went on an

errand, Towzer must accompany him. Tom was a terrible truant, and played so many tricks upon Stuart, that he again and again threatened to discharge him. One day, out of all patience at his long absence, he posted off to his mother, in a rage, to dismiss him. The old woman, perceiving a tempest, *began first*, and told a pitiful story, how his dog had upset her mutton pie, broke the dish, greased the floor, and devoured the meat. "I am glad of it; you encourage the rascal to come here, and here I will send him." An idea struck Stuart, and he consented to keep Tom, on condition that she kept his visit a profound secret. When the boy returned, he found his master at his easel, and being roundly lectured, he told a story that had no relation to his mother, Towzer, or the pie. "Very well," said the painter, "bring in dinner, I shall know all about it by-and-by." Stuart sat down to his dinner, and Towzer took his accustomed place by his side, while Tom stood in attendance. "Well, Towzer, your mouth don't water for your share; where have you been?" and he put his ear to the dog's mouth, "I thought so, with Tom's mother, ha!" "Bow-wow." "And you have had your dinner?" "Bow." "I thought so; what have you been eating? Put your mouth nearer, sir. Mutton-pie; very pretty. So you and Tom have eaten Mrs. Jenkins' mutton-pie, have you?" "Bow-wow." "He lies, sir," exclaimed Tom, in amazement, "I didn't touch it; he broke mother's dish,

and eat all the mutton!" From that time, Tom concluded that the devil must be in the dog or the painter, and that he had no chance for successful lying.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

This famous temple, according to Vitruvius, was designed and commenced by Ctesiphon, a Cretan architect of great eminence. It was two hundred years in building, and was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. The gods having designated the spot, according to tradition, every nation of Asia Minor contributed to its completion, with the most fervent zeal. It was ornamented with one hundred and twenty-seven columns of Parian marble, of the Ionic order, sixty feet high, thirty-seven of which were the gifts of as many kings, and were exquisitely wrought. This great temple was finished by Demetrius and Paonius of Ephesus. It was afterwards burned by Erostratus, in order to immortalize his name. It was subsequently rebuilt, but was finally destroyed totally by the barbarians, in the third or fourth century.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

The most famous work of Ctesilas was the Dying Gladiator, which has received the highest commendations from both ancient and modern writers. It was long preserved at Rome, in the Chigi palace, but was taken to Paris with the Laocoon and other

antiques in 1796. These works were restored by the allies, in 1815. Ctesilas flourished about B. C. 432, was a cotemporary of Phidias, and with him and others competed for the prize offered for six statues for the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the first was awarded to Polycletus, the second to Phidias, and the third to Ctesilas. He also distinguished himself by a number of other works, among which were a statue of Pericles, and a Wounded Amazon.

FABIUS MAXIMUS.

It was not until the second Punic war that the Romans acquired a taste for the arts and elegancies of life; for though in the first war with Carthage, they had conquered Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece), and were masters of several cities in the eastern part of Italy, (which were inhabited by Grecian colonies, and adorned with pictures and statues in which the Greeks excelled all the world,) they had hitherto looked on them with so careless an eye, that they were not touched with their beauty. This insensibility long remained, either from the grossness of their minds, or from superstition, or (what is more likely) from a political dread that their martial spirit and natural roughness might be destroyed by Grecian art and elegance. When Fabius Maximus, in the second Punic war, captured Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and adorned with pictures and statues, particularly with some fine colossal figures of the gods

fighting against the rebel giants: Fabius ordered, that the money and plate should be sent to Rome, but that the statues and pictures should be left behind. The Secretary, struck with the size and noble air of the statues, asked whether they too were to be left with the rest? "Yes," replied he, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

LOVE OF THE ARTS AMONG THE ROMANS.

We may judge to what extent the love of the arts prevailed in Rome, by a speech of Cato the Censor, in the Senate, about seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. In vain did Cato exclaim against the pernicious taste, and its demoralizing effects; the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have striven who should bring away the most statues and pictures to adorn their triumphs and the city of Rome. Flaminius from Greece, and more particularly Æmilius from Macedonia, brought a very great number of vases and statues. Not many years after, Scipio Africanus destroyed Carthage, and transferred to Rome the chief ornaments of that city. The same year, Mummius sacked Corinth, one of the principal repositories of the finest works of art. Having but little taste himself, he took the surest method not to be mistaken, for he carried off all that came in his way, and in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with with pictures and statues. Sylla,

besides many others, made vast additions to them afterwards, by the taking of Athens, and by his conquests in Asia.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI AND THE CELESTIAL VENUS.

The Venus de Medici is placed in the tribune of the Florentine gallery, between two other Venuses, the Celestial and the Victorious. "If you observe them well," says Spence, "you will find as much difference between her air, and that of the celestial Venus, as there is between Titian's wife as a Venus, and as a Madonna, in the same room."

THE EFFECT OF PAINTING ON THE MIND.

The effects of the pencil are sometimes wonderful. It is said that Alexander trembled and grew pale on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends. It doubtless brought to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus.

Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, a few hours after, a picture of the Parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears. Full as seemed her cup of sorrow, the painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impressed more strongly her own.

An Athenian courtezan, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye

on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had before been of debauchery.

PAUSIAS.

Pausias, an eminent Greek painter, was a native of Sicyon, and flourished about B. C. 450. His most famous picture was one representing the Sacrifice of an Ox, which, according to Pliny, decorated the Hall of Pompey in his time. Pausanias mentions two of his paintings at Epidaurus—the one a Cupid with a lyre in his hand; and the other a figure of Methe, or Drunkenness, drinking out of a glass vessel, through which his face is seen. These pictures were held in the highest estimation by the Sicyonians, but they were compelled to give them up to M. Scaurus, who took them to Rome.

THE GARLAND TWINER.

Pausias fell in love with a beautiful damsel, a native of his own city, called Glycera, who gained a livelihood by making garlands of flowers, and wreaths of roses. Her skill in this art induced Pausias, in a loving rivalry, to attempt to compete with her, and he ultimately became an inimitable flower painter. A portrait of Glycera with a gar-

land of flowers, called Stephanopolis, or the Garland Twiner, was reckoned his masterpiece. So great was the fame of it, that Lucius Lucullus gave for a copy, at Athens, two talents, or about two thousand dollars.

PROTOGENES, THE GREAT RHODIAN PAINTER.

The most famous of his works was the picture of Ialysus and his Dog, which occupied him seven years. The dog, represented as panting and foaming at the mouth, was greatly admired; and it is related that Protogenes was for a long time unable to represent the foam in the manner he wished, till at length he threw his sponge in a fury at the mouth, and produced the very effect he desired! The fame of this painting was so great, that, according to Pliny, Demetrius Poliorcetes, when besieging Rhodes, did not assault that part of the city where Protogenes lived, lest he should destroy the picture. His studio was situated without the walls, where, to the astonishment of the besiegers, he continued to paint with perfect tranquillity. This coming to the ears of Demetrius, he ordered the artist to be brought to his tent, and demanded how he could persist in the quiet exercise of his profession, when surrounded by enemies? Protogenes replied that he did not consider himself in any danger, convinced that a great prince like Demetrius did not make war against the Arts, but against the Rhodians.

PARRHASIUS.

This great painter was a native of Ephesus; but became a citizen of Athens, where he flourished about B. C. 390. He raised the art to a much higher degree of perfection than it had before attained. Comparing his three great predecessors with each other, he rejected their errors, and adopted their excellencies. The classic invention of Polygnotus, the magic tones of Apollodorus, and the exquisite design of Zeuxis, are said to have been united in the works of Parrhasius. He reduced to theory the practice of former artists, and all cotemporary and subsequent painters adopted his standard of heroic and divine proportions; hence he was called the *Legislator of painting*.

THE DEMOS AND OTHER WORKS OF PARRHASIUS

One of the most celebrated works of Parrhasius was his Demos, or an allegorical picture of the Athenians. Pliny says that "it represented and expressed equally all the good as well as the bad qualities of the Athenians at the same time; one might trace the changeable, the irritable, the kind, the unjust, the forgiving, the vain-glorious, the proud, the humble, the fierce, the timid." There has been considerable dispute among critics whether this picture was a composition of one or several figures. Supposing it to have been a single figure, Pliny's description is absurd and ridiculous, for it is impossible to represent all the passions in a single figure.

It does not seem, however, that Parrhasius usually introduced many figures into his compositions. Pliny mentions as among his principal works, a Theseus; a Telephus; an Achilles; an Agamemnon; an Æneas; two famous pictures of Hoplites, or heavily armed warriors, one in action, the other in repose; a Naval Commander in his armor; Ulysses feigning insanity; Castor and Pollux; Bacchus and Virtue; a Cretan nurse with an Infant in her arms; and many others, apparently composed of one, two, or at most three figures.

Parrhasius was equally celebrated for his small, or cabinet pictures of libidinous subjects; hence he was called the *Pornograph*. His famous picture of Archigallus, the priest of Cybele, mentioned by Pliny, is supposed to have been of this description. Also the Meleager and Atalanta mentioned by Suetonius. This picture was bequeathed to Tiberius, on the condition that if he were offended with the subject, he should receive in its stead one million sesterces (about forty thousand dollars). The Emperor not only preferred the picture, but had it hung up in his own chamber, where the Archigallus, valued at six hundred thousand sesterces, was also preserved.

PARRHASIUS AND THE OLYNTHIAN CAPTIVE.

Seneca relates that Parrhasius, when about to paint a picture of Prometheus Chained, crucified an

old Olynthian captive, to serve as a model, that he might be able to portray correctly the agonies of Prometheus while the Vulture preyed upon his vitals. This story is doubtless a fiction, as it is found nowhere but in the Controversies. Olynthus was taken by Philip of Macedon, B. C. 347, about forty years subsequent to the latest accounts of Parrhasius.

THE VANITY OF PARRHASIUS.

This great artist was well aware of his powers, but the applause which he received, added to a naturally vain and conceited disposition, so completely carried him away, that Pliny terms him "the most insolent and the most arrogant of artists." He assumed the title of *The Elegant*, styled himself the *Prince of Painters*, wrote an epigram upon himself, in which he proclaimed his birth, and declared that he had carried the art to perfection. He clothed himself in purple, and wore a wreath of gold on his head; and when he appeared on public occasions, particularly at the Olympic games, he changed his robes several times a day! He went so far as to pretend that he was descended from Appollo, one of whose surnames was *Parrhasius*, and even to dedicate his own portrait as Mercury in a temple, and thus received the adoration of the multitude.

THE INVENTION OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

About B. C. 550, there died at Corinth a marriageable virgin; and her nurse, according to the

custom of the times, placed on her tomb a basket containing those viands most agreeable to her when alive, covering them with a tile, for better preservation. This basket was unintentionally placed over the root of an acanthus, the spring leaves and stems of which growing up, covered it in so elegant a manner as to attract the notice of Callimachus, who struck with the idea and novelty of the figure, modelled from it the Corinthian capital, thus giving a remarkable proof of the intimate connection between Art, and Nature—the source of all true art—and producing that exquisitely graceful design which for twenty-four centuries has charmed the civilized world.

THE INVENTION OF SCULPTURE.

Pliny relates a pleasing and highly poetic anecdote of the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, on the eve of a long separation. After a repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, the youth fell fast asleep. The fair nymph, whose imagination was on the alert, observing that her admirer's profile was strongly reflected on the wall by the light of a lamp, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline, that she might have the image of her lover before her during his absence. Her father, when he chanced to see the sketch,

struck with its correctness, determined to preserve it, if possible, as a memento of such a remarkable circumstance. With this view he formed a kind of clay model from it, and baked it; which, being the first essay of the kind, was preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles, one of the most eminent Grecian sculptors, was cotemporary with Euphranor, and flourished, according to Pliny, in the one hundred and fourth Olympiad, or B. C. 360. The place of his birth is not mentioned. He lived in the period immediately subsequent to the age of Phidias, but his genius took a different course from that style of elevation and sublimity which distinguishes the Æschylus of Sculpture. Praxiteles was the founder of a new school. His style was eminently distinguished for softness, delicacy, and high finish; and he was fond of representing whatsoever in nature appeared gentle, tender, and lovely. Consequently his favorite subjects were the soft and delicate forms of females and children, rather than the hard ones of athletes, warriors, and heroes.

PRAXITELES AND PHIDIAS COMPARED.

The peculiar abilities of Praxiteles were admirably displayed in the Venus of Cnidus, which, with

the exception of the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias, has received higher and more unqualified elogiums from ancient writers, than any other work of Grecian art. These too great artists may therefore be considered as standing at the head of their respectiv schools; Praxiteles, of the delicate and beautiful—Phidias, of the grand and sublime.

THE WORKS OF PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles was eminent for his works, both in bronze and marble, but he seems to have had the highest reputation for his skill in the latter. Among those in bronze, Pliny and Pausanias mention a statue of Bacchus; and one of a Satyr so excellent, that it was called *Periboetos*, or the Celebrated. He also made a statue of Venus; a statue of a Matron weeping; and one of a Courtesan laughing, believed to be a portrait of the celebrated Thespian courtesan, Phryne. His Apollo Sauroctonos (or the Lizard Killer), was the finest of his works in bronze, and was greatly distinguished for purity of style, and graceful beauty of form. In the Vatican, there is a well-authenticated marble copy of this work, which is justly considered one of the greatest treasures of that storehouse of art. Among the works in marble by Praxiteles, the famous Venus of Cnidus takes the preëminence.

THE VENUS OF CNIDUS.

Praxiteles executed two statues of Venus—the one draped, and the other naked. The people of

Coös chose the former, as the most delicate; but the Cnidians immediately purchased the latter. This work is mentioned by Lucian as the masterpiece of Praxiteles; and it is also the subject of numerous epigrams in the Greek Anthology. Its fame was so great that travelers visited Cnidus on purpose to see it. The original work was destroyed at Constantinople, in the fifth century, in the dreadful fire which consumed so many of the admirable monuments of art, collected in that city.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

Pausanias relates that the beautiful Phryne, whose influence over Praxiteles seems to have been considerable, was anxious to possess a work from his chisel, and when desired to choose for herself, not knowing which of his exquisite works to select, she devised the following expedient. She commanded a servant to hasten to him, and tell him that his work-shop was in flames, and that with few exceptions, his works had already perished. Praxiteles, not doubting the truth of the announcement, rushed out in the greatest anxiety and alarm, exclaiming, "all is lost, if my *Satyr and Cupid* are not saved!" The object of Phryne being accomplished, she confessed her stratagem, and chose the Cupid.

Pliny mentions two figures of Cupids as among the finest works of Praxiteles, one of which he ranks on an equality with the Venus of Cnidus. It was made of Parian marble. There is an exquisite an-

tique Cupid in the Vatican, supposed to be a copy of the Cupid of Phryne.

THE KING OF BITHYNIA AND THE VENUS OF CNIDUS.

According to Lucian, Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, was so captivated with the Venus of Cnidus, that he offered to pay a debt of the city, amounting to one hundred talents, (about one hundred thousand dollars) on condition of their giving up to him this celebrated statue; but the citizens, to their honor, refused to part with it on any terms, regarding it as the principal glory of their state.

PHIDIAS.

Phidias, the most renowned sculptor of antiquity, was born about B. C. 490. Quintillian calls him "the Sculptor of the Gods," and others, "the Æschylus of Sculpture," from the character of grandeur and sublimity in his works. The times in which he lived were peculiarly favorable to the development of his genius. He was employed upon great public works during the administration of Cimon, and subsequently, when Pericles attained the height of his power, Phidias seems to have been consulted in regard to the conduct of all the works in sculpture, as well as architecture. Plutarch says, "It was Phidias who had the direction of these works, although great architects and skillful sculptors were employed in erecting them." Among the most remarkable objects upon which his talents were

exercised, the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, claims preëminence. It was built by Callicrates and Ictinus, under the superintendence of Phidias. Within the temple, Phidias executed his celebrated statue, in gold and ivory, of Minerva, represented standing erect, holding in one hand a spear, and in the other a statue of Victory. The helmet was highly decorated, and surmounted by a sphinx; the naked parts were of ivory; the eyes of precious stones; and the drapery throughout was of gold. It is said there were forty talents weight of this metal used in the statue. The people, being desirous of having all the glory of the work, prohibited Phidias from inscribing his name upon it; but he contrived to introduce his own portrait as an old bald-headed man throwing a stone, in the representation of the combat between the Athenians and Amazons, which decorated the shield. A likeness of Pericles was also introduced in the same composition. The exterior of the Parthenon was enriched with admirable sculptures, many of which were from the hand of Phidias, and all of them executed under his direction. A portion of these, termed the Elgin marbles, from their having been taken to England by the Earl of Elgin, are now in the British Museum. They have been highly commended by most excellent judges; and the eminent sculptor Canova, after visiting London declared that "he should have been well repaid for his journey

to England had he seen nothing but the Elgin marbles."

PHIDIAS AND ALCAMENES.

The comprehensive character of the genius of this preëminent sculptor, is well attested by his contest with Alcamenes. It was designed to place a statue of Minerva on a column of great height in the city of Athens; and both these artists were employed to produce images for the purpose, which were to be chosen by the citizens. When the statues were completd, the universal preference was given to the work of Alcamenes, which appeared elegantly finished, while that of Phidias appeared rude and sketchy, with coarse and ill-proportioned features. However, at the request of Phidias, the statues were successively exhibited on the elevation for which they were intended, when all the minute beauties of his rival's work completely disappeared, together with the seeming defects of his own; and the latter, though previously despised, seemed perfect in its proportions, and was surveyed with wonder and delight.

INGRATITUDE OF THE ATHENIANS.

The enemies of Pericles, with the view of implicating that statesman, accused Phidias of having misapplied part of the gold entrusted to him for the statue of Minerva, and desired that he should be brought to trial. The sculptor, however, by the

prudent advice of Pericles, had executed the work in such a manner that the gold might easily be removed, and it was ordered by Pericles to be carefully weighed before the people. As might have been expected, this test was not required, and the malicious accusation was withdrawn. They then declared the sculptor guilty of sacrilege in placing his own portrait upon the shield of Minerva; and some writers state that he was thrown into prison; others, that he was banished.

THE JUPITER OF PHIDIAS.

Phidias fled from Athens to Elis, where he was employed to execute a costly statue of the Olympian Jupiter, for the temple in Altis. This statue was the most renowned of all the works of Phidias. It was of prodigious colossal dimensions, being sixty feet in height, though seated on a throne; the head was crowned with olive; the right hand held a small statue of Victory, in gold and ivory; the left hand grasped a golden sceptre of exquisite workmanship, surmounted by an eagle; the sandals and mantle were also of the same material, the latter sculptured with every description of flowers and animals; the pedestal was also of gold, ornamented with a number of deities in bas-relief. In the front of the throne was a representation of the Sphynx carrying off the Theban youths; beneath these, the Fate of Niobe and her Children: and, on the pedestal joining the feet, the Contest of Hercules with the Amazons, embra-

cing twenty-nine figures, among which was one intended to represent Theseus. On the hinder feet of the throne were four Victories, as treading in the dance. On the back of the throne, above the head of the god, were figures of the Hours and Graces; on the seat, Theseus warring with the Amazons, and Lions of gold. Its base, which was of gold, represented various groups of Divinities, among which were Jupiter and Juno, with the Graces leading on Mercury and Vesta; Cupid receiving Venus from the Sea; Apollo with Diana; Minerva with Hercules; and, below these, Neptune, and the Moon in her Chariot. On the base of the statue, was the inscription, *Phidias, the son of Charmidas, made me.* Quintillian observes that this unparalleled work even added new feelings to the religion of Greece. It was without a rival in ancient times, all writers speaking of it as a production that none would even dare to imitate. There is a tradition connected with this celebrated work. Phidias, after the completion of his work, is said to have prayed Jupiter to favor him with some intimation of his approbation, whereupon a flash of lightning darted into the temple, and struck the pavement before him. This was hailed as a proof of divine favor, and a brazen urn or vase was placed upon the spot, which Pausanias mentions as existing in his time.

PHIDIAS' MODEL FOR THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

Phidias, being asked how he could conceive that air of divinity which he had expressed in the face

of the Olympian Jupiter, replied that he had copied it from Homer's celebrated description of him. All the personal strokes in that description relate to the hair, the eye-brows, and the beard: and indeed to these it is that the best heads of Jupiter owe most of their dignity; for though we have now a mean opinion of beards, yet all over the east a full beard carries the idea of majesty along with it; and the Grecians had a share of this Oriental notion, as may be seen in their busts of Jupiter, and the heads of kings on Greek medals. But the Romans, though they esteemed beards even as far down as the sacking of Rome by the Goths, held them in contempt in their better ages, and spoke disrespectfully of their bearded forefathers. They were worn only by poor philosophers, and by those who were under disgrace or misfortune. For this reason Virgil, in copying Homer's striking description of Jupiter, has omitted all the picturesque strokes on the beard, hair, and eye-brows; for which Macrobius censures him, and Scaliger extols him. The matter might have been compounded between them, by allowing that Virgil's description was the most proper for the Romans, and Homer's the noblest among Greeks.

APOLLODORUS THE ATHENIAN.

Apollodorus, one of the most famous of the ancient Greek painters, was born at Athens B. C. 440. Pliny commences his history of Greek painting with

this artist, terming him "the first luminary of the art." He also says of him, "I may well and truly say that none before him brought the pencil into a glorious name and especial credit." The two most famous works of Apollodorus, were, a Priest in the act of Devotion, and Ajax Oileus Wrecked, both remarkable, not only in coloring and chiaro-scuro, but in invention and composition. These paintings were preserved at Pergamos in the time of Pliny, six hundred years after they were executed. Apollodorus was the first who attained the perfect imitation of the effects of light and shadow invariably seen in nature. If we may depend upon the criticisms of ancient writers, the works of this master were not inferior in this respect to those of the most distinguished moderns. His pictures riveted the eye, not merely from their general coloring, but also from a powerful and peculiar effect of light and shade, on which account he was called "the Shadower."

APOLLODORUS THE ARCHITECT.

This great architect, who flourished about A. D. 100, was born at Damascus. By his great genius he acquired the favor of the emperor Trajan, for whom he executed many works. He built the great Square of Trajan, to effect which, he leveled a hill, one hundred and forty-four feet high; in the centre he raised the famous column, of the same height as the hill that had been removed, which commem-

orated the victories of Trajan, and served as a monument to that victorious Emperor. Around the Square, he erected the most beautiful assemblage of buildings then known in the world, among which was the triumphal arch commemorative of Trajan's victories. The marble pavements of this Square are fifteen feet below the streets of modern Rome. Apollodorus also erected a college, a theatre appropriated to music, the Basilica Nepia, a celebrated library, the Baths of Trajan, aqueducts, and other important works at Rome. His most famous work was a stone bridge over the Danube, in Lower Hungary, near Zeverino. It was one mile and a half long, three hundred feet high, forty feet wide, and was built upon twenty piers and twenty-two arches. Its extremities were defended by two fortresses. Trajan had it constructed to facilitate the passage of his troops, but his successor dismantled it, fearing that the barbarians would use it *against the Romans.*

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

This column is one of the most celebrated monuments of antiquity. Its height, including the pedestal and statue, is one hundred and forty-four English feet. It was erected in the centre of the forum of Trajan, and was dedicated to that emperor by the senate and people of Rome in commemoration of his decisive victory over the Dacians. It is of the Doric order, and its shaft is constructed of thirty-four pieces of Greek marble, hollowed out in the

centre for the stairs, and joined together with cramps of bronze. For elegance of proportion, beauty of style, and for simplicity and dexterity of sculpture, it is accounted the finest column in the world. The sculptures on the pedestal are master-pieces of Roman art. The shaft is embellished with bassi-rilievi, representing the expedition of Trajan against the Dacians, which run spirally, twenty-three times around the column, and which gradually increase in size, so that those at the top appear to the spectator, to be of the same size as those at the bottom. A spiral stair-case, of one hundred and eighty-five steps, runs up the interior, and receives light from sixty-three openings in the shaft. A gold medal, struck in commemoration of the completion of the column, shows that it was formerly surmounted by a statue of Trajan, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a globe, in which were deposited the ashes of that prince. Pope Sixtus V. placed a statue of St. Peter, by the Cavaliere Fontana, in the place of that of Trajan, which had been destroyed some centuries before. A greater absurdity than placing the statue of a peaceful apostle over the sculptured representation of the Dacian war, can scarcely be conceived.

THE DEATH OF APOLLODORUS.

Apollodorus fell a victim to the envy of Adrian, the successor of Trajan, who himself dabbled in architecture, as well as the other arts. According to

Pliny, he ridiculed the proportions of the temple of Rome and Venus, which had been built from Adrian's designs, saying that "if the goddesses who were placed in it should be disposed to stand up, they would be in danger of breaking their heads against the roof, or if they should wish to go out, they could not," which so incensed the Emperor, that he banished the architect, and had him put to death. Another account says, that as Trajan was conversing about some of the buildings, Adrian, who was present, made some impertinent remarks, on which the architect said, "Go and paint pumpkins, for you know nothing about these matters," an affront which Adrian never forgot, and avenged by the death of the architect when he became Emperor. What a return to the architect of Trajan's Column!

HOGARTH.

The talents of this eccentric genius were preëminent in burlesque and satire. He therefore chiefly devoted himself to delineate the calamities and crimes of private life, and the vices and follies of the age. He portrayed vice as leading to disgrace and misery, while he represented virtue as conducting to happiness and honor. His series of the "Harlot's Progress," the "Rake's Progress," "Marriage a la Mode," gained him great reputation: and the prints which he engraved and published from them, although rude specimens of the art, met with an enormous sale, greatly to his own emolument. Lord

Orford characterizes him as a painter of comedy. "If catching the manners and follies of the age, 'living as they rise;' if general satire on vices and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by just and proper expressions of the persons, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedy as much as Moliere." Others have better characterized him as a great moral preacher. Alderman Boydell was accustomed to say that every merchant, shopkeeper, mechanic, and others who had youth in their employment, ought to have some of Hogarth's prints framed and hung up for their admonition.

HOGARTH'S APPRENTICESHIP.

Hogarth was apprenticed, at an early age, to an engraver of arms on plate. While thus engaged, his inclination for painting was manifested in a remarkable manner. Going out one day with some companions on an excursion to Highgate, the weather being very hot, they entered a public house, where before long a quarrel occurred. One of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart pot, which cut him severely; and the blood running down the man's face, gave him a singular appearance, which, with the contortions of his countenance, presented Hogarth with a laughable subject. Taking out his pencil, he sketched the scene in such a truthful and ludicrous manner, that order and good feeling were at once restored.

HOGARTH'S REVENGE.

Hogarth in his early career, was once greatly distressed to raise the paltry sum of twenty shillings, to satisfy his landlady, who endeavored to enforce payment. To be revenged on her, he painted her an ugly and malicious hag, her features so truthfully drawn, that every person who had seen her at once recognized the individual. Woe betided the man who incurred his ire; he crucified him without mercy. In his controversy with Wilkes, he caricatured him in his print of "The Times;" and Churchill, the poet, he represented as a canonical bear, with a ragged staff, and a pot of porter.

HOGARTH'S METHOD OF SKETCHING.

It was Hogarth's custom to sketch on the spot any remarkable face that struck him. A gentleman being once with him at the Bedford Coffee House, observing him to draw something on his thumb nail, inquired what he was doing, when he was shown the likeness of a comical looking person sitting in the company.

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE.

Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who was dissatisfied with the match. Soon after this period, he began his Harlot's Progress, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to place some of the prints in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly, early one morning, Mrs. Hogarth con-

veyed several of them into the dining room, when Sir James inquired whence they came? Being told, he said, "Very well, very well; the man who can produce representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple.

The "Harlot's Progress" was the first work which rendered the genius of Hogarth conspicuously known. About twelve hundred names were entered in his subscription book. It was dramatized, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise embellished with miniature representations of all the six plates.

SUCCESSFUL EXPEDIENT OF HOGARTH.

A nobleman, not remarkable for personal beauty, once sat to Hogarth for his portrait, which the artist executed in his happiest manner, but with rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this exact counterpart of his dear self, did not feel disposed to pay for the picture. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful attempts had been made to obtain payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding he does not mean to have the picture drawn for him, Lord —— is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessity for money. If, there-

fore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr. Pau, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his Lordship's refusal." This intimation had the desired effect; the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames.

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.

Hogarth was once applied to, by a certain nobleman, to paint on his staircase a representation of the Destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became disgusted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, out of all patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was ready. The nobleman, surprised at such expedition, immediately called to examine it, and found the space painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said the painter.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

HOGARTH'S COURTESY.

Hogarth treated those who sat for their portraits with a courtesy which is not always practiced, even now, in England. "When I sat to Hogarth," says Mr. Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity; but the man politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This was so uncommon and so liberal in a man of Hogarth's profession, at that time, that it much struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before." Nor is it likely that such a thing would happen again: Sir Joshua Reynolds gave his servant six pounds annually as wages, and offered him one hundred pounds a year for the door.

HOGARTH'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

Hogarth was one of the most absent minded of men. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor. When he went, the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion house by a different door from the one which he had entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not being able to procure one, he braved the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester Fields, without bestowing a thought on his carriage, till his wife

astonished to see him so wet, asked him where he had left it.

HOGARTH'S MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

Hogarth disposed of this celebrated picture by lottery. There were eighteen hundred and forty-three chances subscribed for; he gave the remaining one hundred and sixty-seven tickets to the Foundling Hospital, and the same night delivered the picture to the governors.

HOGARTH'S UNFORTUNATE DEDICATION OF A PICTURE.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the March to Finchley to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued, on this occasion, between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting:

"Pray, who is this Hogarth?"

"A painter, my liege."

"I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one nor the other ever did any good."

"The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque."

"What! burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight."

HOGARTH'S METHOD OF SELLING HIS PICTURES.

Hogarth supported himself by the sale of his prints: the prices of his pictures kept pace neither

with his fame nor with his expectations. He knew, however, the passion of his countrymen for novelty—how they love to encourage whatever is strange and mysterious; and hoping to profit by these feelings, the artist determined to sell his principal paintings by an auction of a very singular nature.

On the 25th of January, 1745, he offered for sale the six paintings of the Harlot's Progress, the eight paintings of the Rake's Progress, The Four Times of the Day, and the Strolling Actresses, on the following conditions:

"1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be entered his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for what picture.

2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it has struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock has struck the next five minutes after twelve; and so on in succession, till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

3. That none advance anything short of gold at each bidding.

4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered on the book. As Mr. Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favor that no person, except those whose names are entered on the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale."

This plan was new, startling, and unproductive. It was probably planned to prevent biddings by proxy, and so secure to the artist the price which men of wealth and rank might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius. "A method so novel," observes Ireland, "probably disgusted the town; they might not exactly understand the tedious formula of entering their names and places of abode in a book open to indiscriminate inspection; they might wish to humble an artist, who, by his proposals, seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works; or the rage for paintings might be confined to the admirers of the old masters." Be that as it may, he received only four hundred and twenty-seven pounds seven shillings for his nineteen pictures—a price by no means equal to their merit.

The prints of the Harlot's Progress had sold much better than those of the Rake's; yet the paintings of the former produced only fourteen guineas each, while those of the latter were sold for twenty-two. That admirable picture, Morning, brought twenty guineas; and Night, in every respect inferior to almost any of his works, six and twenty. Such was the reward, then, to which these patrons of genius thought his works entitled. More has since been given, over and over again, for a single painting, than Hogarth obtained for all his paintings put together.

HOGARTH'S LAST WORK.

A short time before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *Tail Piece*. The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the *end of all things*." "If this is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, or there will be an end to the painter." "The fact will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *ex-*

cunt omnes stamped in the corner; an empty purse and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance; "nothing remains but this;" taking his pencil, and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. "Finis!" he then exclaimed, "the deed is done; all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died in about a month after he had finished this *Tail Piece.*

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID.

This great painter was born at Paris in 1750. His countrymen have conferred upon him the distinguished title of *The Head and Restorer of the French School*, which he brought back from its previous gaudy and affected style, to the study of nature and the antique. His reputation was established as the first painter in France when the French Revolution broke out, and filled with an ardent love of liberty, he lent all his powers in overturning the government, and establishing the Republic. For this purpose, in 1789, he executed his Brutus condemning his sons to death. He also executed the designs for the numerous republican monuments and festivals of the time. He was a chosen a deputy to the National Convention, and voted for the king's death. During the Reign of Terror, he was one of the most zealous Jacobins, wholly devoted to

Robespierre; and on the fall of that monster, he was thrown into prison, and his great reputation as a painter alone saved him from the guillotine. At length, disgusted with the excesses and revolting scenes transpiring on all sides, and seeing no hopes of the Republic being established on a permanent basis, he retired to private life, and devoted himself exclusively to his pencil. When Napoleon came into power, perceiving the advantage of employing such a painter as David to immortalize his glorious victories on canvas, he appointed him his chief painter, showed him every mark of his favor, and endeavored to engage him to paint the successes of the French armies. But these subjects were not congenial to his taste, which ran to the antique. "I wish," said he, "that my works may have so completely an antique character, that if it were possible for an Athenian to return to life, they might appear to him to be the productions of a Greek painter." He however painted several portraits of the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family, and other subjects, the chief of which were, Napoleon as First Consul crossing the Alps, and pointing out to his troops the path to glory, and the Coronation of Napoleon.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, David was included in the decree which banished all the regicides forever from France, when he retired to Brussels, where he continued to practice his profession till his death in 1825.

DAVID'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON

The largest picture ever known to have been executed, prior to this production, is the celebrated Marriage at Cana by Paul Veronese, now at the Louvre; being thirty-three feet long, and eighteen high; whereas the present composition, containing two hundred and ten personages, eighty of whom are whole lengths, is thirty-three feet long and twenty-one high. This performance occupied four years in its completion, during which many impediments were thrown in the way of the artist's labor, by the clergy on the one hand, and the orders of the Emperor on the other. Cardinal Caprara, for instance, who is represented bareheaded, producing one of the finest heads in the picture, was very desirous of being painted with the decoration of his wig; Napoleon had also ordered the Turkish ambassador to be exhibited in company with the other envoys; but he objected, because the law of the Koran forbids to Mahometans the entrance into a Christian church. His consent, however, was at length obtained, and these scruples removed, under the consideration that, in the character of an ambassador, he belonged to no religious sect.

During the execution of this colossal picture, M. David was incessantly interrupted by applications from artists to witness the progress of his work; amongst whom was Camucini, prince of the Roman school, and the late famous statuary Canova, who daily presented themselves at the artist's painting

gallery. At the last visit made by Camucini, he found David surrounded by many of his pupils, and on taking leave of the painter, he bowed to him in the most respectful manner, using the following expressive words on the occasion :

"Adio il piu bravo pittore di scholari ben bravi."

On Canova's return to Italy, in order to fulfil what he conceived to be a duty in regard to this artist, he proposed to the Academy of Saint Luke, that he should be received as an honorary member ; when the academicians set aside their usual forms, and in honor of M. David, unanimously elected him one of their body, Canova being chosen to announce this pleasing intelligence to their new associate.

The picture was completed in 1807, and prior to its public exposition Napoleon appointed a day to inspect it in person, which was the fourth of January, 1808 ; upon which occasion, in order to confer a greater honor upon the artist, he went in state, attended by a detachment of horse and a military band, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, the princes and princesses of his family, and followed by his ministers and the great officers of the crown.

Several criticisms had been previously passed upon the composition, which had gained the Emperor's ear, and in particular, that it was not the coronation of Napoleon, but of his consort ; the moment selected by the painter, however, was highly approved by his master, who, after an attentive ex-

amination of the work, expressed himself in these words:

"M. David, this is well; very well, indeed; you have conceived my whole idea; the Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all, are most appropriately placed, you have made me a French knight, and I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages, the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying towards the Empress." After a silence of some seconds, Napoleon's hat being on, and Josephine standing at his right hand, with M. David on his left, the emperor advanced two steps, and turning to the painter, uncovered himself, making a profound obeisance while uttering these words in an elevated tone of voice, "*Monsieur David, I salute you!*"

"Sire," replied the painter, "I receive the compliment of the Emperor, in the name of all the artists of the empire, happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor."

In the month of October, 1808, when this performance was removed to the Museum, the Emperor wished to inspect it a second time. M. David in consequence attended in the hall of the Louvre, surrounded by his pupils, upon which occasion at the Emperor's desire, he pointed out the most conspicuous *élves*, who received the decorations of the Legion of Honor: "It is requisite," said Napoleon, that I should testify my satisfaction to the master of so many distinguished artists; therefore, I promote

you to be an officer of the Legion of Honor: M. Duroc, give a golden decoration to M. David!" "Sire, I have none with me," answered the grand marshal. "No matter," replied the Emperor, "do not let this day transpire without executing my order." Duroc, although no friend to the painter, was obliged to obey, and on the same evening the insignia were forwarded to M. David.

The King of Wurtemberg, at the suggestion of the Emperor, also waited upon the artist to inspect his labor. On contemplating the performance, and in particular, the luminous brightness spread over the group in which are the Pope and Cardinal Caprara, his majesty thus expressed himself: "I did not believe that your art would affect such wonders; white and black in painting afford but very weak resources. When you produced this you had, nodoubt, a sunbeam upon your pencil."

This compliment, which displayed great knowledge of the art, surprised the painter, who, after offering his thanks, added: "Sire, your conception, and the mode in which you express it, bespeak either the practical artist or the well informed amateur. Your majesty has doubtless learned to paint."—"Yes," said the king, "I sometimes occupy myself with the art, and all my brothers possess a similar taste; that one in particular, who frequently visits you, has acquired some celebrity; for his performances are not like the generality of royal paintings, they are worthy of the artist. M. David," added

the monarch, "I dare not hope to obtain a copy of this picture; but you may indemnify me by placing my name at the head of the subscribers to the engraving; pray do not forget me."

The personages represented in this picture are as follow: the Emperor; the Empress Josephine; the Pope; Cambaceres, Duke of Parma, arch-chancellor; the Duke of Plaisance, arch-treasurer; Mareschal Berthier, Prince of Wagram; M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, grand chamberlain to the emperor; Prince Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of the kingdom of Lombardy; Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, grand écuyer; Mareschal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, and afterwards King of Sweden; Cardinal Pacca, councillor of the Pope; Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon; Cardinal Caprara, then the Pope's legate at the court of France; the Count D'Harville, senator and governor of the palace of the Tuileries; Esteve, grand treasurer of the crown; Mareschal Prince Murat, afterwards king of Naples; Mareschal Serrurier, governor of the royal Hotel of Invalids; Mareschal Moncey, Duke of Cornegliane, inspector-general of the gendarmerie; Mareschal Bessierre, Duke of Treviso, general of the imperial guard; Compte Segur, grand master of the Ceremonies; the beautiful and heroic Madame Lavalette, and the Countess of La Rochefoucault, ladies of honor to the empress; Cardinal du Belloy, archbishop of Paris; Maria Annunciade Carolina, wife of Murat; Maria

Paulina, wife of Prince Borghese, Duke of Guastalla; and Maria Anna Elisa, Duchess of Tuscany, and Princess of Lucca and Piombino;—the three sisters of Napoleon; Hortense Eugenia Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, and wife of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, together with her son Louis Napoleon; Maria Julia Clary, wife of Joseph Napoleon; Junot, Duke of Abrantes, colonel-general of hussars; Louis Napoleon, grand constable; Joseph Napoleon, grand electeur, King of Spain, afterwards a citizen of the United States; Mareschal Le Febvre, Duke of Dantzic; Mareschal Perignon, governor of Naples; Counts de Very, de Longis, D'Arjuzen, Nansouty, Forbin, Beausset, and Detemaud, all filling distinguished posts; Duroc, Duke of Frioul, grand mareschal of the palace; Counts de Jaucourt, Brigade, de Boudy, and de Laville; the Baron Beaumont; the Duke of Cossé Brissac; Madame, mother of the emperor; Count Beaumont; Countess Fontanges; Madame la Mareschal Soult; the Duke of Gravina, ambassador from Spain; Count Marescalchi, minister of the Kingdom of Lombardy; Count Cobenzel, Austrian ambassador; the Turkish envoy; Mr. Armstrong, ambassador from the United States; the Marquis of Luchesini, Prussian envoy; M. and Madame David; and the senator Vien, master of the artist; of whom the emperor said, when viewing the picture, "I perceive the likeness of the good M. Vien." Whereto the painter replied, "I was desirous to testify my gratitude to my master,

by placing him in a picture, which from its subject will be the most important of my labors." There were, besides the poet Lebrun; Gretry the musician; Monges, member of the Institute; Count D'Aubusson de la Feuillade; chamberlain, etc., etc.

The Bourbons, upon their restoration, unmindful of the arts, and actuated by a mean spirit of revenge, ordered this chef d'œuvre of David to be destroyed, which was accordingly done!! When Napoleon returned to Paris, the existing government, conceiving it important that the picture should be replaced, requested David to repaint his former picture, which he felt great repugnance to do, regarding it as not within the province of real genius to repaint former productions. He was, however, prevailed upon to acquiesce, and the government agreed to pay the same price that he had received for the original, 100,000 francs. Upon Napoleon's second abdication, the Emperor Alexander, aware of the history of the performance, made overtures to become possessed of it, after David had completed it at Brussels; but, though his offers were munificent, the painter refused to part with it, and left it to his son, who subsequently exhibited it in London.

DAVID AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

During David's exile at Brussels, the Duke of Wellington called on him, and said, "Monsieur

David, I have called to have my portrait taken by the illustrious painter of Leonidas at Thermopylæ." David, eyeing fiercely the man who had humbled his country, and dethroned her Emperor, replied, "Sir, I cannot paint the English."

DAVID AND THE CARDINAL CAPRARA.

David introduced the Cardinal Caprara, as the Pope's legate, in the picture of the Coronation of Napoleon, without his wig. The likeness was exact, and the Cardinal remonstrated with David on the omission, desiring him to supply it. The painter replied that he never had and never would paint a wig. The Cardinal then applied to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and represented that as no pope had hitherto worn a wig, it might seem as if he (Caprara) had purposely left his own off, to show his pretensions to the tiara. David, however, stood firm as a rock, even before Talleyrand, and said, "his Eminence may think himself lucky that nothing but his wig has been taken off."

DAVID AT BRUSSELS.

David, then advanced in years, severely felt his exile at Brussels. He lived very retired, saw little company, and seldom went abroad. It is related that Talma, during a professional engagement at Brussels, got up the tragedy of Leonidas, expressly to gratify his old friend, and invited him to the theatre to see the performance. David consented to go,

but told Talma he must pardon him if he should happen to *nod.* As soon as David was recognized in the theatre, the whole house rose *en masse*, and gave three hearty cheers for the illustrious exile, which so affected him that he burst into tears. When the performance commenced, so far from giving way to sleep, he became completely absorbed in the play, and when the curtain dropped, he exclaimed, "Heavens! how glorious it is to possess such a talent."

PIERRE MIGNARD.

There have been found occasionally some artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skillful connoisseurs.

An anecdote of Pierre Mignard is singular. This great artist painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with him, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as a secret, that he was to receive from Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and one of his master-pieces. The Chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price. Some time afterwards, he was informed that he had been imposed upon, for that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Although Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was

Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion. The Chevalier came to Mignard: "There are," said he, "some persons who assure me that my Magdalen is your work." "Mine!" replied Mignard; "they do me great honor. I am sure that Le Brun is not of that opinion." "Le Brun swears it can be none other than a Guido," said the Chevalier; "you shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs." On the day of meeting, the picture was more closely inspected than ever. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work by Guido; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived, and added that, if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner. "I am perfectly convinced that it is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun, with warmth; and all the critics unanimously agreed with him. Mignard then said, in a firm tone of voice, "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido." The dispute now became violent—Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such as could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, sir," replied the latter; "I am too honest to bet, when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you two thousand crowns; the money must be returned—the painting is by my hand." Le Brun would not believe it. "The proof," continued Mignard, "is easy; on this

canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a Cardinal; I will show you his cap."

The Chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to believe; the proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall mend it," said Mignard; and taking a pencil dipped in spirits, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, he soon discovered the cap of the Cardinal. The honor of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

This eminent painter was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, who intended him for the medical profession; but his natural taste and genius for painting, induced his father to send him to London to study painting under Hudson, when he was seventeen years of age. In 1749, he accompanied Captain, afterwards Lord Keppel to the Mediterranean, and passed about three years in Italy. On his return to England, he established himself in London, where he soon acquired a distinguished reputation, and rose to be esteemed the head of the English school of painting. At the formation of the Royal Academy in 1768, he was elected president, and received the honor of knighthood. In 1781 he visited Holland and the Netherlands to examine the productions of the Dutch and Flemish masters, by which he is said to have improved his coloring. In 1784, on the death of Ramsay, he was appointed

principal painter to the King. He died in 1792, and his remains were deposited in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren. He formed a splendid collection of works of art, which, after his death, brought at public sale about £17,000; and the whole of his property amounted to about £80,000, the bulk of which he left to his niece, who married Lord Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond. He never married; his sister Frances Reynolds conducted his domestic affairs. He was fond of the society of literary men, kept open house, and seldom dined without his table being graced by the presence of some of the chosen spirits of the land. He was simple and unostentatious in his habits and affable in his deportment; and while his table was abundantly supplied, there was an absence of all ceremony, and each guest was made to feel himself perfectly at home, which gave a delightful zest to his hospitality.

REYNOLDS' NEW STYLE.

Soon after Reynolds' return to England from Italy, in 1752, he commenced his professional career in St. Martin's Lane, London. He found such opposition as genius is commonly doomed to encounter, and does not always overcome. The boldness of his attempts, and the brilliancy of his coloring, were considered innovations upon the established and orthodox system of portrait manufacture, in the styles of Lely and Kneller. The old artists first raised their voices.

His old master Hudson called at his rooms to see his Turkish Boy, which had caused quite a sensation in the town. After contemplating the picture some minutes, he said with a national oath,—"Why, Reynolds, you do not paint as well as you did when you left England." Ellis, an eminent portrait maker, who had studied under Kneller, next lifted up his voice. "Ah, Reynolds," said he, "this will never answer, you do not paint in the least like Sir Godfrey." When the young artist vindicated himself with much ability, Ellis, finding himself unable to give any good reasons for the objections he had made, cried out in a rage, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting for me," and stalked out of the room. Reynolds' new style, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition he met with, took with the fashionable world, his fame spread far and wide, and he soon became the leading painter in London. In 1754, he removed from St. Martin's Lane, the Grub-street of artists, and took a handsome house on the north side of Great Newport-Street, which he furnished with elegance and taste. Northcote says his apartments were filled with ladies of quality and with men of rank, all alike desirous to have their persons preserved to posterity by one who touched no subject without adorning it. "The desire to perpetuate the form of self-complacency, crowded the sitting room of Reynolds with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers. From his pencil

they were sure to be gratified. The force and facility of his portraits, not only drew around him the opulence and beauty of the nation, but happily gained him the merited honor of perpetuating the features of all the eminent and distinguished men of learning then living.

REYNOLDS' PRICES.

"The price," says Cunningham, "which Reynolds at first received for a *head* was five guineas; the rate increased with his fame, and in the year 1755 his charge was twelve. Experience about this time dictated the following memorandum respecting his art. 'For painting the flesh:—black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow-ochre, ultramarine, and varnish. To lay the palette:—first lay, carmine and white in different degrees; second lay, orpiment and white ditto; third lay, blue-black and white ditto. The first sitting, for expedition, make a mixture as like the sitters' complexion as you can.' Some years afterwards, I find, by a casual notice from Johnson that Reynolds had raised his price for a head to twenty guineas.

"The year 1758 was perhaps the most lucrative of his professional career. The account of the economy of his studies, and the distribution of his time at this period, is curious and instructive. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio; these he submitted to his sitters; and what-

ever position they selected, he immediately proceeded to copy it on the canvas, and paint the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, who appeared in their turns; and he kept regular lists of those who sat, and of those who were waiting until a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood on his list, and often sent the work home before the colors were dry. Of lounging visitors he had a great abhorrence, and, as he reckoned up the fruits of his labors, 'Those idle people,' said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo, 'those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.' This calculation incidentally informs us, that it was Reynolds' practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours."

REYNOLDS' IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Reynold's commissions continued to increase, and to pour in so abundantly, that in addition to his pupils, he found it necessary to employ several subordinate artists, skillful in drapery and back-grounds, as assistants. He also raised his price to twenty-five guineas a head.

"In the year 1761," says Cunningham, "the accumulating thousands which Johnson speaks of, began to have a visible effect on Reynolds' establishment. He quitted Newport Street, purchased a fine house on the west side of Leicester Square, furnished it with

much taste, added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and an elegant dining-room; and finally taxed his invention and his purse in the production of a carriage, with wheels carved and gilt, and bearing on its pannels the Four Seasons of the year. Those who flocked to see his new gallery, were sometimes curious enough to desire a sight of this gay carriage, and the coachman, imitating the lackey who showed the gallery, earned a little money by opening the coach-house doors. His sister complained that it was too showy—'What!' said the painter, 'would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?'

"By what course of study he attained his skill in art, Reynolds has not condescended to tell us; but of many minor matters we are informed by one of his pupils, with all the scrupulosity of biography. His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on casters, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he held his palettes by a handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs, or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four; then dressed, and gave the evening to company.

"His table was now elegantly furnished, and

round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-colored coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honorable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honor which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment."

THE FOUNDING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"The Royal Academy," says Cunningham, "was planned and proposed in 1768, by Chambers, West, Cotes and Moser; the caution or timidity of Reynolds kept him for some time from assisting. A list of thirty members was made out; and West, a prudent and amiable man, called on Reynolds, and, in a conference of two hours' continuance, succeeded in persuading him to join them. He ordered his carriage, and, accompanied by West, entered the

room where his brother artists were assembled. They rose up to a man, and saluted him President.' He was affected by the compliment, but declined the honor till he had talked with Johnson and Burke; he went, consulted his friends, and having considered the consequences carefully, then consented. He expressed his belief at the same time, that their scheme was a mere delusion: the King, he said, would not patronize nor even acknowledge them, as his majesty was well known to be the friend of another body—"The Incorporated Society of Artists.'

The truth is, the Royal Academy was planned at the suggestion of the King himself. He had learned, through West, the cause of the indecent bickerings in the Society of Artists, and declared to him that he was ready to patronize any institution founded on principles calculated to advance the interests of art. West communicated the King's declaration to some of the dissenters, who drew up a plan which the king corrected with his own hand. See Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, article West.

REYNOLDS AND DR. JOHNSON.

In the year 1754, Reynolds accidentally made the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which ripened into a mutual and warm friendship, that continued through life. Of the fruit which he derived from this intercourse, Reynolds thus speaks, in one of his Discourses on Art:

"Whatever merit these Discourses may have, must be imputed in a great measure to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say, though it certainly would be to the credit of these Discourses if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them; but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the art of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to one art—with what success others must judge."

DR. JOHNSON'S FRIENDSHIP FOR REYNOLDS.

In 1764, Reynolds was attacked by a sudden and dangerous illness. He was cheered by the sympathy of many friends, and by the solicitude of Johnson, who thus wrote him from Northamptonshire:

"I did not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain which every man must feel to whom you are known as you are known to me. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you,

or my own interest as by preserving you; in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I can call a friend." He to whom Johnson could thus write, must have possessed many noble qualities; for no one could estimate human nature more truly than that illustrious man.

JOHNSON'S APOLOGY FOR PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Johnson showed his kindly feelings for Sir Joshua Reynolds, by writing the following apology for portrait painting. Had the same friendship induced him to compliment West, he doubtless would have written in a very different strain:

"Genius," said he, "is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of the subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead. Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though, like all other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more

laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, which however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it."

THE LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Club was founded by Dr. Johnson, in 1764, and among many men of eminence and talent, it numbered Reynolds. His modesty would not permit him to assume to himself the distinction which literature bestows, but his friends knew too well the value of his presence, to lose it by a fastidious observance of the title of the club. Poets, painters, and sculptors, are all brothers; and had Reynolds been less eminent in art, his sound sense, varied information, and pleasing manners would have made him an acceptable companion in the most intellectual society.

JOHNSON'S PORTRAIT.

In 1775, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his famous portrait of Dr. Johnson, in which he represented him as reading, and near-sighted. This latter circumstance was very displeasing to the "Giant of Literature," who reproved Reynolds, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But Reynolds on the contrary, considered it a natural peculiarity which gave additional value to the portrait. Johnson complained of the caricature to Mrs. Thrale, who to console him, said that he would not be known to posterity by his

defects only, and that Reynolds had painted for her his own portrait, with the ear-trumpet. He replied, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but he shall not paint me as *blinking Sam.*"

JOHNSON'S DEATH.

"Amidst the applause," says Cunningham, "which these works obtained for him, the President met with a loss which the world could not repair—Samuel Johnson died on the 13th of December, 1784, full of years and honors. A long, a warm, and a beneficial friendship had subsisted between them. The house and the purse of Reynolds were ever open to Johnson, and the word and the pen of Johnson were equally ready for Reynolds. It was pleasing to contemplate this affectionate brotherhood, and it was sorrowful to see it dissevered. 'I have three requests to make,' said Johnson, the day before his death, 'and I beg that you will attend to them, Sir Joshua. Forgive me thirty pounds, which I borrowed from you—read the Scriptures—and abstain from using your pencil on the Sabbath-day.' Reynolds promised, and—what is better—remembered his promise."

REYNOLDS AND GOLDSMITH.

We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Reynolds used to tell an anecdote of Goldsmith calculated to abate our notions about the ardor of composition.

Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him engaged in the double occupation of tuning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon its haunches. At one time he would glance at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

> "By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
> The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good humor, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the lines.

THE DESERTRD VILLAGE.

When Mr. Goldsmith published his Deserted Village, he dedicated it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the following kind and touching manner. "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men; he is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

GOLDSMITH'S "RETALIATION."

At a festive meeting, where Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Douglas, and Goldsmith, were conspicuous, the idea of composing a set of extempore epitaphs on one another was started. Garrick of-

fended Goldsmith so much by two very indifferent lines of waggery, that the latter avenged himself by composing the celebrated poem Retaliation, in which he exhibits the characters of his companions with great liveliness and talent. The lines have a melancholy interest, from being the last the author wrote. The character of Sir Joshua Reynolds is drawn with discrimination and judgment—a little flattered, resembling his own portraits in which the features are a little softened, and the expression a little elevated.

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

POPE A PAINTER.

Reynolds was a great admirer of Pope. A fan which the poet presented to Martha Blount, and on which he had painted with his own hand the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto "Aura Veni," was to be sold at auction. Reynolds sent a messenger to bid for it as far as thirty guineas, but it was knocked down for two pounds. "See," said the president to his pupils, who gathered around him, "the painting of Pope;—this must always be the case, when the work is taken up for idleness, and is laid aside when it ceases to amuse; it is like the

work of one who paints only for amusement. Those who are resolved to excel, must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it to be no play, but very hard labor."

REYNOLD'S FIRST ATTEMPTS IN ART.

This excellent painter, in his boyhood, showed his natural taste for painting, by copying the various prints that fell in his way. His father, a clergyman, thought this an idle passion, which ought not to be encouraged; he esteemed one of these youthful performances worthy of his endorsement, and he wrote underneath it, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." The drawing is still preserved in the family.

Dr. Johnson says that Sir Joshua Reynolds had his first fondness of the art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise on Painting.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Portraits in the time of Hudson, the master of Reynolds, were usually painted in one attitude—one hand in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. A gentleman whose portrait young Reynold's painted, desired to have his hat on his head. The picture was quickly despatched and sent home, when it was discovered that it had two hats, one on the head, and another under the arm!

PAYING THE PIPER.

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Reynolds to a dealer in old pictures and prints, as he was looking over his portfolio. The shrewd tradesman, observing from his manner that he had found a gem, quickly replied, "Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean." "No, sir; it is true I would have sold it for twenty pence this morning; but if you think it worth having, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua gave him his price. It was an exquisite drawing by Rubens.

REYNOLDS' MODESTY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, like many other distinguished artists, was never satisfied with his works, and endeavored to practise his maxim, that "an artist should endeavor to improve over his every performance." When an eminent French painter was one day praising the excellence of one of his pictures, he said, "*Ah! Monsieur, Je ne fais que des ebauches, des ebauches.*"—Alas! sir, I can only make sketches, sketches.

REYNOLDS' GENEROSITY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has been charged by his enemies with avarice; but there are many instances recorded which show that he possessed a noble and generous heart.

When Gainsborough charged him but sixty guineas for his celebrated picture of the Girl and Pigs, Reynolds, conscious that it was worth much more, gave him one hundred. Hearing that a worthy artist with a large family was in distress, and threatened with arrest, he paid him a visit, and learning that the extent of his debts was but forty pounds, he shook him warmly by the hand as he took his leave, and the artist was astonished to find in his fingers a bank-note of one hundred pounds. When Dayes, an artist of merit, showed him his drawings of a Royal pageant at St. Paul's, Reynolds complimented him, and said that he had bestowed so much labor upon them that he could not be remunerated by selling them, but told him that if he would publish them he would loan him the necessary funds, and engage to get him a handsome subscription among the nobility.

REYNOLDS' LOVE OF HIS ART.

Reynolds was an ardent lover of his profession, and ever as ready to defend it when assailed, as to add to its honors by his pencil. When Dr. Tucker, the famous Dean of Gloucester, in his discourse before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, asserted that "a pin-maker was a more valuable member of society than Raffaelle," Reynolds was greatly nettled, and said, with some asperity, "This is an observation of a very narrow mind; a mind that is confined to the

mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye, but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences. It is therefore the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say that the brick-maker is superior to the architect." He might have added that the artisan is indebted to the artist for the design of every beautiful fabric, therefore the artist is a more "valuable member of society" than the manufacturer or the merchant.

REYNOLDS' CRITICISM ON RUBENS.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds made his first tour to Flanders and Holland, he was struck with the brilliancy of coloring which appeared in the works of Rubens, and on his return he said that his own works were deficient in force, in comparison with what he had seen. "On his return from his second tour," says Sir George Beaumont, "he observed to me that the pictures of Rubens appeared much less brilliant than they had done on the former inspection. He could not for some time account for this circumstance; but when he recollected that when he first saw them he had his note-book in his hand, for the purpose of writing down short remarks, he perceived what had occasioned their now making a

less impression than they had done formerly. By the eye passing immediately from the white paper to the picture, the colors derived uncommon richness and warmth; but for want of this foil they afterwards appeared comparatively cold."

REYNOLDS AND HAYDN'S PORTRAIT.

When Haydn, the eminent composer, was in England, one of the princes commissioned Reynolds to paint his portrait. Haydn sat twice, but he soon grew tired, and Reynolds finding he could make nothing out of his "stupid countenance," communicated the circumstance to his royal highness, who contrived the following stratagem to rouse him. He sent to the painter's house a beautiful German girl, in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat, for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; and Reynolds, rapidly transferring to the canvas his features thus lit up, produced an admirable likeness.

RUBENS' LAST SUPPER.

Sir Joshua Reynolds relates the following anecdote, in his "Journey to Flanders and Holland." He stopped at Mechlin to see the celebrated altar-piece by Rubens in the cathedral, representing the

Last Supper. After describing the picture, he proceeds:—

"There is a circumstance belonging to the altar-piece, which may be worth relating, as it shows Rubens' manner of proceeding in large works. The person who bespoke this picture, a citizen of Mechlin, desired, to avoid the danger of carriage, that it might be painted at Mechlin; to this the painter easily consented, as it was very near his country-seat at Steen. Rubens, having finished his sketch in colors, gave it as usual to one of his scholars (Van Egmont), and sent him to Mechlin to dead-color from it the great picture. The gentleman, seeing this proceeding, complained that he bespoke a picture of the hand of the master, not of the scholar, and stopped the pupil in his progress. However, Rubens satisfied him that this was always his method of proceeding, and that this piece would be as completely his work as if he had done the whole from the beginning. The citizen was satisfied, and Rubens proceeded with the picture, which appears to me to have no indications of neglect in any part; on the contrary, I think it *has been* one of his best pictures, though those who know this circumstance pretend to see Van Egmont's inferior genius transpire through Rubens' touches."

REYNOLDS' SKILL IN COMPLIMENTS.

When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrought his name on the

border of her robe. The great actress, conceiving it to be a piece of classic embroidery, went near to examine it, and seeing the words, smiled. The artist bowed, and said, "I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his letter to Barry, observes, "Whoever has great views, I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS PORTRAITS.

When Sir Joshua was elected mayor of Plympton, his native town, he painted an admirable portrait of himself and presented it to the mayor and corporation, and it now hangs in the town-hall. When he sent the picture, he wrote to his friend Sir Wm. Elford, requesting him to put it in a good light, which he did, and to set it off he placed by its side, what he considered to be a bad picture. When Sir William communicated to Reynolds what he had done in order that the excellence of his picture might have a more striking effect, the latter wrote his worthy friend that he was greatly obliged to him for his pains, but that the portrait he so much despised was painted by himself in early life.

REYNOLDS' FLAG.

In the year 1770, a boy named Buckingham, presuming upon his father's acquaintance with Sir Joshua Reynolds, called on the president, and asked him if he would have the kindness to paint him a flag to carry in the procession of the next breaking up of the school. Reynolds, whose every hour was worth guineas, smiled, and told the lad to call again at a certain time, and he would see what could be done for him. The boy accordingly called at the set time, and was presented with an elegant flag a yard square, decorated with the King's coat of arms. The flag was triumphantly carried in procession, an honor as well as a delight to the boys, and a still greater honor to him who painted it, and gave his valuable time to promote their holiday amusements.

BURKE'S EULOGY.

Burke, in his eulogy on Reynolds, says, "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation: nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

REYNOLDS' ESTIMATE AND USE OF OLD PAINTINGS.

He was fond of seeking into the secrets of the old painters; and *dissected* some of their performances, to ascertain their mode of laying on color and finishing with effect. Titian he conceived to be the great master spirit in portraiture; and no enthusiastic ever sought more incessantly for the secret of the philosopher's stone than did Reynolds to possess himself of the whole theory and practice of the Venetian. "To possess," said he, "a real fine picture by that great master—I would sell all my gallery—I would willingly ruin myself." The capital old paintings of the Venetian school destroyed by Sir Joshua's *dissections* were not few; and his experiments of this kind can only properly be likened to that of the boy who cut open the bellows to get at the wind! He was ignorant of chemistry, so much so that he sometimes employed mineral colors that reacted in a short time; and also vegetable colors; and he mixed with these various vehicles, as megilps and different kinds of varnishes or glazes, so that he had the misfortune of seeing some of his finest works change and lose all their harmony, or become cracked with unsightly seams. He kept his system of coloring a profound secret. He lived to regret these experiments, and would never permit his pupils to practise them. His method has been largely imitated, not only in England, but in the United States, greatly to the injury of many fine

works and the reputation of the artist. The only true method for excellence and permanence in coloring, is that employed by the great Italian masters, viz.: to use well prepared and seasoned canvas; then to lay on a good heavy body-color; to employ only the best mineral colors, which will not chemically react, giving the colors time to harden after laying on each successive coat; and above all, to use no varnishes in the process, nor after the completion of the work, till it is sufficiently hardened by age.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INQUISITION UPON SPANISH PAINTING.

A strong and enthusiastic feeling of a religious character has often inspired the Fine Arts: we owe to such sentiments the finest and purest productions of modern painting. Progress in art, however, implies the study of nature; the study of nature and the exhibition of its results have continually shocked the rigid asceticism of a severe morality—a morality which makes indecency depend on the simple fact of exposure, not on the feeling in which the work is conceived. Scrupulous persons often appear unconscious that in this, as in other things, it is easy to observe the letter, and to violate the spirit. A picture or statue may be perfectly decent, so far as regards drapery, and yet suggest thoughts and ideas far more objectionable than those resulting from the contemplation of figures wholly unclothed. Still, it must be admitted that such a jealousy of the fine arts

might reasonably exist in Italy at the end of the 15th, and the beginning of the 16th centuries, in the days of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X.; when all the abominations of heathenism prevailed at Rome in practice, and when Christianity can hardly be said to have existed more than in theory. It would have been strange, amidst such universal depravity, that Art should escape unsullied by the general pollution. Still, it was against the *abuses* of art that the efforts of the Catholic church under Paul IV. were directed; and while those efforts gave a somewhat different character to the subjects and to their treatment in later schools, they cannot be said to have acted on either Painting or Sculpture with any *repressive* force.

But in Spain the case was wholly different. There was no transient insurrection of a purer morality against the vicious extravagancies of a particular period, but a constant and uniform pressure exerted without intermission on all the means of developing and cultivating the human mind, or of imparting its sentiments to others. Painting and Sculpture came in for their share of restriction, and the nature of the discipline to which they were subjected may be gathered from the work of Pacheco, (*Arte de la Pintura*) who was appointed in 1618, by a particular commission from the Inquisition, "to denounce the errors committed in pictures of sacred subjects through the ignorance or wickedness of artists." He was commissioned to "take particular

care to visit and inspect the paintings of sacred subjects which may stand in the public places of Seville, and if anything objectionable appeared in them, to take them before the Inquisition." His rules, therefore, may properly be received as a fair exponent of the strictures placed upon Art by the Inquisition. In his work upon the Art of Painting, Pacheco censures the nudity of the figures in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, as well as other things. Thus he says: "As to placing the damned in the air, fighting as they are one with another, and pulling against the devils, when it is matter of faith that they must want the free gifts of glory, and cannot, therefore, possess the requisite lightness or agility—the impropriety of this mode of exhibiting them is self-evident. With regard, again, to the angels without wings and the saints without clothes, although the former do not possess the one and the latter will not have the other, yet, as angels without wings are unknown to us, and our eyes do not allow us to see the saints without clothes, as we shall hereafter—there can be no doubt, that this again is improper. It is, moreover, highly indecent and improper, having regard to their nature, to paint angels with beards."

On the general question of how an artist is to acquire sufficient skill in the figure, without exposing himself to risks which the Inspector of the Inquisition is bound to deprecate, Pacheco is somewhat embarrassed. "I seem," he says, "to hear some one asking me, 'Senor Painter, scrupulous as you

are, whilst you place before us the ancient artists as examples, who contemplated the figures of naked women in order to imitate them perfectly, and whilst you charge us to paint as well, what resource do you afford us?' I would answer, 'Senor Licentiate, this is what I would do; I would paint the faces and hands from nature, with the requisite beauty and variety, after women of good character; in which, in my opinion, there is no danger. With regard to the other parts, I would avail myself of good pictures, engravings, drawings, models, ancient and modern statues, and the excellent designs of Albert Durer, so that I might choose what was most graceful and best composed without running into danger.'" So it appears that they might profit by the works of other sinners, without incurring the same danger.

Notwithstanding this advice, as the Inquisition always persecuted nudity, Spain was deficient in models from the antique; wherefore Velasquez, the head of the Spanish school, never designed an exquisite figure; and the collection of models and casts which he made in Italy, late in life, was allowed to go to destruction after his death!

In discussing the proper mode of painting the Nativity of Christ, Pacheco says he is always much affected at seeing the infant Jesus represented naked in the arms of his mother! The impropriety of this, he urges, is shown by the consideration that

"St. Joseph had an office, and it was not possible that poverty could have obliged him to forego those comforts for his child, which scarcely the meanest beggar sare without." Another fertile subject of dispute among the Spanish artists and theologians, was the number of nails used in the Crucifixion, some arguing for three, and some for four, and drawing their proofs on either side from the vision of some saint!

The precepts as to the proper modes of painting the Virgin, are innumerable. The greatest caution against any approach to nudity is of course requisite. Nay, Pacheco says, "What can be more foreign from the respect which we owe to the purity of Our Lady the Virgin, than to paint her sitting down, with one of her knees placed over the other, and often with her sacred feet uncovered and naked?" We scarcely ever, therefore, see the feet of the Virgin in Spanish pictures. Carducho speaks more particularly on the impropriety of painting the Virgin unshod, since it is manifest that she was in the habit of wearing shoes, as is proved by "the much venerated relic of one of them, from her divine feet, in the Cathedral of Burgos!"

A painter had a penance inflicted on him at Cordova, for painting the Virgin at the foot of the Cross in a hooped petticoat, pointed boddice, and a saffron-colored head-dress; St. John had pantaloons, and a doublet with points. This chastisement Pacheco considers richly deserved. Don Luis Pas-

qual also erred greatly, in his Marriage of the Virgin, representing her without any mantle, in a Venetian petticoat, fitting very close in the waist, covered with knots of colored ribbon, and with wide round sleeves,—"a dress," adds Pacheco, "in my opinion highly unbecoming the gravity and dignity of our Sovereign Lady." Nor were there wanting awful examples of warning to painters, as in the story related by Martin de Roa, in his *State of Souls in Purgatory*. "A painter," so runs the legend, "had executed in youth, at the request of a gentleman, an improper picture. After the painter's death, this picture was laid to his charge, and it was only by the intercession of those Saints whom he had at various times painted, that he got off with severe torments in Purgatory. Whilst there, however, he contrived to appear to his confessor, and prevailed upon him to go to the gentleman for whom this picture was painted, and entreat him to burn it. The request was complied with, and the painter then got out of Purgatory!"

The author cannot close this too lengthy article without citing the Life of the Virgin written by Maria de Agreda, whose absurd and blasphemous vagaries were "swallowed whole" by the Spanish nation—an unanswerable proof and a fitting result of the blight inflicted by Jesuitism and the Inquisition. Bayle says, "the only wonder is, that the Sorbonne confined itself to saying that her proposition was false, rash, and contrary to the doctrines

of the Gospel, when she taught that God gave the Virgin all he could, and that he could give her all his own attributes, except the essence of the Godhead." The condemnation of Maria de Agreda's Life of the Virgin was not carried in the Sorbonne without the greatest opposition and tumult. The book was censured at Rome, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Spanish ambassador. The Spanish feeling, with reference to the Virgin, and more particularly to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, went far beyond the rest of Papal Europe; it was impossible for the Pope and the French Church to sanction at once the absurdities that Spain was quite ready to adopt. (See Sir Edmund Head's Hand-Book of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting.)

A MELANCHOLY PICTURE OF THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN SPAIN.

A most interesting article on the present state of the fine arts in Spain, may be found in the Appendix to Sir Edmund Head's Hand-Book of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting. On the 13th of June, 1844, a Royal ordinance was issued, establishing a Central Commission "de Monumentos Historicos y Artisticos del Reino," with local or provincial commissions, to act in concert with the former body. The chief object of the Commission was to report upon the condition of works of art, antiquities, libraries, etc., contained in

the numerous convents and monasteries, which had been suppressed, and what measures had been adopted for their preservation. The members of the Commission were divided into three sections, one for libraries and archives, another for painting and sculpture, and a third for architecture and archæology.

The first annual report of the Central Commission to the Secretary of State for the Home Department is printed in pamphlet form, and embraces the proceedings of the Commission from July 1st, 1844, to July 1st, 1845.

"Nothing can be more melancholy than the picture of Spain drawn by this Commission. They tell us that the most valuable contents of the conventual libraries had been thrown away or mutilated, and that thousands of volumes had been sold as waste paper for three or four reals the arroba, and had been exported to enrich foreign libraries. A hope had been entertained of forming collections in each province, of pictures and other works of art; the Commission was soon undeceived as to the possibility of effecting this. Baron Taylor and a host of foreign dealers had in some provinces carried off all they could lay their hands upon; in others the Commissioners tell us, 'Many of the most esteemed works of art, the glory and ornament of the most sumptuous churches, had perished in their application to the vilest uses; in others scarcely any record was preserved of what had been in existence at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and no

inventory or catalogue of any kind had been made.' Our only consolation perhaps is that these books and works of art will be better appreciated in other countries, and we may derive comfort from the views expressed by Madame Hahn-Hahn.*

"It is clear that in such a state of things the plunder and destruction of pictures must have been enormous. In the summary of the proceedings of the Commission with reference to pictures, which I shall

* "I cannot forbear quoting Madame Hahn-Hahn's reflections on the Museum of Seville, and the custody of pictures in that city in 1841:

"'It is wretched to see how these invaluable jewels of pictures are preserved! Uncleaned' (this is at least some comfort), 'without the necessary varnish, sometimes without frames, they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing; and since these squares are permanent in some pictures in order to spare these admirable artists the trouble of renewing them, the threads have, in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. The proof of this negligence is the fact that we found to-day the mark of a finger-nail on the St. Augustine, which was not there on the first day that we saw it. We can only thank God if nothing worse than a finger-nail make a scar on the picture! It stands there on the ground, without a frame, leaning against the wall. One might knock it over, or kick one's foot through it! There is to be sure a kind of ragged custode sitting by, but if one were to give him a couple of dollars he would hold his tongue; he is, moreover, always sleeping, and yawns as if he would put his jaws out. He does not forget, however, on these occasions to make the sign of the cross with his thumb, opposite his open mouth, for fear the devils should fly in—such is the common belief. You see clearly that with this amount of neglect and want of order, the same fate awaits all the Murillos here as has already befallen Leonardo's Last Supper at Milan. These are all collected in two public buildings, in the church of the Caridad and in the Museum.

proceed to give, the reader will see that all sorts of obstacles to any claim of the central government were raised by the local authorities; such a course was sometimes no doubt the result of genuine Spanish obstinacy, strong in local attachments, and hating all interference; but it too often probably originated in the desire to conceal peculation and robbery on the part of the alcalde, or the parish priest, or the sacristan, or the porter of a suppressed convent. Let us remember that in all probability no one of these functionaries ever received the salary which was due to him, and that the unfortunate monks turned out of their convents had neither interest nor duty in protecting what had ceased to be theirs. If they did not (as it may be hoped)

'The Caridad was a hospital or charitable institution. The pictures were brought thither from Murillo's own studio; there are five—Moses, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the St. Juan de Dios, a little Salvator Mundi, and a small John the Baptist; the sixth, the pendant to the St. Juan de Dios, the St. Elizabeth with the Sick, has been carried to the Museum at Madrid. It is very questionable whether these fine pictures will be still in the Caridad in ten years' time. Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out the two small pictures! A painter comes—copies them—does not stand upon a few dollars more or less—takes off the originals and leaves the copies behind in their places, which are high up and badly lighted—the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here, and Baron Taylor's purchases for Paris prove the fact. It cannot of course be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardians; and after all one has hardly the courage to lament it. The pictures are, in fact, saved—they are protected and duly valued; whilst to me it is completely a matter of indifference whether a custode, on account of this sort of sin, suffer a little more or a little less in Purgatory.'"—Reisebriefe, ii. s. 126–8.

themselves carry off what they could, they would abandon it to the first plunderer. Added to which, the habitual feeling of every Spaniard is, that what belongs to the government is fair game, and may be stolen with a safe conscience.

"When all this is considered, it will not appear surprising that bribery and robbery should have stripped the deserted convents, and scattered the memorials of Spanish art and literature. It is greatly to be feared too that the ignorance of the local commissioners will cause many an interesting picture of early date to be thrown on one side as barbarous and rude, and that few such valuable records as the altar of the time of Don Jayme el Conquistador, mentioned as rescued at Valencia, will be preserved at all; indifferent second-rate copies, or imitations of the Italian and Flemish masters, will probably pass current as the staple article in most of the provincial museums, even where such institutions are finally formed. At any rate, as a picture of the state of Spain with reference to the Fine Arts, and as a sort of guide to tourists, it may be useful to give, in alphabetical order, as they are enumerated in the report, an abstract of the general result as to the number of paintings got together in each province.

Here follows the result of the labors of the Commission in forty-eight provinces, alphabetically arranged, presenting a sorry picture indeed. Only

a few of them can be given here, which may be taken as specimens of the whole:

"*Almeria.*—Here the existence of any local collection was denied, but accidentally a catalogue was discovered containing a list of one hundred and ninety-six pictures, which had been got together in 1837, and had apparently disappeared.

"*Burgos.*—The Commissioners say, 'On seeing the small number of works of art in the province of Burgos, and after examining carefully the communication of the "Gefe Político," dated in April, 1844, together with the inventory which accompanied it, containing only sixty-nine pictures and thirteen coins, deposited in the Literary Institution of the capital of the province, we could not refrain from signifying our surprise at finding so poor a museum in a province which was at one time one of the richest in Spain in monasteries.'

"*Cáceres.*—Here again the Central Commission could get no account of the works of art which were known to have existed, more especially in the magnificent Hieronymite Monastery of Guadalupe, near Logrosan. The Provincial Commission, acting on the authority of that in Madrid, proceeded to ascertain what still remained within the walls of the convent, when they were resisted by the '*Ayuntamiento*' of the town of Guadalupe, who pretended that all that was in

the church and convent belonged to the parish, and not to the state.

"*Cadiz.*—Those who first collected the pictures took care to catalogue them without giving the subjects or the sizes, and mixed up together paintings and prints, so that it was impossible to say what had been stolen. The report goes on to say that the sale of certain pictures was not less irregular and culpable in itself, than the lawfulness of the manner in which the produce of the sale was applied appeared doubtful. The Local Commission of Arts and Sciences thought it prudent to abstain from criminal proceedings against any one; but the pictures yet remaining were in such a state of decay that to protect themselves they caused a *procès verbal* to be drawn up, setting forth their condition.

"*Cuenca.*—All sorts of plunder had gone on here, as elsewhere, but the Local Commissioners seem to have exerted themselves to rescue and place in safety what could yet be secured. The head of the Priory of Santiago de Uclés resisted them. The number of pictures collected is not given.

"*Gerona.*—In August, 1842, the 'Gefe Político' reported the existence of certain pictures, as he said, of little merit; but, bad or good, they seem to have disappeared by 1845.

"*Granada.*—Here a museum was formed in 1839, and in 1842, a catalogue of eight hundred and eighty-four pieces of sculpture and painting was

transmitted to the Secretary of State. By January, 1844, it would appear that some, probably many, of them had been stolen, and the report does not tell us how many remained.

"*Guadalajara.*—It appears that out of four hundred and thirty pictures, a few only were considered to be originals of any value, and were attributed to Ribera, Zurbaran, Carreño, el Greco, and others, for the most part Spanish masters. Twenty-five were completely ruined.

"*Guipuzcoa.*—The civil war in this province has been the cause and the pretext for the disappearance of many works of art. 'Since,' says the report, 'whilst many have been destroyed on the one hand, on the other the state of affairs has thrown a shield over those who have profited by the confusion, and have unjustly appropriated the property of the state.'

"*Jaen.*—The Local Commission of Jaen in the course of nine months got together five hundred and twenty-three pictures, of which they reported two hundred and eighty-five as worthless, and placed two hundred and thirty-eight in the old Jesuit convent. The names of Murillo, Zurbaran, Alonso Cano, Castillo, Orrente, Melgar, Juan de Sevilla, Guzman, Coello, Titian, el Greco, and Albano, appear in the catalogue.

"*Leon.*—'The necessity,' says the report, 'of quartering troops in the various convents of this province, and the scandalous tricks which we know

to have been played with the works of art in the same, are the causes why the catalogue, which was framed in September of last year, appeared so imperfect and so scanty, since the number of objects was reduced to sixty-one pictures and three pieces of sculpture, deposited in the convent of the so-called "Monjas Catalinas."' No more favorable account seems to have been received at the time the report was drawn up.

"*Lérida.*—Here too the civil war is said to have caused the disappearance of most of the pictures in the convents; only eighteen of any merit had been collected in April, 1844, but some more were known to exist in the Seo de Urgel, where the local authorities however refused to give them up to the government. The Commission had not been able to obtain an accurate account even of the eighteen.

"*Malaga.*—A miserable return of six pieces sculpture and four pictures was all that could be obtained by the Central Commission, and they attribute this result to 'the natural indolence and purely mercantile spirit of that district.' Probably the facility for exportation had a good deal to do with the disappearance of the various works of art which the report affirms to have been once collected and deposited in various public buildings."

DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.

This great painter, justly esteemed the head of the Spanish school, was born at Seville in 1594. He pursued almost every branch of painting, except the marine, and excelled almost equally in all.—Philip IV. conferred on him extraordinary honors, appointed him his principal painter, and ordained that none but the modern Apelles should paint his likeness. When Rubens visited Madrid in 1627, to discharge the duties of his embassy, he formed an intimate and lasting friendship with Velasquez, which continued through life. "There is something in the history of this painter," says Mrs. Jameson, "which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. In the very sound of his name, *Don Diego Rodriguez Velasquez de Silva*—there is something mouth-filling and magnificent. When we read of his fine chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, his orders of knighthood, and what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a king, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame, it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity. I know of nothing to be compared with it but the history of Rubens, his friend and cotemporary, whom he resembled in character and fortune, and in that union of rare talents with practical good sense which ensures success in life." For a full life of this painter, see Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects.

VELASQUEZ HONORED BY THE KING OF SPAIN.

Philip IV. relaxed the rigor of Spanish etiquette in favor of Velasquez, as Charles V. had done with Titian. He had his studio in the royal palace, and the King kept a private key, by means of which he had access to it whenever he pleased. Almost every day Philip used to visit the artist, and would sit and watch him while at work. When Velasquez produced his celebrated picture of the Infanta Margarita surrounded by her maids of honor, with a portrait of himself, standing near at his easel, the King conferred upon him a very unusual honor. After the picture had been greatly admired, Philip remarked, "There is one thing wanting," and taking the palette and pencils, he drew in with his own hand upon the breast of Velasquez's portrait, the much coveted Cross of Santiago! The nobles resented this profanation of a decoration hitherto only given to high birth; but all difficulties were removed by a *papal dispensation and a grant of Hidalguia.* Velasquez's portraits baffle description or praise—they produce complete illusion, and must be seen to be known. He depicted the *minds* of men; they live, breathe, and seem about to walk out of their frames. The freshness, individuality, and identity of every person are quite startling; nor can we doubt the anecdote related of Philip IV., who, mistaking for the original the portrait of Admiral Pareja in a dark corner of Velasquez's room, exclaimed, as he had been ordered to sea, "What! still here?

Did I not send thee off? How is it that thou art not gone?" But seeing the figure did not salute him, the King discovered his mistake. While Velasquez sojourned in Rome, he painted the portrait of Innocent X., which is now the gem of the Doria collection, and in which, says Lanzi, "he renewed the wonders which are recounted of those of Leo X. by Raffaelle, and Paul III. by Titian; for this picture so entirely deceived the eye as to be taken for the Pope himself."

VELASQUEZ'S SLAVE.

Juan de Pareja was the slave of Don Diego Velasquez. Palomino and others, say he was born in Mexico, of a Spanish father and Indian mother; but Bermudez says he was born at Seville. From being employed in his master's studio to attend on him, grind his colors, clean his palette, brushes, &c., he imbibed a passion for painting, and sought every opportunity to practise during his master's absence. He spent whole nights in drawing and endeavoring to imitate him, for he durst not let him know of his aspiring dreams. At length he had made such proficiency, that he resolved to lay his case before the King, Philip IV., who was not only an excellent judge, but a true lover of art. It was the King's custom to resort frequently to the apartments of Velasquez and to order those pictures which were placed with the painted side to the wall, to be turned to his view. Pareja placed one of his own produc-

tions in that position, which the King's curiosity caused to be turned, when the slave fell on his knees and besought the monarch to obtain his pardon from his master, for having presumed to practise painting without his approbation. Philip, agreeably surprised at his address, and well pleased with the work, bid Pareja to rest contented. He interceded in his behalf, and Velasquez not only forgave him, but emancipated him from servitude; yet such was his attachment and gratitude to his master, that he would never leave him till his death, and afterwards continued to serve his daughter with the same fidelity. He is said to have painted portraits so much in the style of Velasquez, that they could not easily be distinguished from his works. He also painted some historical works, as the Calling of St. Matthew, at Aranjuez; the Baptism of Christ, at Toledo, and some Saints at Madrid.

LUIS TRISTAN.

This eminent Spanish painter was born near Toledo, according to Palomino, in 1594, though Bermudez says in 1586. He was a pupil of El Greco, whom he surpassed in design and purity of taste. His instructor, far from being jealous of his talents, was the first to applaud his works, and to commend him to the public. He executed many admirable works for the churches and public edifices at Toledo and Madrid. It is no mean proof of his ability, that Velasquez professed himself his admirer, and

quitting the precepts of Pacheco, he formed his style from the works of Tristan.

TRISTAN AND EL GRECO.

Tristan was the favorite pupil of El Greco, to whom his master made over many commissions, which he was unable to execute himself. In this manner he was employed to paint the Last Supper, for the Hieronymite monastery of La Sisla. The monks liked the picture; but they thought the price which the artist asked for it, of two hundred ducats, excessive. They therefore sent for El Greco to value it; but when this master saw his pupil's work, he raised his stick and ran at him, calling him a scoundrel and a disgrace to his profession. The monks restrained the angry painter, and soothed him by saying that the young man did not know what he asked, and no doubt would submit to the opinion of his master. "In good truth," returned El Greco, "he does not know what he has asked; and if he does not get *five hundred* ducats for the picture, I desire it may be rolled up and sent to my house." The Hieronymites were compelled to pay the larger sum!

ALONSO CANO.

This eminent Spanish painter, sculptor, and architect, was born at Granada, according to Bermudez, in 1601. He early showed a passion for the fine arts, and exhibited extraordinary talents. He

excelled in all the three sister arts, particularly in painting. There are many excellent works by Cano in the churches and public edifices at Cordova, Madrid, Granada, and Seville, which rank him among the greatest Spanish painters. As a sculptor, he manifested great abilities, and executed many fine works, which excited universal admiration. He also gained considerable reputation as an architect, and was appointed architect and painter to the king.

CANO'S LIBERALITY.

Cano executed many works for the churches and convents gratuitously. When he was young, he painted many pictures for the public places of Seville, which were regarded as astonishing performances. For these he would receive no remuneration, declaring that he considered them unfinished and deficient, and that he wrought for practice and improvement.

CANO'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Palomino relates several characteristic anecdotes of Cano. An Auditor of the Chancery of Granada bore especial devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, and wished for an image of that saint from the hands of Cano. When the figure was finished, the judge liked it much. He inquired what money the artist expected for it: the answer was, one hundred doubloons. The amateur was astonished, and asked, "How many days he might have spent upon

it?" Cano replied, "Some five-and-twenty days." "Well," said the Auditor, "that comes to four doubloons per day." "Your lordship reckons wrong," said Cano, "for I have spent fifty years in learning to execute it in twenty-five days." "That is all very well, but I have spent my patrimony and my youth in studying at the University, and in a higher profession; now here I am, Auditor in Granada, and if I get a doubloon a day, it is as much as I do." Cano had scarce patience to hear him out. "A higher profession, indeed!" he exclaimed; "the king can make judges out of the dust of the earth, but it is reserved for God alone to make an Alonso Cano." Saying this, he took up the figure and dashed it to pieces on the pavement; whereupon the Auditor escaped as fast as he could, not feeling sure that Cano's fury would confine itself to the statue.

CANO'S HATRED OF THE JEWS.

Another characteristic of Cano, was his insuperable repugnance for any persons tainted with Judaism. It appears that in Granada the unhappy persons of that nation who were *penitenciados* (i.e. who had been subjected to penance by the Inquisition) were in the habit of getting what they could to support themselves, by selling linen and other articles about the streets; they wore of course the *sambenito*, or habit prescribed by the Inquisition as the mark of their penance. If Cano met one of these

men in the street, he would cross to the other side, or get out of his way into the passage of a house. Occasionally, however, in turning a corner, or by mere accident, one of these persons would sometimes brush the garment of the artist, who then instantly sent his servant home for another, whether cloak or doublet, and gave the *polluted* one to his attendant. The servant, however, did not dare to wear what he had thus acquired, or his master would have turned him out of the house forthwith —he could only sell it. It is added that the manifest profit which the servant derived from his master's scruples, made the people doubt whether in all cases the Jew had really brushed against the artist, or whether the servant had himself twitched the cloak as the Jew passed. At any rate the servant has been heard to remonstrate, and urge that "it was the slightest touch in the world, sir—it cannot matter." "Not matter?—you scoundrel, in such things as these, everything matters;" and the valet got the cloak.

On one occasion, Cano's housekeeper, with an excess of audacity, had actually brought one of these *penitenciados* into the house, and was buying some linen of him; a dispute about the price caused high words, and the master came, hearing a disturbance. What could he do? he could not defile himself by laying hands on the miscreant, who got away while the wrathful artist was looking for some weapon that he could use without touching him. But the

housekeeper had to fly to a neighbor's; and it was only after many entreaties, and performing a rigorous quarantine, that she was received back again.

CANO'S RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

His passion for art, and his eccentric notions respecting the Jews, were strongly manifested in his last sickness. He lived in the parish of the city which contained the prison of the Inquisition. The priest of the parish visited him upon his death-bed, and proposed to administer the sacraments to him after confession, when the artist quietly asked him whether he was in the habit of administering it to the Jews on whom penance was imposed by the Inquisition. The priest replying in the affirmative, Cano said, "Senor Licenciado, go your way, and do not trouble yourself to call again; for the priest who administers the sacraments to the Jews shall not administer them to me." Accordingly he sent for the priest of the parish of St. Andrew. This last, however, gave offence in another form; he put into the artist's hands a crucifix of indifferent execution, when Cano desired him to take it away. The priest was so shocked at this, that he thought him possessed, and was at the point of exorcising him. "My son," he said, "what dost thou mean? this is the Lord who redeemed thee, and who must save thee."—"I know that well," replied Cano, "but do you want to provoke me with that wretched thing, so as to give me over to the devil? let me

have a simple cross, for with that I can reverence Christ in faith; I can worship him as he is in himself, and as I contemplate him in my own mind." This was accordingly done, so that the artist was no longer troubled by an indifferent specimen of sculpture.

RIBALTA'S MARRIAGE.

Francisco Ribalta, an eminent Spanish painter, studied first in Valencia, where he fell in love with the daughter of his instructor. The father refused his consent to the marriage; but the daughter promised to wait for her lover while he studied in Italy. Ribalta accordingly went thither and devoted himself to his art, studying particularly the works of Raffaelle and the Caracci, and returned, after a considerable time, to his native country. Quickened by love, he had attained a high degree of excellence. On arriving at the city of Valencia, he went to the house of his beloved, who meanwhile had proved faithful; and her father being away from home, he finished the sketch of a picture in his studio, in his mistress' presence, and left it to produce its effect upon the hitherto inflexible parent. The latter, on returning, asked his daughter who had been there, adding, with a look at the picture, "This is the man to whom I would marry thee, and not to that dauber, Ribalta." The marriage of course took place, immediately; and the fame of Ribalta soon procured him abundant employment.

APARICIO, CANOVA, AND THORWALDSEN.

Aparicio, a Spanish painter who died in 1838, possessed little merit, but great vanity. Among other works, he painted the Ransoming of 1700 slaves at Algiers, which occurred in 1768, by order of Charles III. When the picture was exhibited at Rome, Canova, who knew the man, told Aparicio, "This is the finest thing in the world, and you are the first of painters." Soon after, Thorwaldsen came in and ventured a critique, whereupon the Don indignantly quoted Canova. "Sir, he has been laughing at you," said the honest Dane, to whom Aparicio never spoke again.

BARTOLOME ESTEBAN MURILLO.

This preëminent Spanish painter was born at Pilas, near Seville, in 1613. There is a great deal of contradiction among writers as to his early history, but it has been proved that he never left his own country. He studied under Don Juan del Castillo, an eminent historical painter at Seville, on leaving whom, he went to Cadiz. It was the custom of the young artists at that time to expose their works for sale at the annual fairs, and many of the earliest productions of Murillo were exported to South America, which gave rise to the tradition, that he had proceeded thither in person.

MURILLO AND VELASQUEZ.

The fame of Velasquez, then at its zenith, inspired Murillo with a desire to visit Madrid, in the

hope to profit by his instruction. He accordingly proceeded thither in 1642, and paid his court to Velasquez, who received him with great kindness, admitted him into his academy, and procured for him the best means of improvement beyond his own instruction, by obtaining for him access to the rich treasures of art in the royal collections, where his attention was particularly directed to the works of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck.

MURILLO'S RETURN TO SEVILLE.

After a residence of three years at Madrid, Murillo returned to Seville, where he was commissioned to paint his great fresco of St. Thomas of Villanuova distributing alms to the poor, in the convent of San Francisco, consisting of sixteen compartments.—The subject suited his genius, and gave full scope for the display of his powers, which were peculiarly adapted to the representation of nature in her most simple and unsophisticated forms. The Saint stands in a dignified posture, with a countenance beaming with benevolence and compassion, while he is surrounded by groups of paupers, eagerly pressing forward to receive his charity, whose varied character and wretchedness are portrayed with wonderful art and truthfulness of expression. This and other works produced emotions of the greatest astonishment among his countrymen, established his reputation as one of the greatest artists of his age, and procured him abundant employment.

MURILLO AND IRIARTE.

About this time, Murillo was employed by the Marquis of Villamanrique, to paint a series of pictures from the life of David, in which the backgrounds were to be painted by Ignacio Iriarte, an eminent landscape painter of Seville. Murillo rightly proposed that the landscape parts should be first painted, and that he should afterwards put in the figures; but Iriarte contended that the historical part ought to be first finished, to which he would adapt the backgrounds. To put an end to the dispute, Murillo undertook to execute the whole, and changing the History of David to that of Jacob, he produced the famous series of five pictures, now in the possession of the Marquis de Santiago at Madrid, in which the beauty of the landscapes contends with that of the figures, and which remain a monument of his powers in these different departments of the art.

MURILLO'S DEATH.

The last work which Murillo painted was a picture of St. Catherine, in the convent of the Capuchins at Seville, his death being hastened by a fall from the scaffold. He died at Seville in 1685, universally deplored—for he was greatly beloved, not merely for his extraordinary talents, but for the generous qualities of his heart. Such was his noble and charitable disposition, that he is said to have

left but little property, though he received large prices for his works.

MURILLO'S STYLE.

Few painters have a juster claim to originality of style than Murillo, and his works show an incontestible proof of the perfection to which the Spanish school attained, and the character of its artists; for he was never out of his native country, and could have borrowed little from foreign artists; and this originality places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. All his works are distinguished by a close and lively imitation of nature. His pictures of the Virgin, Saints, Magdalens, and even of the Saviour, are stamped with a characteristic expression of the eye, and have a national peculiarity of countenance and habiliments, which are very remarkable. There is little of the academy discernible in his design or his composition. It is a chaste and faithful representation of what he saw or conceived; truth and simplicity are never lost sight of; his coloring is clear, tender, and harmonious, and though it possesses the truth of Titian, and the sweetness of Vandyck, it has nothing of the appearance of imitation. There is little of the ideal in his forms or heads, and though he frequently adopts a beautiful expression, there is usually a portrait-like simplicity in his countenances. In short, his pictures are said to hold a middle rank between the unpolished naturalness of the Flemish,

and the graceful and dignified taste of the Italian schools.

MURILLO'S WORKS.

The works of Murillo are numerous, and widely scattered over the world. Most of his greatest works are in the churches of Spain; some are in the Royal collections at Madrid, some in France and Flanders, many in England, and a few in the United States. They now command enormous prices. The National Gallery of London paid four thousand guineas for a picture of the Holy Family, and two thousand for one of St. John with the Lamb. The late Marshal Soult's collection was very rich in Murillos—the fruits of his campaigns in Spain. The famous Assumption of the Virgin, considered the chef d'œuvre of the master, brought the enormous sum of five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs, and was bought by the French government to adorn the Louvre; but it should be recollected that the heads of three governments—those of France, Russia and Spain—and an English Marquis, competed for it. Such works, too, are esteemed above all price, as models of art, in a national collection of pictures. Of the other Murillos in the Soult collection, the principal brought the following prices: "The Ravages of the Plague," twenty thousand francs; "The Miracle of St. Diego," eighty-five thousand francs; "The Flight into Egypt," fifty-one thousand francs; "The Nativity

of the Virgin," ninety thousand francs; "The Repentance of St. Peter," fifty-five thousand francs; "Christ on the Cross," thirty-one thousand francs; "St. Peter in Prison," one hundred and fifty-one thousand francs; "Jesus and St. John—children," fifty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty francs. The two last were purchased for the Emperor of Russia. The collection was sold in May, 1852.

The works of Murillo have been largely copied and imitated, and so successfully as to deceive even connoisseurs.

MURILLO'S ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

The assumption of the Virgin is considered by all the Spanish writers as the masterpiece of Murillo, and never, perhaps, did that great master attain such sublimity of expression and such magnificent coloring, as in this almost divine picture. It represents the Virgin in the act of being carried up into Heaven. Her golden hair floats on her shoulders, and her white robe gently swells in the breeze, while a mantle of blue gracefully falls from her left shoulder. Groups of angels and cherubim of extraordinary beauty, sport around her in the most evident admiration, those below thronging closely together, while those above open their ranks, as if not in any way to conceal the glory shed around the ascending Virgin. The size of the picture is eight feet six inches in height, by six feet broad, French measure. This picture was the gem of the famous collection

made by Marshal Soult, during his campaigns in Spain, who used humorously to relate that it cost him *two monks*, which he thus explained. One morning two of his soldiers were found with their throats cut, and the deed being traced to the instigation of the monks, near whose convent they had encamped, he immediately arraigned them before a court-martial, sentenced two of the fraternity to expiate the deed, and compelled them to designate the victims by lot. One of the chances fell to the Prior, who offered Soult this peerless picture as the price of their redemption.

CASTILLO'S TRIBUTE TO MURILLO.

Castillo was educated in the school of Zurbaran. After returning to his native city, he flattered himself that he was the first Spanish painter of the day; but subsequently, on a visit to Seville, he was painfully undeceived. The works of Murillo struck him with astonishment, and when he saw the St. Leander and St. Isidore, as well as St. Anthony of Padua by that master, he exclaimed, "It is all over with Castillo! Is it possible that Murillo can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?" He returned to Cordova, and attempted to imitate and equal Murillo, but felt satisfied that he had failed; and it is said that he died in the following year, from the effects of envy and annoyance.

CORREGGIO.

The name of this great artist was Antonio Allegri, and he was born at Correggio, a small town in the Duchy of Modena, in 1494; hence his acquired name. It was for a long time the fashion to regard the divine creations of Correggio as the mere product of genius and accident; himself as a man born in the lowest grade of society; uneducated in the elements of his art, owing all to the wondrous resources of his own unassisted genius; living and dying in obscurity and poverty; ill paid for his pictures; and at length perishing tragically. It has been proved that there is no foundation for these popular fallacies. Correggio's own pictures are a sufficient refutation of a part of them; they exhibit not only a classical and cultivated taste, but a profound knowledge of anatomy, and of the sciences of optics, perspective, and chemistry, as far as they were then carried. His exquisite chiaro-scuro and harmonious blending of colors were certainly not the result of mere chance: all his sensibility to these effects of nature would not have enabled him to render them, without the profoundest study of the mechanical means he employed. The great works on which he was employed—his lavish use of the rarest and most expensive colors, and the time and labor he bestowed in analyzing and refining them—the report that he worked on a ground overlaid with gold—all refute the idea of his being either an ig-

norant or a distressed man. Of the rank he held in the estimation of the princes of his country we have evidence in a curious document discovered in the archives of the city of Correggio—the marriage contract between Ippolito (the son of Giberto, Lord of Correggio, by his wife, the celebrated poetess Vittoria Gambara), and Chiara da Correggio, in which we find the signature of the great painter as one of the witnesses. Correggio was one of that splendid triumvirate of painters who, living at the same time, were working on different principles, and achieving, each in his own department, excellence hitherto unequalled; and if Correggio must be allowed to be inferior to Raffaelle in invention and expression, and to Titian in life-like color, he has united design and color with the illusion of light and shadow in a degree of perfection not then nor since approached by any painter. Hence Annibale Caracci, on seeing one of his great pictures, exclaimed in a transport that he was "the only *painter!*"

CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AT PARMA.

The admiration which the works of Correggio excited, induced the monks of St. John to engage him in ornamenting the grand cupola, and other parts of their church. The original agreement has not been discovered, but various entries have been found in the books of the convent, between 1519 and 1536, which prove, that for adorning the cupola he

received, as Tiraboschi asserts, two hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, and two hundred more for other parts of the fabric. The last payment of twenty-seven gold ducats was made on the 23d of January, 1524, and the acknowledgment of the painter, under his own signature, is still extant.

The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by the twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes the four Evangelists and four Doctors of the Church. The situation for the picture presented difficulties which none but so great an artist could have overcome; for the cupola has neither sky-light nor windows, and consequently the whole effect of the piece must depend on the light reflected from below. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly naked, gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur.

Besides the cupola, various parts of the same church were adorned by his hand. He decorated the tribune, which was afterwards demolished to enlarge the choir; and it was so highly esteemed, that Cesare Aretusi was employed by the monks to copy it for the new tribune. He painted also in fresco, the two sides of the fifth chapel on the right hand, the first representing the Martyrdom of St. Placido and St. Flavia, and the second a dead Christ, with the Virgin Mary swooning at his feet. Of these paintings Mengs particularly admires the head of St. Placido and the exquisite figure of the Magdalen in the last mentioned picture.

CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA OF THE CATHEDRAL AT PARMA.

The grand fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral of Parma, is considered Correggio's greatest work, and has ever been regarded as a most wonderful production.

The difficulties he had to encounter, were greater than those in the church of St. John, and in overcoming them he displayed the most consummate skill and judgment. This cupola, which is nearly thirty-nine feet in diameter, is octagonal, the compartments diminishing as it rises; and it is not surmounted with a lantern, but towards the lower part is lighted by windows, approaching to an oval form. On this surface he delineated numerous groups of figures, with extraordinary boldness and effect; though, for the sake of variety, he partially adopted a smaller scale than in the cupola of St. John. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. She is represented with an air in the highest degree indicative of devotion and beatitude, as rising to meet Christ in the clouds, surrounded by the heavenly choir of saints and angels; while beneath, the apostles behold her reception into glory with the most dignified expression of reverence and astonishment. Over the whole is an effusion of light, which produces an impression truly celestial.

The figures which are depicted in the upper part of the dome, are foreshortened with consummate

skill. Mengs, who saw them near, and judged of them as an artist, appears astonished at their boldness, which he calls "sconcia terribile," particularly that of Christ, which occupies the centre. But the effect, when seen from below, proves that the painter had deeply studied that delicate branch of the art; for nothing can exceed the bold and exquisite management of the light and shade, and the beautiful proportion in which the figures appear to the eye, except the life and spirit with which they are animated, and the general harmony of the whole.

In decorating the lower part of the cupola, Correggio displayed undiminished resources. He figured a species of socle, or cornice, which runs round the whole cupola, yet at such a distance as to afford a space between the windows for the apostles, who appear, some single, some in pairs, surrounded with angels, and delineated in the same grand style as those in the cupola of St. John. Yet, although placed on the very lines of the angles, formed in the dome, they are so artfully disposed and foreshortened, as to appear painted vertically on the cornice. To unite these with the principal figures, he distributed above and on the socle, between the gigantic figures of the apostles, and the light and airy forms of the celestial choir above, groups of angels, of an intermediate size, some with torches, and others bearing vases and censers.

But a striking proof of his taste and skill is manifested in the four lunettes between the arches sup-

porting the cupola. Here he feigned the architecture to form four capacious niches or shells, in which he introduced the patrons of the city, St. John the Baptist, St. Hilary, St. Thomas, and St. Bernard degli Uberti, in magnitude equal to the Apostles, resting on clouds and attended by angels. In depicting the light as transmitted from the groups above, he has thrown it so naturally upon these figures and their angelic suite, that they appear as if detached from the wall, and animated with more than human spirit and grace.

This great work was commenced about 1523, and finished in 1530, as appears from the original agreements and receipts, preserved in the archives of the Chapter, which were published by his biographer Pungileoni, from a copy taken and authenticated by a Notary Public, in 1803. The work seems to have been delayed by the feuds and warfare which agitated Parma at that time, and perhaps by other engagements of the artist. The contract was signed on the 3d of November, 1522. In the plan or estimate which Correggio drew up at the desire of the Chapter, and which is still preserved in his own handwriting, he required twelve hundred gold ducats, and one hundred for gold leaf; the scaffolding, lime, and other requisites to be provided by the Chapter. But in the contract itself, the price was reduced to one thousand ducats, exclusive of the one hundred for gold leaf. For this sum he engaged to paint the choir, and the cupola with its arches and pillars,

as far as the altar; also the lateral chapels, in imitation of living subjects, bronze and marble, according to the plan, and in conformity to the nature of the place, comprising in the whole a surface of one hundred and fifty-four square perches (perteche). The Chapter, on their part, were to provide the scaffolding and the lime, and to defray the expense of preparing the walls. Thus Correggio received the sum of one thousand gold ducats (about two thousand dollars) for his work, out of which he had to pay for his colors, and the labors of his assistants. What then becomes of the miserable story generally current, that this was his last work; that when he went to receive payment, that he might take home the price of his labors to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with his picture, and refused to pay him more than half the paltry sum originally promised; that they paid him in copper coin; that he took the heavy burden upon his shoulders, and walked a distance of eight miles to his cottage, under the burning heat of an Italian sun, which together with his despair threw him into a fever, of which he died, on his bed of straw, in three days? It appears from the documents before cited, that Correggio received payment in instalments, as his work progressed.

CORREGGIO'S FATE.

Vasari commiserates the fate of Correggio, whom he represents as of a melancholy turn of mind;

timid and diffident of his own powers; burthened with a numerous family, which, with all his prodigious talents, he could scarcely support; ill recompensed for his works; and to crown the sad story, we are told that, having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns in copper money, he caught a fever in the exertion of carrying it home on his shoulders, which occasioned his death.

This picture, however, according to Lanzi, is exaggerated; for although the situation of Correggio was far beneath his merits, yet it was by no means deplorable. His family was highly respectable, and possessed considerable landed property, which is said to have been augmented by his own earnings; and so far from his having died of the fatigue of carrying home copper money, he was usually paid in gold. For the cupola and tribune of the church of St. John, he received four hundred and seventy-two sequins; for that of the Cathedral, three hundred and fifty; payments by no means inconsiderable in those times. For his celebrated Notte he was paid forty sequins, and for the St. Jerome, which cost him six months' labor, forty-seven. It does not appear probable that he acquired great riches, but there is no doubt that he was equally screened from the evils attendant on penury and affluence.

The researches and discoveries of the learned Tiraboschi, the indomitable Dr. Michele Antonioli, and the zealous and impartial Padre Luigi Pungileoni, have thrown much light upon the life of Correggio.

His father, Pellegrino Allegri, was a general merchant in Correggio, esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His circumstances were easy, and he intended Antonio for one of the learned professions, but his passion for painting induced him to allow him to follow the bent of his genius. It is not certainly known under whom he studied painting. Some of the Italian writers say that he was instructed by Francesco Bianchi and Giovanni Murani, called Il Frari; others that he was a pupil of Lionardo da Vinci and Andrea Mantegna; Lanzi is decidedly of the opinion that he formed his style by studying the works of Mantegna, who died in 1506, which does away with the supposition that he could have studied with him. "The manner," says Lanzi, "in which Correggio could have imbibed so exquisite a taste, has always been considered surprising and unaccountable, prevailing everywhere, as we find in his canvass, in his laying on his colors, in the last touches of his pictures; but let us for a moment suppose him a student of Mantegna's models, surpassing all others in the same taste, and the wonder will be accounted for. Let us, moreover, consider the grace and vivacity so predominant in the compositions of Correggio, the rainbow as it were of his colors, that accurate care in his foreshortenings, and of those upon ceilings; his abundance of laughing boys and cherubs, of flowers, fruits, and all delightful objects; and let us ask ourselves whether this new style does not appear an exquisite completion

of that of Mantegna, as the pictures of Raffaelle and Titian display the progress and perfection of those of Perugino and Giovanni Bellini." The authentic documents revealed by the three savans before mentioned, show that Correggio was most highly esteemed by his cotemporaries, and that he associated with persons of rank and letters. On two occasions he passed some time at Padua, with the Marchese Manfredo, and the celebrated patroness of arts and letters, Veronica Gambara, relict of Gilberto, Lord of Correggio. That he was cheerful and lively, may be inferred from the expression of a writer concerning him: "*La vivacitá e dal brio del nostro Antonio*," yet affectionate and gentle, as is evident from his being sponsor on three occasions to infants of his friends (in 1511, 1516, and 1518), before he had reached his twenty-second year. In 1520 he was admitted by diploma, as a brother of the Congregation Cassinensi, in the monastery of St. John the Evangelist, at Parma—the fraternity to which the illustrious Tasso belonged. In the same year he married Girolama Merlini, a lady of good family, amiable disposition, and great beauty, who was his model for the Zingara, probably after the birth of his first child. By this lady he had one son and three daughters. In 1529, to his great affliction, she died, and was buried by her own request in the church of St. John at Parma. Correggio did not marry again. He died suddenly on the fifth day of March, 1534, aged forty years, and

was buried with solemnities worthy of his great endowments, in the church of San Francesco, at the foot of the altar in the chapel of the Arrivabene.

ANNIBALE CARACCI'S OPINION OF CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA AT PARMA.

"I went," says Annibale Caracci, in a letter to his cousin Lodovico, "to see the grand cupola, which you have so often commended to me, and am quite astonished. To observe so large a composition, so well contrived; and seen from below with such great exactness; and at the same time, such judgment, such grace, and coloring of real flesh, good God, not Tibaldi, not Nicolini, nor even I may say, Raffaelle himself, can be compared with him. I know not how many paintings I have seen this morning; the Ancona, or altar-piece of St. John, and St. Catharine, and the Madonna della Scodella going to Egypt, and I swear, I would change none of these for the St. Cecilia. To speak of the graces of this St. Catharine, who so gracefully lays her head on the feet of the beautiful little Savior; is she not more lovely than the St. Mary Magdalen? That fine old man St. Jerome, is he not grander, and at the same time more tender than that St. Paul, which first appeared to me a miracle, and now seems like a piece of wood, it is so hard and sharp. However you must have patience even for your own Parmeggiano, because I now acknowledge that I have learnt from this great man, to imitate all his

grace, though at a great distance; for the children of Correggio breathe and smile with such a grace and truth, that one cannot refrain from smiling and enjoying one's self with them.

"I write to my brother that he must come, for he will see things which he could never have believed,—18th April, 1580.

"I have been to the Steccata, and the Zocoli, and have observed what you told me many times, and what I now confess to be true; but I will say that, to my taste, Parmeggiano bears no comparison with Correggio, because the thoughts and conceptions of Correggio were his own, evidently drawn from his own mind, and invented by himself, guided only by the original idea. The others all rest on something not their own; some on models, some on statues or drawings: all the productions of the others are represented as they may be; all of this man as they truly are.

"The opportunities which Agostino wished for, have not occurred; and this appears to me a country, which one never could have believed so totally devoid of good taste and of the delights of a painter, for they do nothing but eat and drink, and make love. I promised to impart to you my sentiments; but I confess I am so confused that it is impossible. I rage and weep, to think of the misfortune of poor Antonio; so great a man, if indeed he were a man, and not an angel in the flesh, to be lost here, in a country where he was unknown, and though worthy

of immortality, here to die unhappily. He and Titian will always be my delight: and if I do not see the works of the latter at Venice, I shall not die content.—April 28, 1580."

CORREGGIO'S ENTHUSIASM.

Among the many legends respecting Correggio, it is related that when he first contemplated one of the masterpieces of Raffaelle, his brow colored, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter!" When Titian first saw the great works of Correggio at Parma, he said, "Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio."

CORREGGIO'S GRACE.

No one can contemplate the works of Correggio, without being captivated by that peculiar beauty which the Italians have very appropriately distinguished by the epithet *Correggiesque*, for it was the complexion of the individual mind and temperament of the artist, stamped upon the work of his hand. No one approached him in this respect, if perhaps we except Lionardo da Vinci. Though so often imitated, it remains in fact inimitable; an attempt degenerating into affectation of the most intolerable kind. It consists in the blending of sentiment in expression, with flowing, graceful forms, an exquisite fullness and softness in the tone of color, and an almost illusive chiaro-scuro, all together con-

veying to the mind of the spectator the most delightful impression of harmony, both spiritual and sensual. He is the painter of *beauty* par excellence; he is to us what Apelles was to the ancients —the standard of the amiable and the graceful.

CORREGGIO AND THE MONKS.

The pleasure which the monks derived from the works of Correggio, even in their incipient state, and the esteem which they had for him, is manifested by a remarkable document. This is a letter or patent of confraternity, passed in the general assembly of the order, held at Pratalea, in the latter end of 1521; a privilege which was eagerly sought at this and earlier periods, and was seldom conferred on persons not eminent for rank or talents. It conveyed a participation in the spiritual benefits derived from the prayers, masses, alms, and other pious works of the community, and was coupled with an engagement to perform the same offices for the repose of his soul, and the souls of his family, as were performed for their own members.

CORREGGIO'S MULETEER.

It is said that Correggio painted a picture of a muleteer, as a sign to a small public house, which was kept by a man who had frequently obliged him, and who had been a muleteer. This picture was purchased by a person sent to Italy many years ago

to collect ancient paintings. It has all the marks in the upper corner, of having been joined to a piece of wood, and used for a sign; it cost five hundred guineas!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CORREGGIO CAPTURED AT VITTORIA.

Cunningham warms into rapture in speaking of this picture. "The size is small, some fifteen inches or so; but true genius can work miracles in small compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw anything so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of its companion pictures."

CORREGGIO'S ANCONA.

Correggio painted for the church of the Conventuali at Correggio, an Ancona, (a small altar-picce in wood,) consisting of three pictures when he was in his twentieth year, as appears, says Lanzi, from the written agreement, which fixes the price at one hundred gold ducats, or one hundred zecchins, and proves the esteem in which his talents were then held. "He here represented St. Bartholomew and St. John, each occupying one side, while in the middle compartment, he drew a Repose of the Holy Family flying into Egypt, to which last was added a figure of St. Francis. Francesco I., Duke of Modena, was so greatly delighted with this picture,

that he sent the artist Boulanger to copy it for him, and thus obtaining possession of the original, he contrived dexterously to substitute his own copy in its place." The Duke satisfied the monks by giving them more lands. It is supposed that it was afterwards presented to the Medicean family, and by them given to the house of Este in exchange for the Sacrifice of Abraham by Andrea del Sarto. It is now in the Florentine gallery.

PORTRAITS OF CORREGGIO.

Correggio appears to have been far less solicitous than most other painters, that his likeness should be transmitted to posterity, for of him there is no unquestioned portrait extant. That which is prefixed to his life, in the Roman edition of Vasari, is evidently false, for it exhibits the head and countenance of a man aged seventy. It was taken from a collection of designs, in the possession of Father Resta, to one of which, representing a man and his wife with three sons and one daughter, in mean apparel, he gave the name of the Family of Correggio, forgetting that the family consisted of three daughters and one son.

Another portrait, with the title, *Antonius Correggius*, and consequently supposed to be painted by himself, was preserved in a villa which belonged to the Queen of Sardinia, near Turin, and engraved by Valperga ; but its authenticity seems justly questioned by Lanzi and Pungileoni. A third, which

was sent from Genoa to England, bore an inscription signifying that it was the portrait of Maestro Antonio da Correggio, by Dosso Dossi, and was accordingly engraved for the memoirs of Correggio by Ratti, who obtained a copy. Lanzi is inclined to infer, however, that it is the portrait of Antonio Bernieri, the miniature painter, who also bore the name of Antonio da Correggio.

A copy of this portrait is still preserved in the Pinacotheca Bodoniana, at Parma, and has been engraved, first by Asioli, and since as a medallion, by Professor Rocca, of Reggio. Pungileoni, who is inclined to consider it as genuine, has prefixed the medallion to his life of Correggio.

Tiraboschi and Pungileoni mention other supposed portraits and busts, of questionable authenticity; and Pungileoni, in particular, adverts to a portrait still preserved near a door of the cathedral at Parma, which is exhibited as a likeness of Correggio. It is supposed to have been copied in the middle of the seventeenth century, by Lattanzio Gambara, from a more ancient one of this celebrated painter, in another part of the cathedral; but its authenticity is questioned, merely on the ground that it represents a man of more advanced age than Correggio, who only attained his forty-first year.

DID CORREGGIO EVER VISIT ROME?

The question has been long agitated whether Correggio ever visited Rome, and profited by the study

of the antique, and the works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo; on this point, the only historical evidence which has been adduced, is a tradition recorded by Father Resta, and said to have been derived through three generations, from the information of Correggio's wife. As an authority so light and doubtful could not be seriously advanced, his biographers and admirers have sought in his works for more valid traces of the models to which he recurred. Mengs contends that his paintings exhibit proofs of an acquaintance with the antique, and the works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. In the head of the Danaë, he traces a resemblance to that of Venus de Medici; and in the St. Jerome, and Mercury teaching Cupid to read, he recognises imitations of the Farnese Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere; he also discovers a resemblance to one of the children of Niobe, in the young man who endeavors to escape from the soldiers, in the picture representing Christ betrayed in the garden. The countenance of the Magdalen, in the St. Jerome, he considers as an imitation of Raffaelle; and in the cupola of the church of St. John, he perceives a similitude to the grand style of Michael Angelo, in the frescos of the Vatican. In corroboration of this opinion, he adduces the sudden change which is perceived in the style of Correggio at an earlier period, as a proof that he must have seen and studied compositions superior to his own. Ratti, the copyist of Mengs, coincides with him in opinion.

Lanzi cautiously adopts the same sentiment; and Tiraboschi, after comparing the testimony on both sides, leaves the question unsettled. We cannot decide with certainty, that Correggio never visited Rome, and yet there is no argument to prove that he ever saw that Capital. Pungileoni, with superior advantage of research, pronounces a contrary decision; and affirms, from the evidence of the continued series of unquestionable documents, in which his presence is mentioned at Parma, Correggio, and other parts of Lombardy, during a number of years, that even if he did visit Rome, his stay must have been limited to a very short period. Finally, this opinion is corroborated in the assertion of Ortensio Landi, who had resided some time at Correggio; and who, in his Sette Libri de Cataloghi, printed at Venice by Giolito, as early as 1552, says of Correggio, "He was a noble production of nature, rather than of any master: he died young, without being able to see Rome." Were all other evidence wanting, this testimony of a cotemporary, who must have collected his information on the spot, and who published it within eighteen years after the death of Correggio, must be allowed to carry great weight.

SINGULAR FATE OF CORREGGIO'S ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A few days before the entry of the French into Seville, during the Peninsular war, when the inhabitants in great consternation were packing up their

most valuable effects to send them to Cadiz, a masterpiece of Correggio, in one of the convents, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, painted on wood, was sawn in two, for its more easy carriage to a place of safety, to preserve it from the enemy. By some accident, the two parts were separated on their way to Cadiz; and on their arrival in that city, one part was sold to one connoisseur, with the promise that the part wanting should subsequently be delivered to him; while the other part was sold to another connoisseur under the same engagement. Both the parts arrived in England, and the possessor of each maintained that he was entitled to the other.

It is somewhat remarkable that though the harmony of the picture is somewhat broken by the separation, yet each part forms of itself an admirable picture, and as the rival proprietors are rich and obstinate, the parts are not likely to be united. The whole picture is reckoned to be worth about 4,000 guineas.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF CORREGGIO'S "EDUCATION OF CUPID."

Correggio's picture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the presence of Venus, called the Education of Cupid, is one of the most celebrated works of art extant. It now adorns the English National Gallery, and its history is exceedingly interesting. It was painted for Federigo Gonzaga,

Duke of Mantua, the predecessor of him who a hundred years later patronized Rubens. When Charles I. of England, in 1530, purchased the Mantuan collection for £20,000, this picture and three others by Correggio were included in the bargain. On the sale of the king's effects by order of parliament, it was purchased by the Duke of Alva, and from his family passed into the hands of the famous Godoy, Prince of Peace. When his collection was sold at Madrid during the French invasion, it was bought by Murat, who took it to Naples, where it adorned the royal palace. On his fall from power, it was among the precious effects with which his wife, Caroline Buonaparte, escaped to Rome, and thence to Vienna, where her collection of pictures was bought by the Marquis of Londonderry, the English ambassador, who instantly dispatched the two Correggios—the Education of Cupid and the Ecce Homo—to London. They were purchased of his Lordship by Parliament in 1834, for 10,000 guineas, and now adorn the English National Gallery. Sir Thomas Lawrence was allowed a furtive glance at these pictures, at Rome, in the hope that he would procure a purchaser for them. He says in a letter, "I had them brought down to me, and placed them in all lights, and I *know* them to be most rare and precious." By his recommendation, Mr. Angerstein offered £6,500 for the two, which was declined. At the time when the Marquis of Londonderry closed with General M'Donald, who was chamber-

lain to Madame Murat, then known as Countess Lipona (this was during the Congress of Sovereigns at Verona in 1822), the Emperor of Russia was negociating for them, and supposing that he had a right to them, messengers were despatched after Londonderry's couriers, but fortunately they were not overtaken, though pursued to the Hague.

MAGDALEN BY CORREGGIO.

In 1837, Mr. Atherstone bought at an auction-mart in London, a genuine picture of a Magdalen by Correggio, for a small sum. He found it among a parcel of rubbish sent to be sold by a gentleman, who had bought the picture in Italy for ten pounds, without knowing anything of its value. It was in perfect preservation, executed in the greatest style of Correggio, surpassing in beauty of coloring and depth of tone the famous specimens in the National Gallery!

The writer can tell an amusing story of a picture that was *not* by Correggio. It was a small picture of a Holy Family, on copper. It was bought in Naples, for a very large sum, by a gentleman who resides not many miles from New York, who smuggled it out of the country. On his arrival home, wishing to improve the brilliancy of the coloring, which appeared much obscured by the smoke and dust of many years, he sent it to a skillful artist to be cleaned, who, on removing the plentiful coats of varnish, soon discovered that it was nothing but *a transfer*. The art-

ist gently hinted to the *connoisseur* that he had been duped. "Zounds, sir, this cannot be; the picture was valued at $5,000 in Naples, and I was offered very large prices for it by some of the best judges in Paris." The artist, with a little spirits, quickly brought the lines of a print into full view, so that not even a glass was required to see them! It is needless to say that the proprietor was greatly chagrined, and vented his rage in curses loud and deep against foreign impostors. Yet he ordered the coats of varnish to be replaced, and afterwards sold the picture as an original Correggio.

DISCOVERY OF A CORREGGIO.

Among the numerous restorers of old pictures who resided at Rome about 1780, were two friends, an Italian named Lovera, and a German named Hunterspergh. They were both pupils of the Cavaliere Mengs. They frequented the sales of old pictures at the Piazza Nuova, as well to purchase the works of the old masters at a low price, as to supply themselves with old canvass, which they might repaint. On one occasion, having bought a lot of old canvass and divided it between them, Lovera received as a part of his share a very indifferent flower-piece. On taking it home, he found that the ground scaled off, and to his surprise discovered traces of a figure painted in an admirable style. He employed himself with the utmost care in removing the ground which covered the original picture, and

thus restored a capital performance, representing Charity, under the emblem of a Woman surrounded by three Children. The report of this happy discovery soon spread; all the artists and amateurs ran to behold it. The best judges, among whom was Mengs, acknowledged the genuine style of Correggio, and valued the performance at £2,000. The Earl of Bristol bought it from Lovera for about £1,500. An engraving has since been made from it. The value was afterwards the subject of a suit at law between Hunterspergh and Lovera.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

This illustrious artist, denominated by Lanzi "the Father of Modern Painting," was also an eminent sculptor, architect, and engineer, the natural son of Pietro da Vinci, notary to the Florence Republic. Vasari and his annotators place his birth in 1445; but Durazzini, in his Panegyrics on Illustrious Tuscans, satisfactorily proves that he was born in Lower Valdarno, at the castle of Vinci, in 1452.

PRECOCITY OF DA VINCI'S GENIUS.

At a very early age, Lionardo da Vinci showed remarkably quick abilities for everything he turned his attention to, but more particularly for arithmetic, music, and drawing. His drawings appeared something wonderful to his father, who showed them to Andrea Verocchio, and that celebrated artist, great-

ly surprised at seeing productions of such merit from an uninstructed hand, willingly took Lionardo as a pupil. He was soon much more astonished when he perceived the rapid progress his pupil made; he felt his own inferiority, and when Lionardo painted an angel in a picture of the Baptism of Christ, in S. Salvi at Vallombrosa, so much superior to the other figures that it rendered the inferiority of Verocchio apparent to all, he immediately relinquished the pencil for ever. This picture is now in the academy at Florence. The first original work by Lionardo, mentioned by Vasari, was the so-called Rotella del Fico, a round board of a fig-tree, upon which his father requested him to paint something for one of his tenants. Lionardo, wishing to astonish his father, determined to execute something extraordinary, that should produce the effect of the Head of Medusa; and having prepared the rotella, and covered it with plaster, he collected almost every kind of reptile, and composed from them a monster of most horrible appearance; it seemed alive, its eyes flashed fire, and it appeared to breathe destruction from its open mouth. The picture produced the desired effect upon his father, who thought it so wonderful that he carried it immediately to a picture dealer in Florence, sold it for a hundred ducats, and purchased for a trifle an ordinary piece for his tenant.

EXTRAORDINARY TALENTS OF DA VINCI.

Lionardo da Vinci was endowed by nature with a genius uncommonly elevated and penetrating, eager after discovery, and diligent in the pursuit, not only in what related to painting, sculpture, and architecture, but in mathematics, mechanics, hydrostatics, music, poetry, botany, astronomy, and also in the accomplishments of horsemanship, fencing, and dancing. Unlike most men of versatile talent, he was so perfect in all these, that when he performed any one, the beholders were ready to imagine that it must have been his sole study. To such vigor of intellect he joined an elegance of features and manners, that graced the virtues of his mind; he was affable with strangers, with citizens, with private individuals, and with princes. This extraordinary combination of qualities in a single man, soon spread his fame over all Italy.

DA VINCI'S WORKS AT MILAN.

In 1494, Da Vinci was invited to Milan by the Duke Lodovico Sforza, who appointed him Director of the Academy of Painting and Architecture, which he had recently revived with additional splendor and encouragement. During his residence there, he painted but little, with the exception of his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, a description of which will be found in a subsequent article. As

Director of the Academy, he banished all the dry, gothic principles established by his predecessor, Michelino, and introduced the beautiful simplicity and purity of the Grecian and Roman styles. Lanzi says that in this capacity, "he left a degree of refinement at Milan, so productive of illustrious pupils that this period may be ranked as the most glorious era of his life." The Duke engaged Lionardo in the stupendous project of conducting the waters of the Adda, from Mortesana, through the Valteline, and the valley of the Chiavenna to the walls of Milan, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Sensible of the greatness of this undertaking, Lionardo applied himself more closely to those branches of philosophy and mathematics which are most adapted to mechanics, and finally accomplished this immense work, greatly to the astonishment and admiration of all Italy. He executed the model for a colossal bronze equestrian statue of the Duke's father, Francesco Sforza, and would have completed it, but the Duke's affairs were becoming greatly embarrassed, so that the necessary metal (200,000 lbs.) was not furnished. In 1500, Lodovico Sforza was overthrown in battle by the French, made prisoner, and conducted to France, where he soon after died in the castle of Loches. The Academy was suppressed, the professors dispersed, and Lionardo, after losing all, was obliged to quit the city, and take refuge in Florence.

DA VINCI'S "BATTLE OF THE STANDARD."

Soon after Lionardo's return to Florence, in 1503, he was commissioned by the Gonfalonière Soderini to decorate one side of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, while Michael Angelo was engaged to paint the opposite side. Lionardo selected the battle in which the Milanese general, Niccolo Piccinino, was defeated by the Florentines at Anghiari, near Borgo San Sepolcro. This composition, of which he only made the cartoon of a part, was called the Battle of the Standard; it represents a group of horsemen contending for a standard, with various accessories. Vasari praises the beauty and anatomical correctness of the horses, and the costumes of the soldiers. Lanzi says it was never executed, after his failing in an attempt to paint it in a new method upon the wall, but Lucini afterwards represented it in a painting which is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, esteemed one of the finest works in that collection. The fame of this contest between the two great artists, caused great excitement, and induced Raffaelle, who had recently quitted the school of Perugino, to visit Florence. The grace and delicacy of Lionardo's style, compared with the dry and gothic manner of Perugino, excited the admiration of the young painter, and inspired him with a more modern taste.

LIONARDO DA VINCI AND LEO X.

The patronage extended to the arts by Leo X., induced Lionardo to visit Rome. Accordingly, in 1514, he went to that metropolis, in the train of Duke Giuliano de Medici, by whom he was introduced to the Pope, who soon after signified his intention of employing Lionardo's pencil. Upon this, the painter began to distil his oils and prepare his varnishes, which the Pope seeing, exclaimed with surprise, that "nothing could be expected of a painter who thought of finishing his works before he had begun them." This want of courtesy in the Pope offended Lionardo, and according to Vasari, was the reason why he immediately quitted Rome in disgust. It is probable, however, that the talents and fame of Buonarotti and Raffaelle had more to do with producing the dissatisfaction of this great painter, who was then declining into the vale of years.

LIONARDO DA VINCI AND FRANCIS I.

Francis I. of France was not only a liberal patron of Lionardo da Vinci, but entertained for him a strong personal friendship. He gave 4000 gold crowns for his celebrated portrait of Mona Lisa, the wife of Francesco Giocondo, which occupied Vinci four years. When Lionardo was advanced in years, and his health declining, he took him into his service, treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him a pension of 700 crowns annually. The

King delighted in the society of Da Vinci, and when his courtiers ventured to express their surprise that he should prefer his company to theirs, he rebuked them by saying, that "he could make as many lords as he chose, but that God alone could make a Lionardo da Vinci."

DEATH OF DA VINCI.

This great artist expired at Fontainbleau on the 2d day of May, 1519, aged sixty-seven years. His health had been gradually failing for several years, and Vasari relates, that Francis I. having honored him with a visit in his dying moments, Lionardo, deeply affected at this testimony of his regards, raised himself in the bed to express his thanks and gratitude, when falling back exhausted, the King caught him, and he expired in his arms.

DA VINCI'S LEARNING.

Lionardo da Vinci was one of the most learned, accomplished, and eminent men of the 15th century. Hallam says of him, "The discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler, Maestlin, Maurolicus, Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Lionardo da Vinci, within the compass of a very few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of pre-

ternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism, he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature." His scientific knowledge proved the means of conferring incalculable benefits upon the art of painting, one of the most important of which was the invention of the chiaro-scuro. His intimate acquaintance with mathematical studies enabled him to develope greatly the knowledge of optics, and no one was better acquainted with the nature of aërial perspective, which became a distinctive and hereditary characteristic of his school. Lanzi says, "Being extremely well versed in poetry and history, it was through him that the Milanese school became one of the most accurate and observing in regard to antiquity and to costume. Mengs has noticed that no artist could surpass Vinci in the grand effect of his chiaro-scuro. He instructed his pupils to make as cautious a use of light as of a gem, not lavishing it too freely, but reserving it always for the best place. And hence we find in his, and in the best of his disciples' paintings, that fine relief, owing to which the pictures, and in particular the countenances, seem as if starting from the canvass."

DA VINCI'S WRITINGS.

Almost of equal value with the pictures of this immortal artist, are his writings, part of which, un-

fortunately, have been lost, and others have remained in manuscript. His *Trattato della Pittura*, &c., appeared for the first time in 1651. It was translated into English, and published by John Senex, London, 1721. The most complete edition was published by Manzi, in Italian, in 1817. The learned connoisseur Count Algarotti, esteemed this work so highly, that he regarded it the only work necessary to be put into the hands of the student. "With a deep insight into nature," says Fiorillo, "Lionardo has treated in his book, of light, shades, reflections, and particularly of backgrounds. He perfectly understood, and has explained in the best way, that natural bodies being bounded mostly by curved lines, which have a natural softness, it is important to give this softness to the outlines; that this can be done only by means of the ground on which the object is represented; that the inner line of the surrounding ground, and the outer line of the object, are one and the same; nay, that the figure of the object becomes visible only by means of that which surrounds it; that even the colors depend upon the surrounding objects, and mutually weaken and heighten each other; that when objects of the same color are to be represented, one before the other, different degrees of light must be used to separate them from each other, since the mass of air between the eye and the object lessens and softens the color in proportion to the distance." Among the works of Da Vinci, were Treatises on Hydraulics, Anatomy, Per-

spective, Light and Shadow, and the Anatomy of the Horse. The Ambrosian Library of Milan originally possessed sixteen volumes of his manuscripts. The French, during their occupancy of Milan, carried off twelve of these (probably all there were then remaining), but only three of them reached Paris, one of which was published under the title of *Fragment d'un Traité sur les Mouvements du corps humain.* Only one volume was returned to Milan by the Allies in 1815. What abominable sacrilege! It is said that seven volumes more of his manuscripts were in the collection of the King of Spain.

DA VINCI'S SKETCH BOOKS.

Da Vinci always carried in his pocket a book, in which he was in the habit of sketching every remarkable face, object, and effect of nature that struck his fancy; and these sketches supplied him with abundant materials for his compositions. Caylus published a collection of beautiful sketches and studies by Lionardo, under the title of *Recueil de Têtes de Caractères et de Charges*, &c., 1730, of which there is also a German edition. Two more were published at Milan in 1784, under the titles of *Desseins de Leonardo da Vinci, Gravés par Ch. T. Gerli, and Osservazioni sopra i Disegni di Lionardo dall' Abbate Amoretti*, &c. Besides these appeared in London in 1796, engravings of the numerous sketches of Lionardo in the possession of the King

of England, entitled *Imitations of Original Designs of Lionardo da Vinci*, &c., published by Chamberlaine, folio. See also the *Life of Lionardo da Vinci* in German, published at Halle in 1819.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LIONARDO DA VINCI.

"His Last Supper has been stated in history as an imperfect production, although at the same time all history is agreed in celebrating it as one of the most beautiful paintings that ever proceeded from the hand of man. It was painted for the Refectory of the Dominican fathers at Milan, and may be pronounced a compendium, not only of all that Lionardo taught in his books, but also of what he embraced in his studies. He here gave expression to the exact point of time best adapted to animate his history, which is the moment when the Redeemer addresses his disciples, saying, 'One of you will betray me.' Then each of his innocent followers is seen to start as if struck with a thunderbolt; those at a distance seem to interrogate their companions, as if they think they must have mistaken what he had said; others, according to their natural disposition, appear variously affected; one of them swoons away, one stands lost in astonishment, a third rises in indignation, while the very simplicity and candor depicted upon the countenance of a fourth, seem to place him beyond the reach of suspicion. But Judas instantly draws in his countenance, and while he appears as it were at-

tempting to give it an air of innocence, the eye rests upon him in a moment, as the undoubted traitor. Vinci himself used to observe that for the space of a whole year he employed his time in meditating how he could best give expression to the features of so bad a heart; and that being accustomed to frequent a place where the worst characters were known to assemble, he there met with a physiognomy to his purpose; to which he also added the features of many others. In his figures of the two saints James, presenting fine forms, most appropriate to the characters, he availed himself of the same plan, and being unable with his utmost diligence to invest that of Christ with a superior air to the rest, he left the head in an unfinished state, as we learn from Vasari, though Armenini pronounced it exquisitely complete. The rest of the picture, the table-cloth with its folds, the whole of the utensils, the table, the architecture, the distribution of the lights, the perspective of the ceiling (which, in the tapestry of S. Pietro, at Rome, is changed almost into a hanging garden), all was conducted with the most exquisite care; all was worthy of the finest pencil in the world. Had Lionardo desired to follow the practice of his age in painting in fresco, the art at this time would have been in possession of this treasure. But being always fond of attempting new methods, he painted this masterpiece upon a peculiar ground, formed of distilled oils which was the reason that it gradually de-

tached itself from the wall. About half a century subsequent to the execution of this wonderful work, when Armenini saw it, it was already *half decayed:* and Scanelli, who examined it in 1642, declared that it '*was with difficulty he could discern the history as it had been.*' Nothing now remains except the heads of three apostles, which may be said to be rather sketched than painted."—*Lanzi.*

COPIES OF THE LAST SUPPER OF DA VINCI.

The great loss of the original picture is in some measure compensated by several excellent copies, some of which are by Lionardo's most eminent disciples; the best are, that by Marco Uggione, at the Carthusians of Pavia; another in the Refectory of the Franciscans at Lugano, by Bernardino Luini; and one in La Pace at Milan, by Gio. Paolo Lomazzo. Fuseli, lecturing on the copy by Marco Uggione, says, "the face of the Saviour is an abyss of thought, and broods over the immense revolution in the economy of mankind, which throngs inwardly on his absorbed eye—as the Spirit creative in the beginning over the water's darksome wave—undisturbed and quiet. It could not be lost in the copy before us; how could its sublime expression escape those who saw the original? It has survived the hand of time in the study which Lionardo made in crayons, exhibited with most of the attendant heads in the British Gallery, and even in the feeble transcripts of Pietro Testa. I am not afraid of being

under the necessity of retracting what I am going to advance, that neither during the splendid period immediately subsequent to Lionardo, nor in those which succeeded to our own time, has a face of the Redeemer been produced, which, I will not say equalled, but approached Lionardo's conception, and in quiet and simple features of humanity, embodied divine, or what is the same, incomprehensible and infinite powers." In 1825, Prof. Phillips examined the remains of this picture, and says, "Of the heads, there is not one untouched, and many are totally ruined. Fortunately, that of the Saviour is the most pure, being but faintly retouched: and it presents, even yet, a most perfect image of the Divine character. Whence arose the story of its not having been finished, is now difficult to conceive, and the history itself varies among the writers who have mentioned it. But perhaps a man so scrupulous as Lionardo da Vinci, in the definement of character and expression, and so ardent in his pursuit of them, might have expressed himself unsatisfied, where all others could only see perfection."

DA VINCI'S DISCRIMINATION.

Lionardo da Vinci possessed the rare faculty of being able to ascertain the just medium between hasty and labored work; and though very minute in the finishing of his pictures, yet he painted in a free and unrestrained style. The same master who consumed four years on the portrait of Mona Lisa

Giocondo, gave one of the earliest and best lessons to the age, in the great style, in his memorable painting of the Last Supper. This power of attending at the same moment to the minutiæ of detail, and to the grand and leading principles of the art or science in which a person may be employed, shows a species of universality of power that may be reckoned among the highest perfections of the human mind; and it places Da Vinci not merely in the rank of the first of painters, but of the greatest of men.

DA VINCI'S IDEA OF PERFECTION IN ART.

Da Vinci was never satisfied with his works, and Lanzi finds the same fault with him that Apelles did with Protogenes—his not knowing when to take his hand from his work. Phidias himself, says Tully, bore in his mind a more beautiful Minerva and a grander Jove than he was capable of exhibiting with his chisel. It is prudent counsel that teaches us to aspire to the best, but to rest satisfied with attaining what is good. "Vinci," says Lanzi, "was never satisfied with his labors, if he did not execute them as perfectly as he had conceived them; and being unable to reach the high point proposed with a mortal hand, he sometimes only designed his work, or conducted it only to a certain degree of completion. Sometimes he devoted to it so long a period as almost to renew the example of the ancient who employed seven years over his picture

(Protogenes' Ialysus and his dog). But as there was no limit to the discovery of fresh beauties in that work, so in the opinion of Lomazzo it happens with the perfections of Vinci's paintings, including even those which Vasari and others allude to as left imperfect." Lanzi says it is certain that he left some of his works only half finished. "Such is his Epiphany, in the Ducal Gallery at Florence, and his Holy Family, in the Archbishop's palace at Milan." Others he finished in the most exquisite manner. "He was not satisfied with only perfecting the heads, counterfeiting the shining of the eyes, the pores of the skin, the roots of the hair, and even the beating of the arteries; but he likewise portrayed each separate garment, and every accessory with equal minuteness. Thus in his landscapes, also, there was not a single herb, or leaf of a tree, which he had not taken, like a portrait, from the face of nature; and even to his very leaves he gave a peculiar air, fold, and position best adapted to represent their rustling in the wind. While he bestowed his attention in this manner to minutiæ, he at the same time, as is observed by Mengs, led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style; entered into the most abstruse inquires as to the source and nature of expression—the most philosophical and elevated branch of the art—and smoothed the way for the appearance of Raffaelle." Vinci spent four years on his portrait of Mona Lisa Giocondo.

DA VINCI AND THE PRIOR.

The Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci was painted in the Refectory of the Dominican convent of S. Maria della Grazia, at Milan. It was considered one of the proudest monuments of that city. While forming the plan of its composition, Da Vinci meditated profoundly on the subject; and having prepared himself by long study, and above all by a closer examination of nature, he began the execution by repeated sketches, both of the whole design, and of all its individual parts. He used to frequent the accustomed haunts of persons resembling, in their character and habits, those whom he was about to introduce in his picture; and as often as he met with any attitudes, groups, or features which suited his purpose, he sketched them in his tablets, which he always carried with him. Having nearly finished the other apostles in this way, he had left the head of Judas untouched for a long time, as he could find no physiognomy which satisfied him, or came up to the ideas he had formed of such a villainous and treacherous character.

The prior of the convent grew impatient at being so long incommoded in that essential branch of monastic discipline which was carried on in the refectory or dining hall, where the picture was being painted, and complained to the Grand Duke, who called on the artist to explain the delay. Da Vinci

excused himself by saying that he worked at it two whole hours every day. The pious head of the house renewed his representations with great warmth, and alleged that Lionardo had only one head to finish; and that so far from working two hours a day, he had not been near the place for almost twelve months. Again summoned before the prince, the painter thus defended himself. "It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time; but it is not less true that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas remains to be executed, and in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live; but I have not yet found the features I am in quest of. These once found, the picture shall be finished in a day. If, however," he added, "I still am unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the Prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well; only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent." It is hardly necessary to add that the Duke was perfectly satisfied with this apology. The artist soon after met with his Judas, and finished his great work. It is stated by several Italian writers that Da Vinci, out of revenge, did actually take this liberty with the prior.

DA VINCI'S DRAWINGS OF THE HEADS IN HIS CELEBRATED LAST SUPPER.

The series of drawings for the celebrated work of the Last Supper, which were formerly in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, are now in the possession of Sir Thomas Baring. From the great injuries which that sublime composition has sustained, these may be considered as among the most precious reliques of this master. The drawing which represents the head of the Saviour is magnificent, and probably superior to the same head in the picture, which is said to have been left unfinished. Whether this circumstance arose from the troubles which then existed in Italy, and in which the Sforza family were so immediately engaged, or from a feeling on the part of the artist, that he had not been able to surpass that sublimity of character to which he had attained in his first design, and therefore left the same to a more happy moment, may now be matter of speculative conjecture.

FRANCIS I. AND THE LAST SUPPER OF VINCI.

Francis I. was so struck with admiration when he first saw the Last Supper of Da Vinci, that he resolved to carry it to France. For this purpose he attempted to saw it from the wall; but finding that he could not detach it without destroying the picture, he abandoned the project.

AUTHENTICATED WORKS OF DA VINCI.

The authenticated works of Da Vinci are exceedingly scarce; he bestowed so much labor upon them that they were never very numerous, and time and casualty has reduced the number. It is said that one of the proprietors of the Orleans collection destroyed some of the most capital works of Da Vinci and Correggio from conscientious scruples! The most celebrated are the Mona Lisa Giocondo, in the Louvre; a lovely picture called La Vierge aux Rochers; a Leda, in the collection of Prince Kaunitz at Vienna; Christ disputing with the Doctors, in the Pamfili palace at Rome; John the Baptist, formerly in the French Museum; the portrait of Lodovico Maria Sforza, in the Dresden gallery. There are a few others in the collections at Florence, Milan, and Rome. There are some in England; but the authenticity of most of these, to say the least, is extremely doubtful. The Christ disputing with the Doctors, in the National gallery, is doubtless a copy by some of his pupils. The original, as before mentioned, is at Rome. Passavant says, "The numerous copies or repetitions of this picture, now existing, imply the estimation in which the original cartoon was held, and are additional proofs of its being an original work. One of these I saw in the Spada gallery at Rome; two others at Milan—one in the Episcopal palace, and the other in the house of the Consigliere Commendatore Casati." Most of the

pictures claimed to be original by Da Vinci, even in the public galleries of Europe, were executed by his pupils and imitators, several of whom copied and imitated him with great success. Lanzi says that Lorenzo di Credi approached him so closely, that one of his copies of Lionardo could hardly be distinguished from the original. For a list of his imitators, see Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, table of Imitators.

WORKS IN NIELLO.

The art of working in niello, which led Maso Finiguerra, a sculptor and worker in gold and silver, to the invention of copper plate engraving, was very early practiced in Italy. In the 15th century and long before, it was the practice to decorate the church and other plate with designs in niello; and also caskets, sword and dagger hilts, and various kinds of ornaments. The designs were hatched with a steel point in gold or silver, then engraved with the burin, and run in while hot, with a composition called *niello*, an Italian term derived from the Latin *nigellum*—a compound of silver, lead, copper, sulphur, and borax, used by the ancients, and easily fusible, and of a dark color. The superfluous parts of the niello were then scraped away, and the surface polished, when the engraved part appeared with all the effect of a print. Lanzi says, "this substance (nigellum) being incorporated with the silver, and

the whole being polished, produced the effect of shadows, which, contrasted with the clearness of the silver, gave the entire work the appearance of a chiaro-scuro in silver." There are many very beautiful specimens of this species of work, particularly vases, cups, and *paxes*, or images of Christ on the cross, which the people in Catholic countries kiss after service, called the kiss of peace. The most remarkable known specimen in niello, is a very curious cup, preserved in the British Museum. Its total height, including the statuette of a cherub on the top of the lid, is about three feet. It is composed of silver, and the whole, except the border and statuette, is embellished with various fanciful designs. For a long time it was the property of the noble family of van Bekerhout, who made a present of it to Calonia, the sculptor of the statue of John van Eyck, in the Academy of Arts at Bruges. The widow of this artist sold it to Mr. Henry Farrer, who afterwards disposed of it to the British Museum for the sum of £350.

Remarkable as this process was, there arose out of it another incalculably more so. It became a practice for goldsmiths, who wished to preserve their designs, to take impressions of their plates with earth, over which liquid sulphur was poured, and from which, when cold, the earth was removed. But Maso Finiguerra, a goldsmith and sculptor of Florence, and a pupil of the celebrated Masaccio, about the middle of the 15th century, carried the

process still further, for with a mixture of soot and oil he filled the cavities of the engraving he had made, as a preparation for niello, and by pressing damp paper upon it with a roller, obtained impressions on the paper, having, as Vasari says, "Veni vano come disegnate di penna"—all the appearance of drawings done with a pen. Finiguerra was followed by Baccio Baldini, a goldsmith of Florence, who, according to Vasari, employed the eminent artist Sandro Botticelli, to design for him.

Lanzi says in 1801, a pax for the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence, supposed to have been executed by Matteo Dei, an eminent worker in niello in the early part of the 15th century, was taken to pieces to examine the workmanship. The embellishments upon its surface represented the Conversion of St. Paul, and on the niello being extracted, the engraved work was found not at all deep; and ink and paper being provided, twenty-five fine proof prints were struck from it, which were distributed among a few eminent artists and connoisseurs. One of them is now in the collection of the senator Martelli at Florence.

The arts are generally to be traced to a humble origin, and in these works in niello, often discovering little taste, we recognize the cradle of that of engraving on *copper*, to which engraving on *steel* has within the last few years succeeded. In the earliest efforts of this kind, the lines produced were comparatively rude and unmeaning, and had nothing more

to recommend them than their merely representing a particular sort of markings, or slight hatchings with a pen, without any apparent degree of execution or expression. It was not long, however, before this incipient art became indebted to the elegant etchings of the great masters in painting, as well as to their drawings in pen and ink. It acquired accuracy and taste from the drawings of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Lionardo da Vinci, which connoisseurs of our own time have seen and admired. Some of those by Da Vinci were hatched in a square and delicate manner, with a white fluid on dark colored paper; while those of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle inclined more to the lozenge, in black or brown ink. They even carried this style of hatching with the pencil into their pictures, some of which adorn the Vatican, and into the famous cartoons, which are the glory of the picture gallery at Hampton Court; and by the persevering application of the graver, the art has been advancing to the present period.

When compared with painting, it appears but of recent invention, being coeval only with the art of printing.

It is for us to rejoice in the immense power that it now possesses, and to avoid the error pointed out by Lord Bacon when he said: "We are too prone to pass those ladders by which the arts are reared, and generally to reflect all the merit to the last new performer."

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

This great architect, and learned man, was born in 1632. Though he was of a weak bodily constitution in childhood, he possessed a most precocious mind, and early manifested a strong inclination for the paths of science and philosophy. At the age of thirteen, he invented an astronomical instrument, a pneumatic engine, and another instrument of use in gnomonics. When fourteen years old, he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College, Oxford; and during the period of his collegiate course he associated with Hooke (whom he assisted in his *Micrographia*) and other scientific men, whose meetings laid the foundation of the Royal Society. In 1653, he was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College; and by the age of twenty-four, he was known to the learned of Europe, for his various theories, inventions, and improvements, a list of which would be too long for insertion. In 1657 he was appointed to the professor's chair of astronomy at Gresham College, London, and three years after, to that of the Savilian professor at Oxford. On the establishment of the Royal Society, he contributed largely to the success and reputation of that learned body.

WREN'S SELF-COMMAND.

Wren possessed great self-command, as appears from the following anecdote of him and his uncle, the Bishop of Ely, whom the Parliament had im-

prisoned in the Tower. Some time before the decease of Oliver Cromwell, Wren became acquainted with Mr. Claypole, who married Oliver's favorite daughter. Claypole, being a lover of mathematics, had conceived a great esteem for young Wren, and took all occasion to cultivate his friendship, and to court his conversation, particularly by frequent invitations to his house and table. It happened in one of these conversations that Cromwell came into the room as they sat at dinner, and without any ceremony, as was his usual way in his own family, he took his place. After a little time, fixing his eyes on Wren, he said, "Your uncle has been long confined in the Tower." "He has so, sir," replied Wren, "but he bears his afflictions with great patience and resignation." "He may come out if he will," returned Cromwell. "Will your highness permit me to tell him so?" asked Wren. "Yes," answered the Protector, "you may." As soon as Wren could retire with propriety, he hastened with no little joy to the Tower, and informed his uncle of all the particulars of his interview with Cromwell; to which the Bishop replied with warm indignation, that "it was not the first time he had received the like intimation from that miscreant, but he disdained the terms proposed for his enlargement, which were a mean acknowledgment of his favor, and an abject submission to his detestable tyranny: that he was determined to tarry the Lord's leisure, and owe his deliverance to him only." This expected deliver-

ance was not far distant, for he was released from confinement by the Restoration.

WREN'S RESTRAINTS IN DESIGNING HIS EDIFICES.

It is often seen, that when kings patronize genius, instead of allowing it to develop itself according to its own laws, they hamper it according to their own preconceived fancies. The palace at Hampton Court is censured for its ill proportions; but Cunningham says that Wren moved under sad restraints from the commissioners in one place, and the court in the other. When the lowness of the cloisters under the apartments of the palace was noticed by one of the courtiers, King William turned on his heel like a challenged sentinel, and answered sharply, "Such were my express orders!" The rebuked nobleman bowed, and acquiesced in the royal taste. When St. Paul's Cathedral was nearly completed, the "nameless officials" called commissioners of that edifice, decided to have a stone balustrade upon the upper cornice, and declared their determination to that effect, "unless Sir Christopher Wren should set forth that it was contrary to the principles of architecture." To this resolution, in which blind ignorance gropes its way, calling on knowledge to set its stumblings right, Wren returned the following answer: "I take leave first to declare I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something that had been used in Gothic structures, and *ladies*

think nothing well without an edging." After this deserved satire, he showed clearly, at considerable length, that a balustrade was not in harmony with the general plan and unique combinations of the edifice; but his opinion was disregarded, and the balustrade was placed on the cornice.

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

While the discussions were going on whether St. Paul's Cathedral should be restored, or the entire edifice be rebuilt, the great fire in London, in 1666, not only decided this question, but opened an extensive field for the display of Wren's talents in various other metropolitan buildings. One of his immediate labors, arising from the conflagration, was a survey of the whole of the ruins, and the preparation of a plan for laying out the devastated space in a regular and commodious manner, with wide streets, and piazzas at intervals, which he laid before Parliament; but his plans were not adopted, and the new streets arose in that dense and intricate maze of narrow lanes, which even now are but slowly disappearing before modern improvements. Furthermore, instead of the line of spacious quays along the Thames which Wren proposed, the river is shut out from view by wharfs and warehouses, to such an extent as to render any adequate scheme for the improvement of its banks hardly practicable. London might have arisen from her ashes the finest city in the world, had Wren's plans been followed.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Wren prepared several designs and models for this great edifice. The composition of his favorite plan was compact and simple, forming a general octagonal mass, surmounted by a cupola, and extended on its west side by a portico, and a short nave or vestibule within. The plan adopted, exhibits an almost opposite mode of treatment, both as to arrangement and proportions. While the first exhibits its concentration and uniform spaciousness, the other is more extended as to length, but contracted in other respects, and the diagonal vistas that would have been obtained in the other case, are altogether lost in this. The first stone of the present edifice was laid June 21, 1675; the choir was opened for divine service in December, 1697; and the whole was completed in thirty-five years, the last stone on the summit of the lantern being laid by the architect's son Christopher, in 1710. Taken altogether, St. Paul's Cathedral is a truly glorious work, and its cupola is matchless in beauty. There are few churches of the past or present day that can vie with it in richness of design; and St. Peter's, with its single order and attic, appearing of much smaller dimensions than it really is, cannot be put in comparison with it. For a description of this edifice, see Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects.

WREN'S DEATH.

This illustrious artist died in 1723, and was buried in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the most enduring monument of his genius, under the south aisle of the choir. Inscribed upon his tomb are four words "that comprehend," says Walpole, "his merit and his fame," sublimely and eloquently expressed: "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice"—"If thou inquirest for a monument, look around thee!"

WREN AND CHARLES II.

Wren's small stature, and his intimacy with Charles II., are humorously shown in an anecdote preserved by Seward. The king, on walking through his newly erected palace at Newmarket, said, "These rooms are too low." Wren went up to the king and replied, "An please your majesty, I think them high enough." Whereupon Charles, stooping down to Sir Christopher's stature, answered with a smile, "On second thoughts, I think so too."

THOMAS BANKS, THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR.

Among the friends of this gifted man, were Flaxman, Fuseli, and the talented John Horne Tooke. His friendship with the last nearly proved mischievous to Banks, and perhaps would certainly have been so, had it not been for the uprightness of his character. During those perilous days, when "rev-

olution" and "mad equality" were causing such commotions, suspicion fell upon the politician, who was subjected to an official examination and a trial, Banks being also implicated in the charge, although his offence consisted at most in listening to the other's declamations. "I remember," says his daughter Lavinia, "when Tooke, and Hardy, and others were arrested on the charge of high treason, that an officer waited on my father with an order from the Secretary of the State to go to his office. I chanced to be in the next room, and the door being partly open, I heard all that passed. My father only requested to be allowed to go into his study, and give directions to his workmen; this was complied with, and he then accompanied the messenger. I said nothing to my mother of what I had heard, since father had been silent for fear of exciting unnecessary apprehensions; but I sat with much trouble at heart for several hours, when to my inexpressible joy I heard his well known knock at the door, and ran to greet his return—a return rendered doubly happy, since his own simple and manly explanation had acquitted him of all suspicion of treasonable designs, or of a thought injurious to his country." The intercourse between Banks and his daughter Lavinia was of the most delightful character. His chief pleasure for many years was in her instruction; he superintended her education in all things, and more particularly in drawing; she sat beside him whilst he modeled, accompanied him

in his walks, and in the evenings cheered him with music, of which he was passionately fond. A most touching instance of filial and paternal love!

THE GENIUS OF BANKS.

As Banks never received anything like the encouragement which he deserved, the character of his genius must be sought more in the works that he sketched, than those that he executed in marble. Among his sketches, the poetical abounded, and these were founded chiefly on Homer. Several splendid sketches are his Andromache lamenting with her handmaidens over the body of Hector, the Venus rising from the Sea, shedding back her tresses as she ascends, and a Venus bearing Æneas wounded from the Battle. "In his classical sketches," says Cunningham, "the man fully comes out: we see that he had surrendered his whole soul to those happier days of sculpture when the human frame was unshackled and free, and the dresses as well as deeds of men were heroic; that the bearing of gods was familiar to his dreams; and that it was not his fault if he aspired in vain to be the classic sculptor of his age and nation." His monument to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, now in Ashbourne church, Derbyshire, represents the child when six years old, lying asleep on her couch in all her innocence and beauty. "Simplicity and elegance," says Dr. Mavor, "appear in the workman-

ship, tenderness and innocence in the image." The sculptor's daughter Lavinia says, "He was a minute observer of nature, and often have I seen him stop in his walk to remark an attitude, or some group of figures, and unconsciously trace the outline in air with his finger as if drawing paper had been before him. He would in the same way remark folds of drapery, and note them in his mind, or sketch them on paper, to be used when occasion called."

BANKS' KINDNESS TO YOUNG SCULPTORS.

His daughter Lavinia ofter marvelled at his patience in pointing out the imperfections or beauties of drawing and models submitted by young artists to his inspection. Even when little hope of future excellence appeared, he was careful not to wound the feeling of a race whose sensitiveness he too well knew. He would say, "This and better will do,—but this and worse will never do," and ended by recommending industry and perseverance. One morning a youth of about thirteen years of age came to the door of Banks with drawings in his hand. Owing to some misgiving of mind, the knock which he intended should be modest and unassuming, was loud and astounding, and the servant who opened the door was in no pleasant mood with what he imagined to be forwardness in one so young. Banks, happening to overhear the chiding of the servant, went out and said with much gentleness, "What do you want

with me, young man?" "I want, sir," said the boy, "that you should get me to draw at the academy." "That," replied the sculptor, "is not in my power, for no one is admitted there but by ballot, and I am only one of those persons on whose pleasure it depends. But you have got a drawing there—let me look at it." He examined it for a moment, and said, "Time enough for the academy yet, my little man! Go home and mind your schooling, try and make a better drawing of the Apollo, and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home, drew with three-fold diligence, and on that day month appeared again at the door of Banks with a new drawing in his hand. The sculptor liked this drawing better than he did the other, gave him a week to improve it, encouraged him much, and showed him the various works of art in his own study. He went away and returned in a week, when the Apollo was visibly improved—he conceived a kindnes, for the boy, and said if he were spared he would distinguish himself. The prediction has been fulfilled,—the academician Mulready has attained wide distinction.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF BANKS.

In person, Banks was tall, with looks silent and dignified, and an earnestness of carriage that well became him; he spoke seldom; he had a winning sweetness in his way of address, and a persuasive

manner which was not unfelt by his academic companions. He was simple and frugal in his general style of living, yet liberal to excess in all that related to the encouragement of art; his purse was open to virtuous sufferers, and what is far more, he shrank not from going personally into the house of the poor and sick, to console and aid them in adversity. In his younger days it was his custom to work at his marbles in the solitude of the Sabbath morning when his assistants were not at hand to interrupt him; but as he advanced in life he discontinued the practice, and became an example to his brother artists in the observance of the Sabbath day. He grew strict in religious duty, and, like Flaxman, added another to the number of those devout sculptors, whose purity of life, and reach of intellect, are an honor to their country.

FLAXMAN'S TRIBUTE TO BANKS.

That Flaxman appreciated and honored Banks' genius, he was ever ready to give strong proof.—"We have had a sculptor," he says in one of his lectures, "in the late Mr. Banks, whose works have eclipsed the most, if not all his continental cotemporaries." On another occasion—that of the sale of the sculptor's models—Mrs. Siddons and Flaxman were seated together, when the auctioneer began to expatiate upon the beauty of an antique figure, saying, "Behold where the deceased artist found some of his beauties." "Sir," exclaimed Flaxman,

more warmly than was his wont, "you do Mr. Banks much wrong, *he* wanted no assistance."

Banks died in 1805. In Westminster Abbey a tablet is erected with this inscription, "In memory of Thomas Banks, Esq., R. A., Sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honor on human nature."

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR.

Cunningham says, "He was passionately fond of drawing and modelling, and labored early and late to acquire knowledge in his profession; yet he was so free from all pride, or so obliging by nature, that he would run on any errand; nor did he hesitate to relate, in the days of his wealth and eminence, how he used to carry pots of porter to his master's maids on a washing day, and with more success than Barry did when he treated Burke, 'for,' says he, 'I always crept slowly along to save the head of foam, that the lasses might taste it in all its strength.' Such traits as these, however, I cannot consent to set down as incontrovertible proofs of a mean and vulgar spirit; nay, they often keep company with real loftiness of nature."

NOLLEKENS' VISIT TO ROME.

In 1760, Nollekens proceeded to Italy, by the way of Paris. On arriving in the French capital, he presented himself at the house of an uncle there,

told his name, and claimed kindred. The old gentleman stood with his door half opened, put a few cool questions, and seemed to doubt the veracity of his story; but at length catching a glimpse of a gold watch-chain, he invited him to dinner. The pride of the young artist, however, had been deeply touched—he declined the invitation, and went his way. On reaching Rome, the friendless youth found his stock reduced to some twenty guineas; and dreading want, and what was worse, dependence, he set about mending his fortune with equal despatch and success. He modelled and carved in stone a bas-relief, which brought him ten guineas from England; and in the next year the Society of Arts voted him fifty guineas for his Timoclea before Alexander, which was in marble. He was now noticed by the artists of Rome, and lived on friendly terms with Barry, who was waging a useless and vexatious war with interested antiquarians and visitors of wealth and virtu. Indeed, such was the gentleness of his nature, and his mild and unassuming demeanor, that he never made enemies except amongst those who could have done no one credit as friends.

NOLLEKENS AND GARRICK.

During Nollekens' residence at Rome, Garrick came one day into the Vatican, and observing the young sculptor, said, "Ah! what? let me look at you! You are the little fellow to whom we gave the

prizes in the Society of Arts? eh!" Nollekens answered, "Yes," upon which the actor shook him kindly by the hand, inquired concerning his studies, and invited him to breakfast the next morning. He did more—he sat to him for his bust, and when the model was finished, he gave him twelve guineas. This was the first bust he ever modelled.

NOLLEKENS' TALENTS IN BUST SCULPTURE.

The bust of Sterne, which he afterwards executed at Rome in terra cotta, materially increased his reputation; and the applause that it received probably warned the sculptor of his talents in that branch of the art, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. It forms a truly admirable image of the original, and Nollekens, to his last hour, alluded to it with pleasure. "Dance," he used to say, "made my picture with my hand leaning on Sterne's head—he was right." This striking bust is now in the collection of Mr. Agar Ellis. His talents in bust sculpture were universally acknowledged, and when Mr. Coutts, the banker, applied to Fuseli, then keeper of the Royal Academy, for the best sculptor to execute his bust, the painter replied, "I can have no difficulty in telling you; for though Nollekens is weak in many things, in a bust he stands unrivalled. Had you required a group of figures, I should have recommended Flaxman, but for a bust, give me Nollekens."

NOLLEKENS' BUST OF DR. JOHNSON.

While he was modelling the bust of Dr. Johnson, the latter came one day accompanied by Miss Williams, a blind lady; and being very impatient of the protracted sittings, he came quite late, which so displeased the sculptor that he cried out, "Now, Doctor, you *did* say you would give my bust half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time." "Nolly, be patient, Nolly," said the sage, making his way to the bust. "How is this, Nolly, you have loaded the head with hair." "All the better," returned the artist, "it will make you look more like one of the ancient sages or poets.—I'll warrant now, you wanted to have it in a wig." The Doctor remonstrated seriously, saying, "a man, sir, should be portrayed as he appears in company"—but the sculptor persisted. The bust is an admirable work of art, besides being a faithful likeness.

NOLLEKENS' LIBERALITY TO CHANTREY.

When Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the Exhibition, he was young and unfriended; but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor, set it before him, moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned to those who were arranging the works for the Exhibition, and said, "There's a very fine work: let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts,

and put this in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said in his most persuasive way, "Go to Chantrey, he is the man for a bust; he will make a good bust of you—I always recommend him." He sat for his bust to Chantrey, who always mentioned his name with tenderness and respect.

NOLLEKENS AND THE WIDOW.

Smith gives a rather amusing account of a lady in weeds for her husband, who "came drooping like a willow to the sculptor, desiring a monument, and declaring that she did not care what money was expended on the memory of one she loved so. 'Do what you please, but oh! do it quickly,' were her parting orders. Nollekens went to work, made the design, finished the model, and began to look for a block of marble to carve it from, when in dropped the lady—she had been absent some three months. 'Poor soul,' said the sculptor, when she was announced, 'I thought she would come soon, but I am ready.' The lady came light of foot, and lighter of look. 'Ah, how do you do, Mr. Nollekens? Well, you have not commenced the model?' 'Aye, but I have though,' returned the sculptor, 'and there it stands, finished.' 'There it is, indeed,' sighed the lady, throwing herself into a chair; they looked at one another for a minute's space or so—she spoke first. 'These, my good friend, are, I know, early days for this little change'—she looked at her dress,

from which the early profusion of crape had disappeared,—'but since I saw you, I have met with an old Roman acquaintance of yours, who has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband. Indeed, on second thoughts, it would perhaps be considered quite enough, if I got our mason to put up a mural tablet, and that you know he can cut very prettily.' 'My charge, madam, for the model,' said the sculptor, 'is one hundred guineas.' 'Enormous! enormous!' said the lady, but drew out her purse and paid it." The mutability of human nature!

NOLLEKENS' COMPLIMENTS.

Cunningham says that a portion of his sitters "were charmed into admirers by the downright bluntness of his compliments, which they regarded as so many testimonies on oath of their beauty. As a specimen of his skill in the difficult art of pleasing, take the following anecdotes. He was modelling the head of a lady of rank, when she forgot herself, changed her position, and looked more loftily than he wished. 'Don't look so scorney, woman,' said the sculptor, modelling all the while, 'else you will spoil my bust—and you're a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best busts.' Another time he said to a lady, who had a *serious* squint, 'look for a minute the other way, for then I shall get rid of a slight shyness in your eye, which,

though not ungraceful in life, is unusual in art.' On another occasion, a lady with some impatience in her nature was sitting for her portrait; every minute she changed her position, and with every change of position put on a change of expression, until his patience gave way. 'Lord, woman!' exclaimed the unceremonious sculptor, 'what's the matter how handsome you are, if you won't sit still till I model you!' The lady smiled, and sat ever afterwards like a lay figure."

AN OVERPLUS OF MODESTY.

It has been remarked by some close observer, that modesty is like shadow in a picture—too much of it obscures real excellence, while the proper medium exhibits all parts in agreeable relief. John Riley, an English portrait painter who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was a proof that one may have a superabundance of this in itself excellent quality. Walpole says, "He was one of the best native artists who had flourished in England; but he was very modest, had the greatest diffidence of himself, and was easily disgusted with his own works. His talents were obscured by the fame rather than by the merit of Kneller, and with a quarter of the latter's vanity, he might have persuaded the world that he was as great a "master." He was but little noticed until the death of Lely, when Chiffinch being persuaded to sit to him, the picture was shown, and recommended him to the

king. Charles II. sat to him, but almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing a profession so proper for him. Looking at the picture, he cried, "Is this like me? Then od's fish, I'm an ugly fellow!" This discouraged Riley so much that he could not bear the picture, though he sold it for a large price. However, he kept on, and had the satisfaction of painting James II. and his Queen, and also their successors, who appointed him their painter. Riley died three years after the accession of William and Mary, in 1691.

THE ARTIST FOOTMAN.

Edward Norgate, an English painter of excellent judgment in pictures, was sent into Italy by the Earl of Arundel to purchase works of art. On returning, however, he was disappointed in receiving remittances, and was obliged to remain some time in Marseilles. Being totally unknown there, he used frequently to walk for several hours in a public part of the city, with a most dejected air; and while thus engaged, he was occasionally observed by a merchant, who, doubtless impelled by kind feelings, ventured one day to speak to the wanderer, and told him that so much walking would have soon brought him to the end of his journey, when Norgate confessed his inability to proceed for want of money. The merchant then inquired into his circumstances, and told him that perceiving he was able to walk at least twenty miles a day, if he would

set out on his journey homeward, he would furnish him handsomely for a foot traveler. By this assistance, Norgate arrived in his own country.

AN ARCHITECT'S STRATAGEM.

William Winde, a Dutch architect who visited England in the reign of Charles II., erected, among other works, Buckingham House in St. James' Park, for the Duke of Bucks. He had nearly finished this edifice, but the payment was most sadly in arrears. Accordingly Winde enticed the Duke one day to mount upon the leads, to enjoy the grand prospect. When there, he coolly locked the trap-door and threw the key over the parapet, addressing his astounded patron, "I am a ruined man, and unless I have your word of honor that the debts shall be paid, I will instantly throw myself over." "And what is to become of me?" asked the Duke. "You shall go along with me!" returned the desperate architect. This prospect of affairs speedily drew from the Duke the wished-for promise, and the trap-door was opened by a workman below, who was a party in the plot.

THE FREEDOM OF THE TIMES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

The freedom allowed in social intercourse is well illustrated by a sketch in the account of Graham. William Wissing, a Dutch painter who succeeded Sir Peter Lely in fashionable portrait painting in

England, was noted for his complaisant manners, which recommended him to most people's esteem. "In drawing his portraits, especially those of the fair sex, he always took the *beautiful* likeness; and when any lady came to sit to him whose complexion was in any ways pale, he would commonly take her by the hand and dance her about the room till she became warmer; by which means he heightened her natural beauty, and made her fit to be represented by his hand!"

HANNEMAN'S PICTURE OF "PEACE."

Descamps says that Adrian Hanneman painted for the States of Holland an emblematical subject of Peace, impersonated by a beautiful young female habited in white satin, and seated on a throne. The picture was very charming, so much so that the gallant burgomasters presented the living model who served for it with a gratuity of 1000 florins!

WEESOP.

This Dutch painter is chiefly known in England, for his successful imitations of Vandyck. He spent some time there, but left in 1649, saying, "He would never stay in a country where they cut off their king's head, and were not ashamed of the action." Walpole remarks that it would have been more sensible to say, he would not stay where they cut off the head of a king who rewarded painters, and then defaced and sold his collection.

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